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MEMOIR.

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When he first joined the Society Augustus Law used to cause great amusement to the Community by his sea-phrases. He was Prefect at Hodder, and on one occasion Fr Clarke told Augustus to let him know as soon as the lads had gone to the Chapel. Presently Augustus came to Fr Clarke, and saluting him, said "Please, Father, all hands are at prayer", much to Fr Clarke's amazement and subsequent amusement.

EW.

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A MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF THE

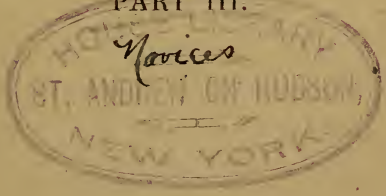
REV. FATHER AUGUSTUS HENRY LAW,

S.J.

FORMERLY, FROM FEBRUARY 1846 TO DECEMBER 1853,
AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

NOVICES LIBRARY

PART III.



LONDON:
BURNS AND OATES.
1883.

INTRODUCTION.

On the completion of the task which the Editor commenced nearly two years ago—compiling a Memoir of the late Rev. Father Augustus Henry Law, S.J.—he thinks that his first duty is, to express his humble and deep gratitude that he has been permitted, by Divine Providence, to be his son's biographer to the last. It is well known that he never presumed to contemplate that the Memoir of A. H. Law should be continued, for the period subsequent to the future priest's having left the navy, by any one but a Father of the Society of Jesus. But when the Second Part of the Memoir had been published, and the Editor was seeking for some one to take his place, he was persuaded, by several of the Fathers of the Society, to finish the work himself;—and he has done so. He only trusts that he has accomplished this Third, and last Part, of the Memoir in such a manner as to procure for it a similar amount of approbation, from the heads of the Church in England, to that which the two former parts have already obtained from them; for, as his Eminence Cardinal Newman most kindly wrote to the Editor in approval of the First Part—(a letter which was published as an Introduction to Part II.)—so, yesterday, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster replied to the Editor, by return of post, acquiescing in the request that His Eminence's letter to him of December 4, 1882, written after reading Part II., might be published as an Introduction to the Third, and concluding Part of the Memoir. "With all

my heart," replied the Cardinal Archbishop, "you may put the letter into your dear son's life. I am glad to have a share in it." The Cardinal Archbishop's letter will have, of course, a page for itself alone, so it now only remains for the Editor to take leave of the readers of this Memoir, with a heart full of thankfulness for the kind expressions of Christian sympathy he has received from so many of them, and from all the four quarters of the globe; and (may he be permitted to add?) with a sincere and ardent hope that he may be often remembered in their prayers, so that he may become, in some degree, ere he leaves this world, worthy of having been the earthly parent of such a son as Augustus Law.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE,
April 3, 1883.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.

Dec. 4, 1882.

My dear Mr. Law,—

I thank you very much for sending me your Memoir of dear Augustus. He was truly a holy youth: and his early life shews in what piety and purity a youth can live even the rough life of a sailor. It is a beautiful book; and will, I think, speak home to many who were the companions of his early life. The letters of father and son, and their mutual intelligent sympathy, are also beautiful. It gives me also joy to see my name so often; and I trust it gives me now both his prayers and yours. I hope you are well.—Believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

(Signed) H. E. Card. Archbishop.

MEMOIR

OF

AUGUSTUS HENRY LAW.

—o—

Extracts.

From Augustus H. Law to his Father.

HODDER, 13*th February* 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter about four or five days ago. . . . I am very, very happy here, and, by the assistance of God's grace, I hope to live and die in the Society of Jesus. It must be a consolation to you, Fred's being ready to enter the Navy. I have written (since I have been here) some more advice for him in that little book, but I must send it to him now, as perhaps he will be joining soon. I was very much amused at your new dentist.* I suppose you will be more cautious for the future in putting yourself in the hands of ——. I think it would be much better for you—the house you talk of, considering all the advantages of position, viz., near the Oratory, and nearer London. What will Helen do for singing if she moves? . . . I hope that after all, that poor Telegraph Company will get on its legs again and prosper. I am very glad that poor May got over *that*† day well. I hope she and the children are

* A *cheap* dentist in St. Martin's Lane, who, in extracting a tooth for five shillings, nearly broke the patient's jaw, and left it bleeding for hours.

† Anniversary of death of his little brother Alfred, in his seventh year.

very well. Perhaps you would like to have a short sketch of the novice's life at Hodder. [The said sketch occupies a closely-written sheet of note-paper.—Ed.] Different rather this rule of life from that on board the "Excellent." . . . You mentioned May's being very much amused at the new style of handle to my name, "Brother." Well, it seemed rather strange to me at first, when people whom I had never seen before called me "*Brother*" Law. There are, I think, altogether twenty novices. Remember me to Mr. Butt, O'Keefe, and Henry Heneage. . . . Give my best love to dearest May . . . and all at home. I suppose Frank is at Woolwich by this time. Poor fellow, any chance for him? . . . Tell Helen I have half-an-hour of Rodriguez, her favourite book, every day. It is a beautiful book, certainly, and although written, as the author says, principally for religious, yet it is useful to all persons in general, who aspire to Christian perfection. A little of it is always read at our dinner. The country about here, I should think, would be very pretty in the summer. I heard of Captain Wood (R.N.,) S.J., the other day. Poor man (if he can be called so), he landed at Malta more dead than alive, but the last news was that he was a little better. Tell any of my uncles and aunts you may meet, that I am very happy indeed here,—especially Aunt Lou. . . . I beg prayers, yours and all. . . . The Evening Service at Fulham is certainly inferior to the Oratory, but I thought it very nice. Helen objects to the screeching singing. I think I told you the brother of Monsignor Eyre was here. I have learnt how to serve Mass, table, &c., and am learning to bind books, so that I shall be quite accomplished soon. . . . *Friday*, 14*th February*.—I have been since Tuesday writing this letter. It is such a capital thing here that we have never got an idle moment; besides Latin takes up most of my, *ad libitum*, time. I am going through Cæsar, and now I must say good-bye for the present. Give my very best love to May . . . and all. If you should write to Fred, tell him I will send him the book in a day or two, and believe me to be ever your affectionate son,

Augustus.

L. S. D.

Sunday, 19th February 1854.—I have kept my letter open till now. I am getting happier every day. Best love to all again. You can't think what beautiful exhortations Father Clarke gives us. I have just come from one, on the evil that comes through the ear. . . . A. H. L.

Extracts from Little Book of Advice to his Brother, mentioned in last Letter.

A. M. D. G.

Dear Freddy,—As you are about soon to enter the same service that I have just left, I have thought it might be of some use to you, if I were to write a little advice to you on different subjects, and so give you the benefit of my experience, such as it is. You will find the Navy quite different from any thing you have yet experienced, and so it may be as well that you should be put on your guard. Wherever you go, love, and put your trust in God. I suppose asking you to put yourself more than ever under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, the Sweet Star of the Sea, would be quite superfluous. I should advise you to remember often, and meditate upon, the end for which you were created, viz., to know, serve, praise, and love God, and that everything you do should be directed to that end. Pray a good deal, and in your prayers please remember your affectionate brother, Augustus H. Law.

3rd Sunday after Advent, 1853.

Extract from Psalm cvi.

"They that go down to the sea in ships," &c., &c.

On Attending to the Duties of Religion.

Heretofore, Freddy, you have always gone to Mass, prayers, Confession, and the Blessed Sacrament, and other religious duties,

almost as a matter of course. For even if you had not felt disposed to perform these essential duties, you would have done so, either from the force of example, by seeing others, . . . or from being obliged by the rules of the school. But when you enter the Navy you cannot lean upon these safeguards. It will be all optional with you. You will have to look after yourself, and no one will do it for you. No one will say, "Come, Freddy, to Mass," or "You should be going to Confession," or "Are you going to receive the Blessed Sacrament to-morrow?" &c. None of this; on the contrary, you will be told that "going to Confession so often is all nonsense," as I remember being told, when one of my messmates asked me how often I went to Confession, and I told him, once a week when I could, and if that could not be done, as often as I had opportunity. I could not finish what I have said better than by quoting a few words from the Oratory Prayer Book, and which I hope will show you how *very* accessary *frequent* Confession is. . . . And surely, Freddy, in the Navy you will want strength, light, and grace from our Blessed Lord to carry you through so many dangers, difficulties, and temptations you will experience. Oh! then for the love of Jesus and Mary, go to confession as often as you can, and let it be the first thing you do when you go on shore. You know a little of Latin and a little of French. I should certainly advise you to try and get more perfect in one of them at least. Perhaps French would be the best, although, if you could manage to understand Latin sufficiently to make your confession in it, it would be of more *universal* use. And now a few words upon meditation. All Catholics are earnestly recommended to practise meditation once a day, and that for, *at the very least*, a quarter of an hour. . . . You will find lots of time for this holy exercise, I am certain of that. But the best time I should think would be before breakfast, which is nearly always at eight, and you are turned out of your hammock at about 6.30. So if you take half an hour for dressing (quite long enough) it brings you to seven, and then you have a full hour for anything you like. What better time

than this for going into your berth, or mess-room, and saying your prayers,—offering up all your actions, thoughts, and words of the day to God, and making half an hour's meditation. You will not find many to interrupt you at that hour, as some are not dressed, some lazy, and sleeping on their chests till the last moment, &c. Supposing with all your endeavours to get half an hour's quiet during the day for meditation you cannot get it,—well, there are the night watches to fall back upon, in which you will generally find lots of time for reflection and thought. OF COURSE you must never neglect your DUTY to meditate. That obviously would be wrong, but there are so many portions of the watch in which you have nothing to do but to walk up and down the deck. Then is the time for you to meditate, say the Rosary, &c. When you have got into the ways of a ship, you will find you will have plenty of time for prayer, &c., without interfering with your duty, which, as I have said before, you must never do, as any duty which is imposed upon you by your lawful ruler, is of course your duty also to Almighty God. I will now quote what St. Alphonso Liguori says. . . . Of mental prayer he says, "Without this it will be difficult for the soul to continue long in the grace of God. 'In all thy works (says the Holy Spirit) remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin' (*Eccl.* vii. 40). He who frequently meditates upon his last end, upon death, judgment, hell and heaven, will not fall into sin; but these truths are not to be discerned by the eyes, but only by the mind. If they be not dwelt upon, they vanish from the mind, and the pleasures of sense, presenting themselves, easily gain admittance into the hearts of those who do not keep in mind the eternal truths; and hence it is that so many abandon themselves to vice and are lost. All Christians know and believe that they must die, and must be judged after death; but because they do not think of these things, they live at a distance from God. Without mental prayer we can have no light, but must walk in the dark; and walking in the dark, we cannot take precautions; we ask not God for His assistance, and thus we are lost. Without prayer there is neither

light nor strength for us to walk forward in the way of God; because without prayer we ask not God to give us help; and hence, not praying, we must certainly fall. Hence, Cardinal Bellarmine says, that it is morally impossible for a Christian who does not meditate upon eternal truths, to continue in the grace of God. On the contrary, he who meditates every day, will not easily fall into sin, and if by some misfortune he should fall, he will, by a continuance in prayer, soon arise and return to God again. A servant of God once said, mental prayer and mortal sin never exist together." So says St. Alphonsus. Ask the good saint to imprint what he said in your heart and to obtain for you the grace to commence, and continue, the practice of meditating daily. Before you go to sea, or rather, as soon as you can, I would advise you to get a book of Meditations, of which there are so many. Besides the important duty of meditation, making an examination of conscience daily is strongly recommended. For to avoid sin, we must, of course, know what are the sins and imperfections we are most prone or inclined to. The Venerable Father, Louis de Ponte, S.J., in his book of Meditations, says, "One of the most effectual means to purify the soul is the continual use of examining the conscience every day before we go to bed, which the Holy Fathers and Spiritual Masters very earnestly recommend to us." Further on, he says, "The manner of making this examination shall be, dividing the day into parts, and considering what I did in the two first hours of the day, then in the next two, &c., separating the precious from the vile; and if I find any good, I will, with thanks, attribute the same to Almighty God; and the evil I will attribute to my corrupted liberty; and of all together, with a very deep shame and confusion, I will make an humble confession before Almighty God, fulfilling that of David, "I will confess against myself my injustice to the Lord," that is to say, I have determined to confess my sins before Almighty God, not to excuse, but to accuse myself, not lightening, but aggravating my sins, and pondering much the in-

justice I did against Almighty God in committing them; for this is the way to obtain pardon of them."

Although, when at sea, you of course cannot attend Mass personally, yet you can unite your intention with the Priests offering up the Holy Sacrifice on that day throughout the world. It is a pleasant thing to think of, that whatever time of the day it is, the Holy Sacrifice is being offered up somewhere. No sooner has England and France finished offering up the Holy Mass, than the countries west of them commence, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal. Then the Brazils, North America, west coast of South America, then Mexico, California, then the Islands in the Pacific, then New Zealand, China, Australia, then the Eastern Archipelago, India, Tartary, Arabia, Africa, Palestine, the Continent, till time again comes for England, &c., to begin. So any time in the day or night, you can be in spirit at Mass. In that beautiful book of Meditations by St. Alphonsus, which I have given you, you will find everything that you could want for guiding you through difficulties and temptations. I hope you will make use of it often. When in danger of the body at sea, in any way, or anywhere else, make a fervent act of contrition and love of God, and then trust in God whatever happens. Think of me, Freddy, sometimes in your prayers.

On Respect to Superior Officers.

I suppose it is almost superfluous to tell you that you should respect and obey your superior officers. You *must* see that in a community where there is no discipline there will not be much peace and comfort,—whether it be a monastery, regiment of soldiers, or a ship. If people do just as they like, there will be lots of confusion and quarrelling. I just mention this to warn you never to speak badly of any of your superior or senior officers, down in your berth or elsewhere. You will hear a good many do this, though, and call them all the names they can think of, because they do something or say something they do not like. There are

many reasons why *you* should refrain from this. First, your duty as a Christian and Catholic tells you to "speak evil of no man." You are taught besides as a Catholic that whenever you are blamed or punished wrongfully, &c., to offer it up to God for your sins. Moreover it is expressly against the rules of the service, and may get you into many scrapes from its being overheard. Then, after all, what good do you get by it? It makes one no happier abusing another. On the contrary, when a man is ill-contented he is far from happy. So Freddy, pray, don't join with others in speaking evil of superior officers. If you can say something good of the man talked about—say it. . . . . With regard to addressing superior officers, always speak respectfully, whoever and whatever they be, for bear in mind it is not the *man* as he is you pay respect to, but the office, as captain, commander, lieutenant, master, &c. If they should be rather hot-tempered, and be scolding you, do not answer them much except when necessary, and then remember that "a soft answer turns away wrath." It is by means of giving "cheek," as it is called in the Navy, that many get into serious scrapes, and make themselves very uncomfortable; so always, dear Fred, be respectful and obedient.

On Going on Shore.

A. M. D. G.

I must just say a few words on this head, as from "going on shore" you may profit a good deal, or the contrary, accordingly as you employ yourself. Now supposing you have been a fortnight at sea and come into harbour, what would be your first idea when you got on shore?—to go out for a ride into the country or to any other diversion with your companions, or rather to find a priest and make your confession, and then afterwards you might have your ride.—The latter is what I hope you will do. Even supposing you could only get one day's leave, as the ship was only going to stop a day or two, I don't think there is any question about what you should do. For the thing is,—Shall I

go to confession and thus make myself at peace with God, and be at ease the rest of the voyage? or shall I go and amuse myself and then not feel exactly comfortable when I get to sea again, for I had my opportunity of going to confession, and never went? So much for religion, and now for your amusements. First, I should choose good companions to go with, not those kind of people who are fond of a row in any shape wherever they go, but as decent, pious (if you can find them), gentlemanly fellows as you can. Secondly, I should, if I were you, join in amusements which are not very expensive, because our father is not over rich, you know. I should think riding is about as rational an amusement as you can take to. Then in some of the churches abroad there is lots to be seen—fine altars and the rest. *Mind*, Fred, and *always* come on board the ship in the evening at sunset, or whatever time you may have been ordered to. If you are allowed to stay till after sunset, be careful where you go and with whom you go. For there are so many temptations to everything wicked and dreadful in sea-port towns, but especially at night, that you cannot be too careful in keeping from occasions of sin. I hope you will often read the instructions at the end of St. Alphonsus's Meditations, and be guided by them,—and above all love Jesus and Mary.

On Swearing.

You will hear people swearing all round you, on board a ship, and from morning till night. So mind, dear Freddy, and don't follow bad example. For, first, a man thinks to himself, Oh there is no harm in just saying "Damn it." However, after constant use of that apparently small expression of impatience, he finds it so familiar to his ears, that it is not quite strong enough, and, so he, after a short time, seeing so many put the Holy Name of God before it, does the same, and so on from worse to worse. And the Holy Name of God is used constantly during the day in imprecations, cursings, and swearings. To as it were establish some small event he has narrated, he swears by the name of

God. If he is astonished at something, he must use, to strengthen the exclamation, the Holy Name of God. The Holy Name of Jesus is often used in the same manner, as well as the "Holy Ghost." So be on your guard, dear Fred. You will hear many also constantly talking filthiness of all kinds, and perhaps they might try to induce you to join with them, and laugh at you if you did not. But a Christian must not mind being laughed at. Don't be surprised even if those who joined the service at the same time with you do the same. Pray all the more to Jesus and Mary that you do not fall. . . .

On Learning your Profession.

A. M. D. G.

You must of course get on as well as you can in learning seamanship, navigation, gunnery, and steam. You will, I think, find plenty who will be glad to tell you anything about seamanship that you ask about, and what with asking and using your own eyes, you will soon get on. Go aloft every now and then, and see how ropes lead, and how the rigging is fitted. Find out where the standing parts of the running gear are, &c., and take particular notice how sails are set or taken in, especially when blowing hard, the working of cables, managing boats, &c. I should think the boatswain would be the best man to ask about the rigging, &c. Concerning navigation, you will generally have that taught you every forenoon when you are on board. Gunnery and steam, too, will be taught you regularly. I have spoken particularly about seamanship, as you don't so often have people to run after you to teach that. It more depends on yourself. Make yourself as good an officer and sailor as you can, all for the glory of God.

Employing your Time.

In your leisure hours down below, I should think your best amusement would be reading, or playing chess, draughts, but I

would not spend too much time over the latter. Of course you would vary the nature of your reading. Sometimes having it on religion, sometimes on your profession,—as steam, seamanship, and sometimes amusing books. Don't forget to ask papa to get you a few books on religion. I will suggest a few to you. 1. Butler's Lives of the Saints, in 12 vols.; 2. Milner's End of Controversy; 3. Bible; 4. A Missal and Vesper Book; 5. Garden of the Soul; 6. A Book of Meditations; 7. Challoner's Catholic Christian Instructed; 8. Some Book of Sermons (Massilon's are very good.) . . . I think if you had these, you could get on pretty well. Don't forget there are a few books I left at home for you, viz., 1. A Navigation Book and Tables (by Inman); 2. Jean's Trigonometry, Part I.; 3. A Book upon Steam. I should advise you to keep a Diary. You will find it so interesting to look back upon, and besides it will be such an assistance to your memory when you write home. I advise you also to keep accounts of your money. . . . Don't let your Log get behind, as you will find it heavy work getting it up again.

HODDER, *February* 8, 1854.

DEAREST FREDDY,—I must finish now, as I have just received a letter from you saying you are ready to pass, and so I don't know when you may be off. Besides, my free-time is taken up with getting up Latin and doing other things. I am glad you like the idea of . . . the Navy, and I hope you will get on well in it, and do as much as you can there for the glory of God. Your plan must be example. Give a good example to all your messmates and shipmates. You mentioned in your letter that you supposed that I was not allowed to write to you. Of course it is not exactly the thing for us here to be carrying on long correspondences. But we are encouraged to write to our parents, and (*D. V.*) I intend writing to papa in a day or two, for I have not written to him for three weeks, last Sunday. You must not be surprised at being bothered about your religion. I advise you never to let them put you out of temper on account of it, for if

you do, they will only go on the more. Just endeavour when any one speaks to you about our holy religion in public, to turn off the conversation, or without offending, laugh at their foolish ideas and prejudices. I am almost glad they tease you about it, for I hope it will make you prize your faith (the greatest blessing God bestows) all the more, and also make you keep closer than ever to Jesus and Mary. Besides which, Jesus never forgets those who are persecuted for the holy faith. Don't forget to read that little book I gave you, viz., "The Guide of Youth." I am so glad you have no difficulty in getting to Mass.

February 17.—Mr. Robinson has been making a retreat here, and I saw him last night. He has kindly offered to take this book down to papa who will give it you. May Jesus and Mary be ever with you. Pray for me, dear Fred, and believe me to be ever yours, AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

Make use of the Meditation Book I gave you. What a nice thing it would be if you could make a retreat for three or four days, before you commenced. You might go to Clapham.

Extracts.

From Augustus Law to his Father.

A. M. D. G.

HODDER HOUSE, *Monday, 22nd May* 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—I was two years in the Church on the 16th. I little thought two years ago what blessings God had in store for me. How good He has been to us all! And now for answering your letters, one of April 29, the other May 8. I am so glad everything is going on so well with Freddy. It must be a great consolation to you. I suppose you are delighted with the Oratory services, and you are now so free, having no office to keep you in London all day. Thank dear Helen for her letter. I congratulate her, and will pray for her. The prayer we use for perseverance is, "Deus qui diligentibus Te," &c. It is amongst

the "orationes ad diversa," headed "ad postulandum caritatem." You will see it in your Latin Missal. You might translate it and give it to Helen. Tell Helen, &c., and all, I would write to them individually, but since every one, as Helen tells me, sees my letter, it would be no good, besides every minute at Hodder is precious. No time is thrown away, and really the time I have been here—over four months—seems to have passed so very quickly. Father Clarke has not heard anything of the death of Father Ferrara, but thinks that the Cardinal would be likely to be right. I hope he gets a bright crown in heaven for his labours. Who is the Catholic lieutenant in "Jean d'Acre"? I can't say I thought much of that ship, when she was fitting out at Portsmouth. She is very "fast," and I don't think she would be a very good school for Fred's first going off. I congratulate you on getting a house so near the Oratory. How nice it will be for you with so many services going on, all times of the day and close to you; you may then indeed almost consider yourself an Oratorian. . . . . Will you remember me to the good men, the Bishop of Southwark, and Mr. Butt, when you see them? . . . . If you ever go to Clapham will you tell Father Coffin, how happy I am here, and remember me kindly to the dear Father? I owe everything to him under God. I hope May likes the idea of changing houses. I should like to know very much how dear Fred gets on when at sea, especially in spiritual matters. Tell him I often recommend him to Jesus and Mary, and ask him to do the same for me. I feel quite sure that he passed all right, so I congratulate both you and him on it. We had three grand days here to celebrate the beatification of the glorious martyrs, F. de Britto and F. Bobola, S.J. Sunday last, F. de Britto,—Monday, F. Bobola, and Tuesday, both of them. We went to High Mass each of the days, and to Vespers on Sunday.—The music was beautiful. Bishop Turner sang the Sunday High Mass, and Fr. —— preached at it, a panegyric on F. de Britto. The Bishop assisted pontifically at the other two. We did not hear the other panegyrics, as they were preached not at Mass, but in

the evening. Perhaps you had something of the same sort at Farm Street. F. de Britto was martyred in India, and F. Bobola by the Cossacks. The Congregation of Rites declared that F. Bobola's martyrdom was the most cruel that had ever been laid before them. Tell Twit that I have said the Rosary in answer to her letter, which I thank her for very much. Best love to Frank.

When is he going to become a Catholic? Tell Fred I wish him everything happy, and not to forget to tell any of my old messmates he may happen to meet, that I am very jolly and happy. Will you ask Twit or Helen for me, to give Fred one of those little prayers beginning "My Queen and my Mother," &c.? I think they have some copies of them. Will you ask Fred to put these names down in some book which he always keeps safe,—"Old Carysfort and Hastings," A. T. M. Roberts, *Purser;* "Hastings," T. W. Haverfield, *Clerk*,—(perhaps *Purser*), and if he should ever meet them to deliver them a message from me that "I implore them to examine the claims of the Holy Catholic Church." Best love to May, . . . &c., and all,—Believe me to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW.

L. D. S.

Extracts.

HODDER, *June* 6, 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—I have had a message sent me from F. Clarke to write to you, so I shall be able to answer your letter earlier than usual. We went to High Mass on Whit Sunday. Fr. —— preached the sermon, which was on Heaven. He has been giving a retreat to the Stonyhurst people, which commenced on Ascension Day. We went to Vespers also in the afternoon, at which Fr. —— again preached the sermon in which he closed the retreat. The country about here is very beautiful, but from what I remember of that tour we made through the West of Somersetshire, and Devonshire, I don't think this quite comes up to that. I am very glad indeed that the purser of the "Hannibal" is a Catholic,—and that he is a GOOD one. It will be, I think,

a great thing for Freddy. It is really quite a blessing. His example will always, through God's grace, keep Fred steadfast in his religious duties. You must tell him to remember me *particularly* to Brine. It is very kind of him giving him the use of his cabin. He did the same for me in "Carysfort." Thank you for sending that prayer to him. I am very glad to hear that the report of F. Ferrara's death is false. Thank May for her letter, and give her my best love. Tell her I will be as punctual as I can in writing on the 15th. I am very glad Fred passed so well. It is a good thing you sent him to Eastman. Is Helen steadfast in her resolution? I hope so. I suppose you are very busy preparing to move. I hope you will like your new house. May asked me whether I ever feel my chest now. Tell her no, and that I don't think I was ever much better than I am now. Best love to . . . and all,—Believe me to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

Extracts.

HODDER, *July* 16, 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your last letter of July 11, a day or two ago, and one before that, *just after* I had sent away my monthly one. . . . So Fred is off very soon. We must pray hard for him, for sailors don't get many advantages in the religious way.

However God, no doubt, will give him great graces. Captain Jerningham told me he was a much better Catholic on board a ship, amongst all the cursing, swearing, &c., than when living quietly on shore with all the advantages of hearing Mass, . . . &c. The fact is that on board a ship in the Royal Navy, one is often the only Catholic officer, so all eyes are turned on him to see how "the Catholic" behaves, and I fancy this is a great incentive to leading a good life. I am very glad to hear you like your new house * so much. I suppose you have quite cut Farm Street now, having the Oratory next door almost. I am very glad you wrote to ——! Poor fellow! what a miserable life he

* In Thurloe Square.

must be leading. . . . —— asked me whether I felt the want of my pipe. Well I used to think of it a little after dinner, for about the first week, but after that I scarcely ever thought of it since. . . . That trip to Southam must have been very nice for you. I am very glad that the Peer is so kind. How I should like to see him converted! . . . I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, which I forgot to do in my last. What fun you must have had with old Dr. C. —— gave me an account of the visit, and how old Mrs. C. complimented the Jesuits by calling them all liars. I hope F. Clarke gave May a full description of the FRIGHTFUL austerities we poor novices undergo. . . . Fred will soon be amongst *the real* austerities—walking for four hours in the middle of the night—wet through—and with a very cold piercing wind—not to forget living upon "salt junk and maggoty biscuit" for about sixty days, at the same time short allowance of water. Tell May that directly I find that our *austerities* get up to that, I will write in all haste to her. Give her my best love and as well to all. I suppose Frank is burning to get at the Russians, and now I must close. With best love to all, believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

I am very jolly and happy.

Extracts.

HODDER, *August* 16, 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—A happy feast to you, and many graces from our Blessed Lady. I was very glad to hear of Mrs. Alfred Montgomery's conversion. What a trial it must be for her losing her girls, for the time, by it.

There was no High Mass at Stonyhurst, as all the boys being away, there is no choir. However we went to the Low Mass, and vespers were sung—though without the organ.

I am very anxious to know how Fred gets on in the Navy. . . Thank you for begging the prayers of our dear founder for me. I give you unlimited leave to do so as often as you like. I wish

St. Ignatius would look down on poor old Frank and touch his heart, . . and teach him the true kind of warfare. Thank dear Frank for his letter. He suspected the right reason why I did not write to him, because "I have lots to do." I am sorry he does not like Chatham. They don't give him very desirable quarters,—first Sheerness,—then Chatham. . . . Ask Frank to pray to St. Ignatius for me. As Frank is a soldier, he may have more influence with him. Best love to all, and believe me to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

HODDER, *September* 15, 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received Fred's letter about a week ago, which Victor, according to instructions, had forwarded. Fred is not long before he is in the thick of it. I hope he likes the service. I think by his letter he seems to be in good spirits. I was very glad indeed to hear that Aunt Car * is at last received. Congratulate her heartily for me. How happy she must be now. Poor Aunt Lou—that will be another knock on the head for her. After having had so many conversions out of our family, we should pray all the harder to Jesus and Mary for more. Certainly they have been wonderfully liberal to us. I congratulate you on the birth of little Ernest. I hope with Twit, that he may imbibe a little of St. Alphonsus's love for Mary as he grows up. Give my best love to May. I hope she and the baby are getting on well; and now, wonderful to relate, I have got news—if news it is,—even from Hodder. Hodder is no longer the Jesuit noviciate. "Business is removed" to Beaumont Lodge, Old Windsor, Berks. I suppose you knew before this that we were to move nearer London, for old Frank in his letter said he had heard so. Fancy the Jesuits in sight of Windsor Castle, for I believe we are only two miles off it. We heard last night that Archdeacon Wilberforce had been received last Thursday. Is the rumour true? I hope so. I expect to leave this for the new noviciate to-morrow or next day. Pray for the success of

* The late Honourable Mrs. Percy Davison.

the new noviciate. The noviciate has been at Hodder fifty years last 27th September. Best love to all at home. I hope you are quite well again, for Twit told me you had been confined to your bed for a few days, and believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

P.S.—You must forgive me for not having written on the 15th, but we were busy packing. I suppose it will not be long before you are rattling up to Beaumont Lodge.

Extracts.

BEAUMONT LODGE,
Monday, 27th November 1854.

DEAREST FATHER,—I came out of retreat Friday morning, and the same day F. Clarke gave me your promise about the money. Thank you for it. . . . May tells me that Helen is doing very well at the convent, which I am delighted to hear. She seemed in high spirits at the idea of going, when here, and I thought she looked very well. She is commencing with fêtes already. I hope dear Fred was getting on well when you last heard of him. . . . May tells me he has sailed for the Black Sea. We are getting quite settled here by degrees. I think it a very healthy place. The forest is beginning to look quite bare.

Tell May I will endeavour to see Dr. Manning should he come here, as she told me in her letter he was likely to do so. Hoping next time I see you, you will be quite recovered, and that it won't be far distant, believe me, dearest father, to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

P.S.—You ought to stay longer next time.

Extracts.

BEAUMONT LODGE,
Thursday, 4th January 1855.

DEAREST FATHER,—I wish you and all with all my heart a happy New Year, and hope you had a happy Christmas. Did you get a midnight Mass at Brompton Oratory? I am afraid I

have been very negligent in writing lately, for if I am not mistaken I never wrote on the 15th of last month, so I am making up by writing earlier this. However, if I have forgotten to write I have not forgotten you and all my dear brothers and sisters in Holy Mass every day. I hope you either did not fast at all in Advent, or were well enough to go through it without feeling it much. Twit wrote and told me you were getting unwell, and that May was uneasy about you, and I don't know what all! It was my first fasting this last Advent,—and now you must *imagine* that my name has been on the navy list all this time, viz., for the year you wished it to be, for if it had been, it would now be all the same. I have been the year and more out of the navy, and on the 15th the *year* in the noviceship. Thanks to God I am still of the same mind, only much more strengthened in it than when I first joined, and hope by the same grace of Jesus Who mercifully brought me here, to live and die in this same dear society of His. . . What is Frank doing, and how is Helen getting on? Give my love to dearest May and all. I hope you are quite well again now, and that May and all at home are the same.—Believe me to be, dearest father, your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Pray for me.

L. D. S.

P.S.—5th January.—On next Wednesday night we go into a three days' retreat, coming out on Sunday morning,—the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. I must beg all your prayers for the retreat, and especially on the Sunday, as I was received in the noviciate on the same feast last year. Wish Frank many happy returns of his birthday for me when you write to him, and speedy promotion, &c. A. H. L.

BEAUMONT LODGE,
Tuesday, 4th September 1855.

DEAREST FATHER,—I have been blown up by Twit twice for not writing, but the reason I have not written as often as I

generally did, is that I have been lately so occupied with different duties; besides we have lately had an eight days' retreat, so I hope I shall be forgiven. I am so glad dear Frank has quite recovered (except being very weak) from his fever.* I am writing him a letter which I shall finish soon, and then I think I must send it on to you to forward, as I shall not know how to direct. Does he say whether he went to confession, &c.? Will you always send him my best love when you write. Should you come? here at any time to see me, don't come on Wednesday or Sunday, as I might be out on those days. Good old Mrs. Law † came to see me a fortnight ago. It was very good of her, was it not? She told me Bessy was in great distress yet. She was very pleased with Beaumont. . . . When do you think of moving to Boulogne? I am very well and very happy, and I hope, dearest father, May and Twit and all at home are the same. I suppose Twit is the secretary now. Do you remember my talking of a Catholic Marine cadet of the name of Witham who was on board the "Excellent" with me? Well, I have just heard of his death at Balaclava of typhus fever. When he was very ill he was asked whether he would like to see the parson, at which he shrieked out that he was a Catholic. They then sent for a Catholic priest, from whom he received the last sacraments, and died very happily. The person I heard this from told me too that he belonged to the "St. Jean d'Acre," where I suppose Heneage is still. Pray for his soul, dear father, please. Best love again to all.—Believe me to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

(In January 1856, Augustus Law made his first vows at the Noviciate, S.J. Beaumont Lodge, and was then sent to St. Acheul at Amiens. On passing through Boulogne, he remained about two days with his father and family, who were then residing there.—ED.)

* Lieutenant, now Colonel, F. Law, C.B., had a dangerous fever while serving with the Royal Artillery in Crimean war.

† Widow of the Hon. C. E. Law, M.P. for Cambridge University, and Recorder of London.

Extracts.

From a Copy of a Letter of Augustus, dated May 1856.

College of St. Acheul, Amiens.

You will have heard that Papa, May, and Twit came here to see me. We went over the Cathedral, and over an hospital. . . . I think they were well pleased with their day. . . . They are about to live at Hampton Court, close to Beaumont Lodge. . . . I hope they will be able to do something for our Mission of Sunbury (the novices catechise there), which is about three miles from Hampton Court. . . . It will please you to know that "All for Jesus" is translated into French. Walking from the railway station to our college, I saw it in a shop window. . . . You would like to know what I am studying, I daresay. Well, now I can understand my French brothers, provided they do not talk very fast, and I can speak a little. As to *reading* a French Book, of course that is easy compared with talking. I hope, by September, to know French very tolerably. As to Latin, I read Cicero, Virgil, &c., and make themes and verses occasionally. Greek I am just beginning to look up again. In fine, I follow the class I am in "quo ad fieri potest," but I bestow my principal pains on French and Latin. . . . I get up at 4 A.M. 4.30, Meditation till 5.30, then Mass; 6, Study; 7, Breakfast, Study, &c.; 8, Class till 10; 10 till 10.15, Manual Works; 10.15, Study, &c. till 11.45; Examination, 12; Dinner and Recreation till 1.45; Study, &c., 2.30; Class till 4.30; Study, &c. 7; Supper and Recreation till 8.15; Long Litanies, 8.30; Preparation for Meditation, 8.45; Examination, 9; Bed. On Tuesdays and Thursdays we have a walk in the afternoon, and no class; every Tuesday fortnight to the country house; all day, games, &c.; no study.

(In the interval between date of last letter from which extracts have been given above, and the following, Augustus' sister "Twit," *i.e.*, Matilda Isabella, had entered the

Convent of the Visitation, B.V.M., at Westbury-on-Trym, and Augustus had himself left Amiens.)

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

THE SEMINARY, STONYHURST,
September 10, 1857.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter and the Life of Lord Ellenborough,* which must interest you very much; and also the very interesting letter of Miss —— about Twit. Many thanks for both. Thanks be to Almighty God for the progress Maud makes, and for the great happiness she has. Let us try and imitate her fervour and love of God. I suppose by this time Frank has passed the Bay of Biscay. May Almighty God give him the grace to think of his soul before it is too late. I shall try and find time to write to him and still more to pray for him. I was very sorry to hear of your illness, but I hope you will soon find yourself as well as ever. . . . We finished our retreat, Tuesday morning. I am very happy here, and all my companions are old friends, *i.e.*, co-novices. Best love to dearest Helen and May, and to the little ones, and believe me to be your most affectionate son, in the S. Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

(The following extracts, from a letter of a Reverend Father, S.J., dated July 27, 1881, explain the reasons for Augustus' removal from St. Acheul to Stonyhurst:—

"Owing to my own long absence from England, I only met him three or four times. I met him first at St. Acheul in the year 1857. I was told there that he was in delicate health, and there were fears that the place was not agreeing with him. I at once communicated this to

* *i.e.*, Lord Campbell's Lives of Chief Justices, amongst which was the Life of C. J. Ellenborough.

the F. Provincial, and he was recalled to England. A few months later, I met him at Stonyhurst and had a long conversation with him. I remember on both occasions the charming effect of his conversation and manner, and the admiration and affection that he excited in me.")

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

THE SEMINARY, STONYHURST,
Saturday, Oct. 24, 1857.

DEAREST FATHER,—I will begin by thanking you for your good wishes and prayers for me on my birthday. With regard to your going to America, I asked Father Weld's advice, who is our superior here at the seminary, and he had no hesitation whatever in saying that you most certainly COULD do so, and that you would be quite right in doing so, if you thought you could assist better by it to the support of your family. That with regard to being without Mass, &c., you should try to make up for their loss by a more increased fidelity to *those* duties, in every one's power, as prayer, spiritual reading, &c. . . . I asked him his opinion yesterday, and begged him to make a "memento" in his Mass this morning for light on the subject; I happened to be serving his Mass, and prayed hard that the will of God might be made known to you, and he told me the above to-day, repeating the same as he had said yesterday. I will pray, dearest father, hard to-morrow for you, after Holy Communion, and should you go, I shall pray often and often for you, especially at Holy Mass, which you will be deprived of, offering it up for your intention. Father Weld told me that he was sure Father Clarke's opinion would be much the same as he had given. Let us pray for each other, dearest father, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Ever your dearest son, AUGUSTUS.

Very best love to all at home, especially to May and Helen, whose devout and fervent prayers I beg very hard for.

P.S.—A thought just strikes me, and I can't help just putting it in. Before entering the Society, a little book of meditations, called "The Way of Salvation," by S. Alphonsus Liguori, that sweet saint, fell in my way, and I used it every morning for half-an-hour about eight months before entering, and I found it a most pleasant companion, and especially I remember when I was all by myself for twenty-one days, at Haslar,* with scarlatina. I mention this because such a book, being first written by a saint (a thing which Father Faber values very much, the having an S. on the back), 2d, being very small, and thus well adapted for travelling and ships, 3d, being very cheap, 1s. 6d. I think, might prove very useful to you. I spent many a happy half hour with it on board the "Excellent," the half hour before breakfast.

P.S.—The opinion of Father Weld does not regard, of course, any other than the *spiritual* view of the subject; and with regard to *this* view, other Fathers here have given the same opinion as he has.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

STONYHURST, OCTAVE OF ST. F. ZAVIER,
December 10, 1857.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your last letter yesterday, and another a few days before. I am very glad indeed at your happiness in having a priest at Hancock.† It must give you great comfort. I send this letter to Southam in hopes of your getting it before you leave. Say all manner of things (mille choses) to dearest Maud for me, and make her pray for us both. She wrote me a very nice letter just before her clothing. I wrote to dearest Frank about three weeks ago. Pray for the success of the letter, for I spoke a little to him in it about our holy religion. . . . You remember our Father Eyre. He is now in Farm Street. . . . With regard to the possibility of your being able to pass a

* The naval hospital near Portsmouth.

† Hancock, a town in Maryland, U.S., North America, nine miles only distant from where his father was to reside.

day at Stonyhurst before taking to the deep, I shall be delighted if you manage to find the time. It will be our vacation time then, I think. I am glad Fred has got in the small vessel. He has more chance of becoming a sailor there, I think. Adieu *pour le présent, et priez pour moi ce que ie ferai aussi pour vous.*—Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—I suppose Uncle Edward * is not at home at this time, but if he is give him my best love, and tell him I am very happy. I wish he was like us, dearest father, in the Holy Catholic Church. But let us pray : God's powerful grace and Mary's prayers can do great things. I think we ought to have more faith in prayer.

Extracts.

STONYHURST, *Holy Innocents*, 1857.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter a few days ago, where you told me you were afraid you would not have time to come to Stonyhurst before leaving for America. Well, as we can't see each other, we must make up by praying for each other. I will get a Mass said for you on the Epiphany, if possible, and I don't think it will be difficult to get, and I will offer up the Holy Sacrifice for you on that day, neither will I forget you when you are on the deep. Will you charge Helen with writing if anything should be heard of dear Frank? . . . Well, good-bye, dearest father. May Jesus and Mary be with you, and I heartily pray with Holy Church "that the Almighty and Merciful God direct you in the way of peace and prosperity; that the angel Raphael accompany you on the way, that you may return to your own with peace, safety, and joy." A happy Christmas and New Year to you and all at home. Ever your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Notwithstanding Augustus' anticipations in the last letter, by the kindness of the then Rector of Stonyhurst,

* Lord Ellenborough.

the father and son did meet at Liverpool, where Augustus joined his father at the Adelphi Hotel on the 8th of January 1858, and saw him on board the "Europa," one of Cunard's steamers — bound for New York—on the following day. It was a curious coincidence that H.M.S. "Hastings," to which Augustus had belonged in former days on the East India and China Station, was recognised by him, doing duty as guardship—at anchor—within almost a stone's throw from the "Europa."—ED.

For the following notes in Father Law's handwriting, dated September 1857, the Editor is indebted to Father Matthew Russell, S.J., who kindly forwarded them to him in January 1882.

Prayer—Remarks on it.

September 1857.

1. It is good to persevere calmly when in desolation, and it is good

2. To be simple in prayer.

3. Persuade one self that the prayer of St. Ignatius consists in applying the memory, understanding, and will to some truth, &c., aided by the light of the Holy Ghost, and that one can make an excellent meditation without the least bit of sensible consolation—for this is wholly in God's gift—and yet we must PRAY as well as think.

4. It requires sometimes an EFFORT to start it even. Nothing in this world without some labour.

5. I should not go to prayer expecting consolation, but I ought to prepare myself to plod along as well as I can (according to the plan of St. Ignatius and F. Roothaan) and leave the rest to God. For consolation, unction, clear lights, &c., are a pure *gift*. Vide remark 3.

6. *Memorandum.*—One day my head was right tired in the

morning from dreams, and yet the meditation (*D. G.*) was very good. During washing and dressing I recited many prayers I knew by heart.

7. It appears to me that to well prepare, two points suffice—for, *de facto*, I seldom use more than *one*.

8. Take the truth or fact to be meditated upon, and exercise your memory, understanding, and will on it, not *hampering* yourself with *too many divisions* of them, understanding and will. It is well, however, to *know* them so as to have them at hand; but going through each division hampers the mind.

9. There is a mean to be observed. I must not pass *all the time* in reflection. I must use the colloquies to God and the saints. I must expose my doubts, wants, necessities, troubles, anxieties; must ask, beg, implore, &c., &c. Reflection will help prayer, and prayer reflection.

10. Results of some examinations after meditation. (1.) Humility very necessary; for want of it perhaps I don't have good meditations. (2.) I ought to say to myself, *What fruit do you wish to get from this meditation?*

The following was apparently written by Augustus Law about the same year, *i.e.*, 1857, but is not dated. For it the Editor is also indebted to the kindness of Rev. Father Matthew Russell, S.J.

A. M. D. G.

Acts of Self-Denial for the Love of God, which can easily be practised, no one seeing them.

In honour of—

B. V. M. 1. To serve tea at breakfast.

St. Ignatius. 2. Not to look at the newspaper.

St. F. Xavier. 3. To give way to every one in the house in passages, &c.

St. Aloysius. 4. To resist a desire to say such and such a thing of self.

V. Berchman. 5. To leave the choice of the walk to another.

St. R. Borgia. 6. Not to excuse myself if accused, or scolded.

St. Aloysius. 7. To keep custody of eyes, during a meal.

Same. 8. To do the same a short distance in walking.

St. Ignatius. 9. Not to sit down during meditation, nor walk up and down.

Same. 10. Not to talk disparagingly of or comment upon arrangements of superiors. (It is against obedience and does no good to any one.)

Same. 11. The same as to professors.

V. E. Claver. 12. To resist the inclination to speak disparagingly of another's—an equal's—sayings or doings, but to seek reasons, as far as possible, for defending them.

E. Claver. 13. If an unkind thing should be said to me, to return a kind word; if I should have a repugnance to the person, a still kinder.

F. Claver. 14. If an uncivil thing done to me, to return a civil.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

Addressed to W. T. Law in United States, N. A.

Stonyhurst, *Sunday, April* 25, 1858.

Dearest Father,—I just seize a spare moment to tell you that, thanks be to God, I am very well and happy, and to hope you are the same and beg your prayers. Thank you much first for the paper which let me know of your safe arrival, after a good tumbling about, if I may judge by the time that you took on the voyage, and second for your little pamphlet which I have read and liked very much. I thought in reading it that you might well lengthen it, if you liked, for I think it would take very well;

and by mixing up real facts with good Catholic piety, motives of conversion, &c., a very interesting tale might be interwoven. However, may the Blessed Virgin direct you as well in this as in all other things you are doing the other side of the Atlantic, and beg her to do the same for me, dear father. . . . As for dear Frank, all I know is, that he is in India; *where* I don't know, but I constantly pray for him. Should you find a spare moment drop me a line, or ask them to forward your letter, for I should like to know, dearest father, how you are getting on. I wish you a happy month of Mary, although this will arrive perhaps rather late in it. Begging again your prayers, dearest father, and promising mine to you, ever your dearest son, A. Law, S.J.

P.S.—Remember me in your prayers particularly, May 16th, the day of my reception, and June 21st, St. Aloysius's day, whose name I took at confirmation. I won't forget you on June 16th, your birthday, and feast of our Saint John Francis Regis.

L. D. S.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

Addressed to Hibernia House, near Great Cacapon, Virginia, America.

St. Cecilia V. M. Seminary, Stonyhurst,
November 22, 1858.

Dearest Father,—I am quite ashamed for having delayed so long writing a letter to you. I must try if possible to write oftener. So you must forgive me on the strength of my good resolution to do so. Thank you much, dearest father, for your letter of September 23, which I received about the beginning of last month. . . . I hope you enjoyed your month in the mountains. . . . I wrote to Maud a few days ago. She had written to me a little before to tell me of her coming happiness. . . .

Really, dearest father, it seems to me that Almighty God is fulfilling His promise in you, of giving a hundredfold even in this life, to those who give to Him. For you gave dearest Maud up to God, and now (if I'm not mistaken) you have a ——— for a daughter. At least whatever I hear of Maud, either through herself or others, gives me the impression that she is full of the love of God, and trying hard to be a ———. For my part whenever, I think of Maud I feel consolation at the thought of having a sister so given to God. Pray, dearest father, to Jesus and Mary, that they may vouchsafe to grant to me, the most unworthy, certainly, of all your sons, the grace of loving them more perfectly. Frank, I am told, is yet at Baroda. I pray away for him always, trusting that God will hear our many prayers for him. I am studying now mathematics and natural philosophy. This is probably my last year of study before theology. I received a very nice letter from Victor* the other day, showing that he was anything but forgetting his duty to God. We must pray for him that he may make a good start. Fred is to be home, I believe, at Christmas, or thereabouts. To tell you the truth, dear father, I am a little anxious about him. I hope if you come home in January, he will be home at the same time. I should like very much to see him, but I scarcely dare ask him to come thus far, the expense would be so much. If, however, he came up here, I should try to get him to make a gentle retreat. The arrest of Montalembert, or rather his prosecution, for having written rather against the existing Government in France, has caused more or less excitement, I believe. There was an amusing (to Catholics) article in *Times* on the subject. For the *Times* began it by laying down for its readers the distinction ever to be borne in mind between Papist and Roman Catholic. Montalembert was in its opinion not a Papist but a Roman Catholic. I suppose

* Now Lieutenant-Colonel Victor E. Law, Madras cavalry, and late political agent at Ulwar, Rajpootana.

the *Times* would call YOU a Papist. Good-bye, dearest father.—I remain always your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

I wish you with all my heart the blessings of Christmas.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

STONYHURST, *March* 2, 1859.

DEAREST FATHER,—I congratulate you on your safe arrival again in England. You must be very happy at getting home again, and seeing May, Helen, and all at home. I received your letter on Monday morning. I was expecting you home, but not so soon. It is very nice for you having Fred and Victor at home. They talk of giving me a hail about the beginning of next month. Should you come with them I should be very glad. Best love to all at home, whom I hope you found all well.—Believe me to be, dearest father, your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Pray for me, dear father. Thank dear Helen for her letters. However, the news was stale, as I had already received your letters.

A. M. D. G.

*To Augustus's brother Frederick.**

STONYHURST, *Thursday, March* 31, 1859.

DEAREST BROTHER,—Many thanks for your letter. I am sorry you could not come up and "give me a hail," but papa is very right, and the expense is certainly a great obstacle. However, dearest Fred, please God, we shall see each other a little later perhaps. I hope you will like the "Doris." I don't think I know the captain at all. So many improvements are going on in

* Now retired Commander Royal Navy.

the Navy now with regard to steam and gunnery matters, that I should be quite "adrift," I suppose, if put on board some ship now, and I suppose these said improvements add no little to the terrors of examination for lieutenants. How do you get on? and especially I am anxious about religion. It was one of my principal reasons for wishing to see you, viz., to have a little chat with you on those things. However, I trust and I pray God and His Blessed Mother that all may be right on that matter. But you can't say, dear brother, what joy you would give me if you'd write me a line now and then, and give me thus the happiness of knowing that Freddy does not slacken in his love to Jesus and Mary. So pray for me, dear Fred, too. I am sadly in want of your prayers, because I ought to be fervent, and refuse nothing to God, and all the while I am tepid. Let us pray then for each other. Give my best love to all at home when you write. You must have been very glad to have just caught papa in time. God bless you, dear fellow. Write to me when you can, and I shall make a point of answering you, and believe me to be, ever your most affectionate brother, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

Thursday, 12th May 1859.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thanks for your letter the other day telling me of the putting off of your second voyage to America. I had just heard the day before I received your letter, of the happy reception of the Duke of Leeds into God's Holy Church. I was very glad to hear of Vic.'s safe arrival at Malta. May God bless him, dear little fellow. I want to say a word about Fred. From what I have heard from various quarters, he seems, I am afraid, to be neglecting very much his religion. I wrote to him about ten days ago, and tried to rouse him up a little, but he has not given me as yet any answer. I think that the best thing

to be done for him would be to make him make a little retreat somewhere (although the difficulty of getting leave at this time must be very great). But I feel really that perhaps I have said too much, knowing as I do, dearest papa, that you will already have done all that laid in your power to bring the young rascal back to his moorings again. But I wrote, thinking that perhaps the fact of his not getting on over well might not have reached your ears. Is there any news of Frank? Little Augusta* wrote me a very nice little letter a day or two ago. You can't imagine how delighted I was to hear of dear Maude's great happiness. I like to hear of her often, for it excites one to fervour to hear of one's little sister serving and loving God so heartily. Pray for me, dearest father, that I may follow her footsteps. Beg St. Joseph, the feast of whose patronage it is on Sunday, to obtain for me more love of Jesus and Mary. By the way, have you ever read "The Devout Client of Mary," by F. Segneri, S.J.? It is a most admirable book to increase our love for Mary. It has been lately translated from the Italian by two of ours, one of whom you will have seen—when you were at Beaumont Lodge with me—plastering and painting the inside of the house. I think Burns sells the book. I am certain you would like it very much indeed.

My year of studies is drawing to a close. It will end about July 15. I will let you know what my new destination is when I know it. Give my best love to dearest May, Helen, and Augusta. . . . I shan't forget to pray for you, dearest father, on St. John Francis Regis's Day, your birthday.—Believe me to be ever your most affectionate son, A. Law, S.J.

A. M. D. G.

Stonyhurst, *July* 16, 1859.

Dearest Father,—Many thanks for the letters which I return. Poor Franky writes in low spirits; oh that he had his

* Now Mrs. Windsor Cary Elwes.

religion to buoy him up and make him happy! I was very pleased with Vic's letter; I hope the dear boy will stand firm to his God. Best love to dearest May and all at home.—Believe me, &c., your most affectionate son, A. Law.

P.S.—I have *heard*, but don't know whether there is any foundation for the story, that Denison * is converted. Is there any truth in it? I hope your Boulogne plans will prosper. Pray for me, dear father.

Extracts.

Hodder Place, *All Saints' Day*, 1859.

Dearest Father,—Thank you much for your kind letter wishing me many happy returns, &c., of my birthday: and I hope you will pray that they may really be happy returns by my loving God more and more, as each birthday comes round. You see that I am still in the neighbourhood of Stonyhurst, and that I have not yet started for Glasgow. It is just possible that I may stay in my present position till the end of the year. At any rate you must still direct "Hodder." There are forty-two boys in the preparatory school here, of whom thirteen are in my class. I am very happy, have lots to do always, and like my occupation very much. I thank God for the happiness I find here at Hodder. Perhaps God, so good, has blessed the little place for the sake of its having been a noviciate for fifty years. . . . I was glad to hear that Frank was to come to Gibraltar. God grant that he now begins to think of God. . . . I suppose Maude is as holy and as good and fervent as ever. You may be sure that I sympathise with you very much. . . . With regard to . . . I must do what I can towards helping you by my poor prayers. I trust our dear Mother Mary will help us here too. If you want to know what I teach—I am beginning from the first things. Two or three of my little chaps can scarcely write.

* Is still, alas! Vicar of East Brent, and Archdeacon of Taunton.

My class is to prepare them for beginning Latin next year. Reading, writing, dictation, arithmetic, a little geography, and catechism, are therefore the principal things which I teach. A happy feast to you, dearest father, and believe me to be your most affectionate son, A. LAW, S.J.

Best love to May and all.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

77 CHARLOTTE STREET, GLASGOW,
Tuesday, 16*th October* (1860 ?).

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I think the last time I wrote to you was before I went down to England to make my retreat. After the retreat I remained a few days at Stonyhurst and came up here again about the 7th August. Our schools began on the 13th August. The number of our boys is about fifty-five, and we hope to increase. I think I told you that we had in Glasgow a mission as well as a school. There are three fathers there, two here, and two non-priests. So in Glasgow we are of the Society five priests and two non-priests. There are three at our mission at Edinburgh, amongst whom is the white-headed F. Mahon whom you must remember at Farm Street. Every Sunday I go up to our mission (St. Joseph's), and spend the day, partly catechising, &c. . . . I hope you continue to like Boulogne. With regard to churches, services, &c. you are capitally provided. . . . I read Manning's sermon at the Requiem Mass for the soldiers who died in defence of the Pope, and liked it exceedingly. Thank you for putting me in mind of my dear mother's anniversary. I will offer up my next Communion for her. Best love to Augusta. I hope she is very good. What news from Helen and Maude? I shall write to them soon. We are very much in want of a little library for our boys. But we are very poor, and so we cannot start one as yet. £3 would start one,

but £3 won't come. If you see any one about Boulogne who wants to give an alms, tell him to send it to 77 Charlotte Street, Glasgow. However, please God, all will get on in time. Pray for me, dearest father, that I may be a true Jesuit.—Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—In your next letter tell me something about yourself, how your health is, what you do, &c.

I received your letter to-day. When shall we see each other again? It is a long way from Glasgow to Boulogne: however, it was longer still from Hong-kong to Boulogne.

Extracts from Augustus Law's Letters in 1860 *and* 1861, *the precise dates of which cannot be ascertained.*

TO HIS FATHER.

Dated GLASGOW.

Thanks again for your donation to the library. . . . I asked F. Biden whether he would say a Mass for you, and he immediately offered to say three for your intention. One, he said to-day, and as I thought that you would like to have one offered up for my dear mother's soul, he offered it up with that intention to-day. He will say the other two on some two days during the Octave of the Assumption, about a fortnight hence, so you must form your intention for those two Masses. . . . You have the merit as it were of founding our little library. . . . I am glad to hear that you cultivate good F. Weld's acquaintance. He is such a holy man. From all I saw of him at the seminary, I could not help thinking he was a ——. When you see him, remember me kindly to him. I hope to be writing to him soon.

Thanks for the news about Algy Heneage, Frank, Fred, Victor, &c. From your silence I suppose there is no change in poor ——'s religious views. I think you expect Freddy home before very long. Do you think you could persuade him to make a retreat when he comes? I am sure it would do him immense good. I am glad to hear that Sunbury is still attended

to. Having been there so often catechising, I take great interest in it.

To his Father.

Dated Glasgow.

I enclose St. Hermenegild.* I don't think I shall want it again, so I will make a present of it to you; or if at any future time I should want it, I will write to you for it. With regard to the little drama itself, I should have liked it to have been longer, but I was limited to time. The performance was not to exceed twenty minutes, and so I had to cut out some things that might have added to the interest. With regard to Dolosus's affair with the blind man, a like thing did really happen to an Arian bishop belonging to Leovigild's Court. Leovigild, although an Arian, surprised at the miracles wrought by St. Leander and other holy Catholic bishops, asked this bishop why he could not work miracles in confirmation of *his* religion. The Arian bishop replied that he had already often done so, and would do so again, ere long, in presence of the king, and then followed what is related in the play by Childeric, the jailer, and by the Tribune.

(From this little Play, written by Augustus some twenty years before his death on the Zambesi Mission, the Editor will quote only the following few words of a dialogue between the brothers, Recared and Hermenegild :—

Rec.—The King our Father has been heard to say that if you are not an Arian by Easter you shall answer for it by your head.

Herm.—What! Recared!—die a martyr, the glorious death of a martyr! Poor wretched Hermenegild, a martyr for the Holy Roman Faith! The news, dear brother, is too good to be true.

Rec.—And would you really like to die a martyr, as you call it?

* A play, so called, that Augustus had written for the schoolboys to act.

Herm.—The Son of God died for our sakes, and what more glorious death than to die for Him?)

The library is flourishing. We have about twenty-five members belonging to it, and about forty books already in the library. . . . F. Blackett is no longer our superior. F. Parkinson, a convert parson, a Cambridge man, has taken his place. Poor F. Blackett is with us still, but is, I am afraid, dying. . . . Ask Maude to pray for him, and get prayers for him, as he is known at Westbury a little, I think. F. Parkinson has given leave for the photographs. Thanks, dear father, for your own. It is a remarkably good one. You shall have the photographs before long. Best love to Augusta. Congratulate her on her prizes for me, and beg her prayers for me.

To his Father.

Dated Glasgow.

Did I tell you that our late Superior, F. Blackett, is dead? He died on Friday morning at 7¼. Please say a few little prayers for him. He has for three months and a half edified us here by his patience and gentleness in his sickness. It was such a pleasure to go and sit with him, and to read to him and say some prayers for him. I owe him a good deal for the kindness he showed to me whilst he was Superior; so will you help me to pay a little of the debt? There were seven Masses said at our little altar to-day, for the repose of his soul, by the priests of the town, and he was buried to-day. Dear father, may he pray too for us—for me as I write, and for you as you read. I will get the photographs done as soon as I can. F. Blackett's illness has made it a little more difficult for me to get it done sooner. Of course you know all about the Roehampton Jesuit noviciate, a school at Beaumont Lodge, &c.

Extracts.

77 CHARLOTTE STREET, GLASGOW,
Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1861.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter to-day, announcing the death of dear Aunt Car.* Requiescat in pace. I am so glad to hear she died so edifying a death; may it do good to the others who remain. What a happiness for her to die a Catholic. I have asked F. Parkinson and F. Biden to remember her in their Masses, and F. Parkinson, I think, will say a Mass for her.

Extracts.

GLASGOW, *July* 2, 1862.

DEAREST FATHER,—Our schools re-commence Monday, 11th August. Our dear F. Biden, our companion in our labours up here, died at Stonyhurst on Friday last. He was a good dear soul, and we are very sorry to lose him—not for him indeed, but for ourselves. I suppose we shall have another up here to take his place before schools recommence. As it is, F. Parkinson has had to take his school. Have you seen Marshall's Catholic Missions; and if so, what do you think of the work?

Extracts.

GLASGOW, *Saturday Evening, July* 1862.

DEAREST FATHER,—No news has as yet come to us about where we are to go, but at present I have no reason to suppose it is not Roehampton. We shall most likely come down by steamer from Edinburgh. I will let you know in time. How delighted you must have been with your ride. I should like to have seen you riding again. We closed schools to-day, on Monday prizes will be given out. Afterwards we are free from schools for six weeks. Best love to Frank and Fred.

* The Honourable Mrs. Davison, widow of Major-General Davison, a convert from Protestantism.

Extracts.

ROEHAMPTON, *Sunday Evening, July* 1862.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter yesterday, and F. Provincial has received your letter to him. The arrangements,* however, are impossible, as I go into retreat to-night. I shall be out after eight days, *i.e.*, Tuesday morning the 22nd, when F. Provincial says I can see you for a day or two, so you may expect me (*D. V.*) Tuesday the 22nd about noon, and then leave, I suppose, on Thursday about the same time. However, I am thinking of begging for ten days' retreat, in which case I should arrive on Thursday. However, if I get it, and I am afraid I shan't, I will give due notice. . . . Pray for me that I may leave the retreat a better Jesuit than I go in. Au revoir. . . . Excuse this scribble. I am writing under difficulties, on a very shaky washing stand.

Extracts.

TO HIS BROTHER FREDERICK.

N.B.—Augustus was at this time residing at Beaumont Lodge.

H. COURT PALACE,
Wednesday Evening, August 1862.

DEAREST FRED,—I arrived here to spend the day this morning about 12.30. I found everything in a high state of revolution and excitement. What about? Windsor Elwes has proposed to Augusta, and she has accepted. . . . It must be a great comfort to papa, that as long as he thought there was any chance of her having a vocation, he kept the road open and free to her. And now you see he is rewarded. He was ready to sacrifice all, and sacrifices nothing. I must say I am delighted with the account they gave of Windsor. He seems to be a very good and stanch Catholic, a perfect gentleman, and very good in every way. Poor

* Arrangements proposed by his father.

old Frank will be delighted to hear it. I have written to him. I am left at home, as the rest are out at picnic. I return to Beaumont Lodge at 7 P.M. You heard of my illness, I daresay. I am much better, and regaining strength gradually. I don't return to Glasgow, but very likely go to Wales to study theology preparatory to becoming a priest. However, that is not settled. I hope you are getting on well, dear old Fred. Give me a line when you can, and tell me; but I must excuse you from writing for the present, as you will be writing to Augusta, &c. Pray for me, dearest old boy, and believe me to be your most affectionate brother, AUGUSTUS, S.J.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

(Earlier date than last letter.—ED.)

BEAUMONT LODGE, *Friday, August* 1, 1862.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter yesterday afternoon too late to have gone to H. Court in any case; besides it was St. Ignatius's day, and they had their Academy day also here yesterday, so I could not well have come. I found May's parasol the morning after she left, and will bring it or send it to H. Court. It is all right, I found it near the Upper Lodge. All the boys went home this morning. I think I am getting stronger gradually. I felt a commencement of returning strength yesterday. I expect to hear in a few days of my destination for next year, and will tell you it when I know. I am sorry I missed Frank, poor old fellow. . . . I think at present for two or three days it will be better for me to keep quiet. I am praying to go to St. Beuno's, and I hope I shall. I am reading "All for Jesus" through again. What a book it is! I don't think a book like it has been written in England for some time. Best love to May and Giddy, and the others. You did your rowing business capitally on Monday, and got home in capital time. Pray for me, and believe me to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS, S.J.

Extracts.

BEAUMONT LODGE, OLD WINDSOR, BERKS,
Friday, September 23, 1862.

DEAREST FRED,—I see by the papers you are off soon for Lisbon, so I must write you a line as we promised to keep up a correspondence. I was so sorry you could not be up for the wedding, but I suppose it could not be helped. Every one was sorry for you. You will have heard all about it, I suppose, by this time. . . . Tell me how you are getting on. I hope you are agreeably surprised in Captain Chamberlain. . . . Who are your messmates? Any that I know? I am still at Beaumont Lodge, as you see. I am not very strong, and I got knocked up completely at the beginning of last week, but am all right again now. I began a Novena to St. Joseph on Saturday to get strength to work again. I don't know whether I shall stop here. Perhaps I shall leave England for a warmer climate. I will let you know what is to be done when I know. I hope my dear old Fred keeps up to the mark in his spirituals. Go to your duties, that's a dear old boy, before you sail. I feel great interest in you, dearest brother, and from the chats we had together at Glasgow, I thought to myself, "Freddy loves his religion and will stick to it." I forgot to thank you for your nice letter about Augusta. I am so glad you took the right side in the controversy about her, when you were at home. Because you, like Papa, have got your reward. You were willing, provided it *was* her vocation to be a nun, to lose her for God's sake. And now you have the *merit* of the sacrifice, and yet have not lost her. The fact is, the more generous we are to God the more He is so to us. Remember me to Rev. Telford and Baldacone, if you see them, and thank them for their kindness to me. Write when you can, dear old boy, and remember me in your prayers.—Ever your most affectionate brother, GUS., S.J.

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S, *January* 1, 1863.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thanks for the copy of ——'s letter, which I like very much. I hope sincerely it will have the desired effect. I enclose a letter for Fred, "the Coatless." What a Tartar old —— must be. I will pray hard for ——; that ——'s letter may do him good.

(The rest of this letter was published at page 14 of Part I. of this Memoir.—ED.)

ST. BEUNO'S COLLEGE, ST. ASAPH, N. WALES,
January 1, 1863.

DEAREST FRED,—I am sorry to hear, dear old boy, that you have been put under arrest, and for such a small matter apparently, and especially as you were not able to put the coat on, not having one.* But patience, dear brother, one can't have everything as one would wish, and as you told me your ship is in smart order, console yourself with that, and put up with Captain ——'s peculiarities. He means well, no doubt, and every man almost has his hobby. And if we wish to get on, I don't care where, we must bear with other people, whether superiors or inferiors. So don't be ever betrayed into giving cheek, but as far as you can, throw yourself into ——'s way of thinking; or if that's impossible, "grin and bear it," as, I think, we say in the Navy. We Laws have our temper, all of us, and it is the rock we have to steer clear of. I hope, when you get these few lines, you will be all right, and the "Coatless offence," as papa calls it, forgotten.

My health is improving, thank God, visibly, and I hope to be quite round, and out of the sick list, by summer. Pray for me, my old Fred. You attend to your soul, my dearest old fellow,

* A *full-dress* Lieutenant's coat which his tailor had advised Frederick NOT to get.

I hope, and say your prayers. If it don't bore you, write and tell me how the spirituals get on. You looked them up, like a brick, when you were in England. Jesus and Mary will bless you if you persevere. And if you fall, get up again, like people do who are trying to skate. How does your old Ram behave in a sea-way? and how do you get on with your messmates? Are they good fellows? . . . Tell me what the "Resistance" is going to do, and all about your dear old self. I shall be a priest (*D. V.*) in two years and a half if not before. If you go to Malta call upon F. Ferrara whom you remember, and who is there now. I wrote to him the other day and told him you were in the "Resistance." Captain Strickland, R.N., is living at Malta too, married to a Maltese lady. He is a very good fellow and a good Catholic. I'm sure he'd be delighted to make your acquaintance.

Pray for me, dearest brother, as I will always for my dear old Fred, and believe me ever your most affectionate brother,

A. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

ST. BEUNO'S COLLEGE, S. ASAPH, N. WALES,
8th March 1863 (?).

DEAREST FRED,—I got your letter about three or four weeks ago, and thank you very much for it, and for the news you gave about yourself. As I believe you are now at the Nore, I take the opportunity of writing. I was amused at your row about the insertion of *Roman* Catholics in the log, and perhaps you did right in remaining firm after *once* rubbing it out on the slate. But I don't think in general it would be prudent to kick up a shindy about those kinds of things. It is true Protestants give us the name of *Roman* Catholics in *their* sense, wrongly. But, on the other hand, it is one of our greatest glories to call ourselves *Roman* Catholics in *our* sense, *i.e.*, meaning thereby that there can be no true Catholics who are not united with the Head of

the Church, the Bishop of Rome. They call us "Papists" too, meaning it for a reproach. But what does it mean? "Papista" means a follower or adherent of "Papa" the Pope. And we as Catholics are glad to be called Papists in this sense. Of course when they call us Papists they don't mean to compliment us,—and hence the sting. So, old fellow, although I admire your zeal for your religion, still if I were you, I would not have a row if not called for especially, as you will lose friends by it. Of course, I don't mean by that you should hide your religion, or be ashamed of it, or not defend it, or even not have a row when necessary, no. I only mean in such a case as this last, I would look before I leap. I was delighted to get your letter, dear old Fred, and hope you'll write soon again, and tell me how you are getting on, and whether there are any new rows, &c. &c. I am very well, and getting, I think, stronger and stronger. Pray for me. . . . I suppose Elwes and Augusta are off for India by this time. How long are you to be at the Nore or in England? Go to your confession, dear old boy, if you can get an opportunity. I sent your letter to F. Parkinson at Glasgow; I thought he would like to know how you were getting on. I asked him to pray for you. If your ship ever comes round to Liverpool, you must give me a hail here. . . . I hope when I am a priest to go on the Foreign Missions. I should like especially to go to Madurè in India. We have got two French Jesuits here, who are going out there when they know English well. Tell me anything you know about Catholic matters, as it is always interesting to me, and to those here with me. Have you heard of the conversion of Lady Londonderry, Lady Herbert (widow of Sydney H.), and William Wilberforce, brother of Bishop of Oxford? A Rev. Mr. Yard has also been converted. I believe he is a man of some note. The three first were received (I believe) by Manning. A young man was received into the Church at Farm Street about six months ago, and he is now going to be a Jesuit, I think. He was a Provincial! of Protestant Passionists! *i.e.*, they call themselves Passionists, and practise great austerities; *e.g.*, discipline

during the Miserere, and if they flinch, begin again, &c. Did you know Slaughter at Oscott, a nephew of Sir —— Mostyn, I think? I met him here a few days ago. God bless you, dearest Fred.—Ever your most affectionate brother, A. Law, S.J.

P.S.—Some one wrote the other day to F. Porter, and said he had been dining with Paterfamilias, and ended his letter saying "What fun that Mr. —— is."

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

St Beuno's College,
Feast of the S. Heart, June 12, 1863.

Dearest Fred,—Many thanks for your jolly letter. You can't think how interesting your letters are to me. . . . I hope you will be able to go to Madagascar or Mauritius or Bourbon. I think they are all French Jesuits there and zealous holy men. I dare say many of them can speak English, and I am sure they will receive you kindly. Perhaps some of them will know a French Jesuit who is here learning English, and a very good holy man. His name is Du Puy. He belongs to the same province as those out there do. He is going to Madurè in India. If you happen to go to any of the above places tell me how you got on, and whether you met any of them, &c.; and whenever you learn anything interesting about the Catholic Foreign Missions, or anything absurd and laughable about the Protestant ditto, tell me, as it is both interesting and useful to know them. There are four different stations of Jesuits in Bourbon, and about twenty-three priests—three at Mauritius—nine in Madagascar. . . . I was delighted to hear you had been to your duties before leaving England. God will bless you, old fellow, if you stick to your spirituals, and when you say your prayers, dear Fred, remember me in them. *June 17th.* . . . Paterfamilias returns to England from Boulogne the 30th of this month and stays a month with Sir Henry Montgomery—then goes for a short

time to H. Court probably, and then back again to a house (a former monastery) near Boulogne. . . . *June* 30. What a time I've been since I last put the pen to this paper. Well, the principal excuse is that I have been less well for about ten days, so that all the time I could use was necessary for study, &c. However I am all right again now. . . . More than one convert a day was made during the month of May at Farm Street. The Jesuits had made a Novena to the B.V. to get at least one a day, and so you see they got their request and more too. Pray for me that I may get stronger, so as to be able to work, . . when I am ordained, old fellow, about September next year. What a happy day it will be for me, you may imagine. Won't the Paterfamilias give out then? "Ah yes." . . . Poor Poland! will no one help her? The Peer * seems to be about the only one in the House of Lords who speaks out in her favour. What cruel fellows those Russians are! The worst of it is that when Poland is bullied (in the present case) religion is bullied. For the Russians hate the Catholic Church, and that's why, I suppose, England in general is so lukewarm in favour of Poland. . . *July* 2. I must finish off now. Write, old fellow, as often as you can, and I'll always try and answer as punctually as I can. . . . I hope you contrive to like your ship and officers. Ever your most affectionate brother, A. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

ST. BEUNO'S,

Feast of the Holy Name, 1864.

DEAREST FATHER,—You will be, perhaps, surprised I did not answer before, but I did not receive your letters with their sorrowful news till this morning. I have been in Triduum previous to renovation of vows, till this morning, and letters are not given in Triduum, unless there is something urgent in them. If F. Fitz-

* Lord Ellenborough.

simon, our dear Rector, had known what was in your letters, he would certainly have given them me in Triduum. But now I hasten to write. I am so sorry, as you may imagine, dearest father, to hear of dearest Helen's serious illness.* God grant us her life, dear thing. But whatever happens we must try and be resigned to God, our dear Father's most holy and adorable will. But I will say nothing on this point to you, dearest father, who understand these truths so much better than I do. When I have finished this letter I will go to the Blessed Sacrament, and pray for dearest Helen, and I shan't forget to ask that you may be supported in this new affliction. I will also go to Holy Communion to-morrow for dearest Helen, and offer up Holy Mass and my other prayers for her. I hope and trust your next letter will bring some good news. Indeed your last gives some hopes. Write and let me know how she gets on. How kind of her to think of me! I am so glad she has recognised you. Thank dear Tom Hare for his kindness from me. Dear fellow, he has got a good generous heart. . . . Best love to dearest Helen when you see her, and tell her I am constantly putting up my poor prayers for her, and I will try and get some Masses said for her recovery. . . . I am, thank God, getting stronger every day. I was skating all day for four days running on a lake three miles from here, walking there and back. This looks like getting better. It is at any rate a great improvement upon what I was. . . . Remember me in your prayers and Holy Communions, dearest father, as I always will you.—Ever your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS, S.J.

P.S.—Thank you for those little particulars you mentioned about Helen in your letters, they are so touching. May Jesus and Mary bless you, dearest father, as they always have.

A. L.

P.S.—I have got two of our fathers to say Mass for Helen

* Helen,—*i.e.*, Sister Mary Walburga, of the Convent of Mercy at Bermondsey—had caught typhus fever in her visits to the poor.

to-morrow, and perhaps shall be able to get another one or two.

Extracts.

From Augustus's Sister, Sister Jane Margaret Mary, of the Monastery of the Visitation.

February 18, 1864.

My dear Augustus,—We have lately received most important and happy news from our Monastery of Paray le Monial, viz., that a meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, respecting the miracles wrought through the intercession of our venerable Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, at which our Holy Father the Pope will preside, will take place on the first of March. We shall, as on a former occasion, have the privilege of exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament on the 28th, 29th February and the 1st of March, in union with all our Institute, and many holy souls, who, devoted to the heart of Jesus, gladly join with us in praying for the happy result of the meeting, which we hear will probably be speedily followed by a *final* congregation to decide the long-looked-for day, on which my beloved patroness will be declared Blessed! Our honoured Mother is desirous to obtain all the assistance she can to ensure the much-desired success. She wrote on Tuesday to the holy Bishop of Southwark, who most kindly sent her in answer a printed circular to the clergy of his diocese, of which I copy the principal part.

St. George's, *Feb.* 17.

Rev. and dear Sir,—I need not mention to you that in the days of persecution, it pleased our dear Lord to inspire devout souls in England with the love of His sacred heart, in whose honour confraternities were formed, and the way was prepared for the institution of the festival for the Universal Church. Many graces were afterwards granted to the venerable Margaret, Mary Alacoque of the Visitation, through whom the devotions in honour

of the Sacred Heart were opened and known to many of the faithful. The general congregation of the S. Rites is to meet on the 1st of March, in the presence of His Holiness, repecting the miracles wrought through her intercession; and in order to implore the divine light upon their deliberation and on his decisions, I allow any of the clergy or communities to have exposition from the end of Mass to Vespers, on Sunday the 28th instant.—Yours, &c.,

(Signed) ✠ Thomas Grant.

Last year good F. Johnson was so kind as to write himself, and engage your fervent community to join us in praying for the success of the last meeting. It was most successful. Therefore we again earnestly request your fervent prayers. The devotion which the Society shows on all occasions to the Sacred Heart, and its zeal in seizing all occasions of propagating this blessed devotion, leads us to feel sure of your warm concurrence. I believe you have been instructed in the sweet devotion of the "Guard of Honour" by good F. Weld.

(Signed) Jane Margaret Law,
Of the V.H.M.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that with reference to the Beatification of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, a short note might here be useful. Hence this interpolation.

In the first place, before any one—however great and universal may have been the renown of his or her virtues during life—can be eligible for "Beatification," he or she must have acquired, by decree of the Holy Father the title of "Venerable," and this title is only conferred by His Holiness after the Sacred Congregation of Rites has strictly investigated and reported most favourably on the merits of the case submitted to them. The Congregation

of Rites consists of twenty Cardinals, with whom are associated thirty or forty prelates, or members of Religious Orders, called from all parts of the world, and settled at Rome, on account of their great reputation. The Congregation has as its President the first Bishop of the world, after the Holy Father, *i.e.*, the Cardinal who, under the title of "Vicaire," is administrator of the particular diocese of Rome; St. Jean de Lateran being his archiepiscopal cathedral. When the Congregation of Rites makes a favourable report, the Holy Father issues a decree conferring upon the person in question the title of "Venerable." This *first* step in no way involves the Church's infallibility. It is simply the introduction of the cause. But the decree of Beatification has the authority of the Church's infallibility. It declares that the person beatified is among the blessed in Heaven. The two chief points which have to be most clearly established, to the entire satisfaction of all the members of the Congregation of Rites, previous to the beatification of one who has been pronounced "venerable," are: *Firstly,* That the person in question practised in an heroic degree the theological, cardinal, and moral virtues. *Secondly,* That such person's intercession obtained from God striking and most evident miracles. It is unnecessary to say that both the above points were most distinctly proved before the Congregation of Rites in the case of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. This note would, however, be a very long one instead of the *recommended short* one, if the evidence of all the witnesses before the Congregation of Rites was here copied! Those who would wish to know the precise testimony brought before the Congregation of Rites, must

therefore be referred to "The Life of Blessed Margaret Mary; with some Account of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, by the Rev. George Tickell, S.J.," *or* to a little book, published at *Macon* (France), entitled "Notice Historique sur La Béatification de la Vénérable Marguerite Marie Alacoque. Imprimerie d' Emile Protat. Macon." A few dates will now be added.

Blessed M. M. Alacoque died October 17, 1690.

The first Episcopal process on her life commenced in 1715.

The revolutionary storm of 1792 dispersed the sisters of the Visitation Monastery at Paray le Monial, who, however, took with them the venerable remains of B. Margaret Mary. Two surviving members of the community regained possession of their monastery at Paray le Monial on June 16, 1823.

The cause was resumed, and Sister Margaret Mary declared "Venerable," Sept. 26, 1827.

Pius IX. promulgated decree declaring her virtues heroic, August 23, 1846.

Decree declaring the authenticity of three miracles wrought through her intercession, April 1864.

Decree of her beatification issued in the Basilica of St. John de Lateran, June 24, 1864.

Extracts.

To his Cousin, Sister Elizabeth of St. Clare, of the Franciscan Convent, Drumshanbo Co., Leitrim, Ireland.

A. M. D. G.

St. Beuno's College, *February* 20, 1864.

Dearest Cousin,—I hasten to answer your letter, which I received this morning. Indeed, directly I heard of dear Aunt Eliza's death, I thought of writing to you, but did not know the direction. However, I got all the prayers I could said for the repose of her dear soul, and three Masses. I am glad, too, to see that her death was announced in the *Tablet* and *Weekly Register*, as pious people who read those papers will remember her in their prayers. Papa sent me too a Mortuary Card to be put up in our chapel. I condole then, dear cousin, with you on your loss, but at the same time you must be so happy to think she died a Catholic, and so fervent a Catholic. I hope she will not forget us. I'm sure she won't in her prayers now that she is, as we trust, in heaven. . . . I should have so many things to talk of if I saw you again, which would be a great pleasure to me. But, however, as long as we meet in heaven, the meeting on earth is of very small consequence. You have heard no doubt of dear Helen's typhus. But she is all right now, and wrote to me a few days ago almost as strong as ever. I enclose a letter which I received to-day with yours from fervent little Twit, as we used to call her. She is such a little ——, and papa never speaks of her goodness except in a kind of rapture. . . . I am now studying theology, and please God, shall be ordained in September next year, possibly in September this year. But before that time, whenever it is, I shall write and beg your most fervent prayers that I may prepare well for such an angelical office. Not that I don't beg them already very earnestly. Thanks to St. Joseph, to whom I am sure I owe it in great measure, my health improves

gradually. I can walk eleven miles without much difficulty. Ask St. Joseph to restore my health entirely, if he sees it will be for God's greater glory, and ask him not to confine himself to the care of the *body*. Will you pray too for an intention I've much at heart? It is, *entre nous*, to know God's will about offering myself for the Maduré Mission in India. We have got four French Jesuits here studying English, at the same time with their theology, in order to go out to that mission, and who can help being envious of them? Should you see them again, remember me most kindly to those Jesuit Fathers who inquired about me. I suppose they were F. Rorke and F. Skully. Puseyism is making tremendous progress in London, and there seem to be convents (Puseyite) all over the country. In their "Directory" for this year mention is made of a confraternity to make "reparation to the B.S. for the insults, &c., offered it." May many of them find their way into the One Fold! You've heard perhaps of the last decision of the Supreme Authority in the Anglican Church, to the effect that "No clergyman is bound to believe that every part of the Bible is inspired, although they must not reject *the whole;*" likewise that no clergyman is bound to believe (or to preach) the eternity of the pains of hell. . . . In order that your letter might not be without fruit, I have got three additional Masses for the soul of your dear mother. I will not forget you and your fervent community in my prayers. I send you a sample of a little thing that comes out once a month in France, in connection with the Apostleship of Prayer, got up by F. Ramière, S.J. Don't forget me in your prayers.—Ever your most affectionate cousin,

A. Law, S.J.

P.S.—We don't change our names on entering the society, as a rule, so my direction will be Rev. A. Law, S.J. May Jesus and Mary and Joseph, and your dear S.S. Francis and Clare, be ever with you.

L. D. S.

St. Beuno's, *Friday, June* 17, 1864.

Dearest Father,—Yesterday was your birthday, and I often thought of it during the month, and had made up my mind not to forget to let you have a letter on your table the morning of that day. But I forgot to write the day before the 16th, and there was an end of that. Let me try and make amends now. I did not forget you at H. Communion yesterday, and I said my beads for you. I wish you now many happy returns of the day. Your birthday after next, please God, I shall be able to say Mass for you. What do you think of Newman's Apologia? Have you been reading the numbers? If by chance you have not, at least read No. 7, *i.e.*, general answer to Mr. Kingsley. Tell me in your next what you think of them, and particularly of No. 7. Some think, here, that it is the finest thing he ever wrote. Whilst hearing them read in the refectory, I often thought of you and of your progress, little by little, towards the Catholic Church, and how and to what extent this or that writing of Newman's affected *you*. Two of our Society are soon, I hope, to be beatified, the Venerable Canisius, called the Apostle of Germany, and the Venerable John Berchmans, a young student who died young. I suppose by this time you have seen Windsor and Augusta. How are they after their Indian expedition? Give my best love. My health continues, thank God, very fair. But I am getting tired now. However, the vacation will begin in little less than six weeks, viz., about August 1. . . . Best love to May, and the children. . . . Best love to Aunt Jane,* who, I suppose, is at H. Court, and to all I may happen to know.—Ever your most affectionate son,

Augustus.

Pray hard for me all this next year of preparation for ordination. I want as many as I can get.

* The late honourable Mrs. Cuthbert.

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S, *July* 10, 1864.

One of the Maduré Jesuit Fathers, F. St. Cyr, a model, they say, of a missionary, came home to Europe in the same steamer with Windsor and Augusta. He seems to have been delighted with them. I saw his letter saying this to one of our French Jesuits here. Perhaps, who knows? he may be my Superior some day. I believe he is going to pay a visit to England on a begging expedition; for their mission out there is on its last legs as to money. I hope to see this holy man when he comes to England. I'm praying away that God's will may be done with regard to my going out to Maduré or not. They want an *English* Jesuit at Negapatam very much. I have offered myself to Superiors for the College there. So pray for me, dearest father.

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S, *Saturday*, *July* 23, 1864.

Father Fitzsimon, our Rector, kindly offers you hospitality if you like to come. . . . Best love to H. Graves,* if he is with you still. It's a long time since I've seen the dear old fellow. . . . Do you think, if you pay me a visit, you could bring up my Diaries for the time I was in the Navy and lend me them for *one* year? If you ask *me when* you ought to come, I should prefer it when *all* my companions are here, viz., some time before the 6th of August, as you might give them some amusement by your stories, &c. You might be here on St. Ignatius' day—our founder's— if you started on Saturday.—Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

* Augustus' uncle, the late Honourable Henry Graves.

Extracts.

ST BEUNO'S, *Sunday, 7th August*, 1864.

DEAREST FATHER,—You must have been surprised I did not write earlier. But there was some delay to our going to the Villa, owing to the good woman's getting ill and not liking to get out. . . . So we start to-morrow at 9.35 A.M. from St. Asaph. We shall return on Monday fortnight, the 22nd. So now you see your way clear, either to come near the Villa house, during this fortnight, or to pay me a visit here any time between 23rd August and about 8th September. I shall be equally free to be with you *here* as in the Villa. So choose as you like. Direct—Rosemary Cottage, Menai Bridge, Anglesea. If you go there, I will as soon as possible engage a lodging, and tell me in your letter the particulars. . . . I've just heard 32,000 copies of Newman's Apologia were sold. Capital, isn't it? Best love to May and the children,—Ever your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS, S.J.

P.S.—Do you remember promising me a photograph of that little saint, Bishop of Southwark? If you could bring me one or send me one, I should be so thankful.

Extracts.

ROSEMARY COTTAGE,
Feast of Assumption, 1864.

Tell me by what train you come, and I shall meet you. There is an hotel only five minutes' walk from this—this side of the Suspension Bridge, Menai Bridge.

ST. BEUNO'S,
St. Bartholomew's Day, 1864.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thanks for the pamphlets, and for the extracts from dear mamma's letters, which I was delighted with. I am glad you got down all right, and were able to turn in when you got to H. Court. Thank dear Aunt Jane for her dear kind

inquiries after me. In return give her my best love, and say I will remember her in my poor unworthy prayers. We arrived here all right about 12.30 on Monday morning, and the second party started soon after one o'clock dinner. It looks rainy and did rain yesterday, so I'm afraid they'll have wet weather some of their fortnight. An old Scotchman came part of the way in the train with us. I told him I had been in Glasgow for some time, and he supposed it was in the university. At last, on leaving the carriage, a sudden thought seemed to strike the old fellow, and he said, "Are yer Romanists?" I said yes. "Weel," he said, "I thought yer were Episcopalians." And then he began to make inquiries about the Roman collars which were his puzzle. He was a jolly old fellow, and I was sorry to lose him so soon. I had a letter from Gerard of "ours" at Beaumont, where he tells me of the likelihood of one of my brothers going there, and how little F. Foxwell promises to visit all my iniquities on his head. Pray for me. Best love to May and the children, to Uncle Jem and Aunt Jane again.—Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—The Jesuits were immensely amused with your stories.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

ST. BEUNO'S COLLEGE, *Wednesday, August* 13, 1864.

DEAR OLD FRED,—I wish I had not to excuse myself for not having written for so long. . . . Papa has been up in these parts. We had our Villa or Vacation in Anglesea, just opposite the Menai Straits, and so he came up and spent three days with me. He arrived on a Thursday evening and left again for London on Sunday night. He lived at an hotel close to our temporary house. He seemed in capital spirits, and dined with us once, when he told some of his stories, and made us all laugh a good deal. I hope to see him up here again in September next year, when please

God I shall be ordained priest. What a happiness it will be for me, old fellow, you can well imagine, and for you too; as you will have another priest, ————, however unworthy, to say Holy Mass every day at God's altar; where, of course, it is not likely you will be forgotten. Now you must pray away during the interval to prepare me for saying Mass well for you. I suppose you will scarcely be at home so soon as September next year; but if you are, you shall be dragged up here if possible to be present at the ordinations. Papa gave me some news about you, viz., that you had returned to the Cape, but without prize-money, —that an impediment had been put to your dancing, but removed, and things put right by the good Bishop. This last news gave me great joy, from what it indirectly hinted at, which was that my dear old Freddy does not forget God, and does not neglect holy Confession. God loves you very much, dear old fellow, and takes great care of you. My health is improving, thank God, little by little, and I can now take pretty long walks, if I may call five miles and back again a long walk. You must ask St. Joseph to give me perfect health, that I may be able to work hard for God's glory. . . . Tell me when you write how you are getting on &c., &c.—Ever your most affectionate brother,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S, *Nativity of B. V. M.* 1864.

DEAREST FATHER,—Many thanks for the photographs* you sent me, and which I will show to my "brother officers;" one of them saw one just now, but could not recognise any one he knew in it.—We go into retreat the day Ernest† goes to Oscott, *i.e.*, the 15th. I will pray for his success and happiness at school. Tell dearest Maude, when you see her, that I am in retreat and beg her prayers for me. I beg yours and May's too for the same

* From a picture of Augustus in naval cadet uniform in 1846.

† One of his younger brothers.

object. F. St. Cyr is here now. He has come to England for subjects (men) and money. I hope to be one of the former sooner or later, please God. He knew Sir Henry Montgomery at Negapatam, and he says he shall call upon him during his stay in England. I suppose he is to be found at the India Office. If he is likely to be away from there during this month,—and May would know that probably—could you let me know? I think F. St. Cyr is going to try if he can get anything out of the *Government* for his mission in Maduré. There are in his district 142,500 Catholics, and there were last year 1151 conversions of adults to the faith. During the time of the mutiny one of the Jesuit Fathers offered some thousand Indians to put down the mutiny should it rise in the South of India. Altogether their influence goes to strengthen the British rule in India, and from this, and from facts showing this, I suppose he will try to urge his claims on the Government. Give my love to the dear old Peer when you see him. Our second division arrived from their Villa on Monday last, and had had beautiful weather. Best love to May, Ernest, and the other children.—Ever your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—I enclose a letter to Fred. Who do you think is our new Provincial? *Fr. Weld*, who you remember lunched one day with you at H. Court. By the way, though, you know him in other ways.

Extracts.

Sister Jane Margaret M. Law to her Father.*

MONASTERY OF THE VISITATION, AMIENS,
August 22, 1865.

I profit by my writing to dear Augustus to thank you for your letter dated August 16th, containing Bessy Law's.† I shall keep

* She had been lent by the monastery at Westbury-on-Trym to that at Amiens.

† Sister Elizabeth of St. Clare, Convent, Drumshanbo.

it, in order to return it to you on our next meeting, for I know you never destroy your letters, but I certainly should be inclined to do so, on account of the sentiments regarding me expressed in it. I am quite grieved to think that my letters have so imposed upon her. She entertains a very false opinion of me.* When I next write I will try to undeceive her. I am glad to hear that she seems to be getting on so well and prosperously in her new abode. I remember Marion Grattan very well. I believe she was a great friend of Augusta. It was really very good of the latter to make so long a retreat during Windsor's absence. I am sure God will reward her for her generosity, in thus separating herself from dear little Arabella. It must have cost her so much! I am more than delighted to think that you will have the consolation of serving dear Augustus's first Mass! What a day of joy for all our hearts. . . I must end this scrawl, for I am entering retreat to-night, as we profit by the pupils' absence to do so. —Ever my dearest father, your devoted and affectionate daughter,

SISTER J. M. LAW,
of the V.H.M.

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S, *Thur day, August* 31, 1865.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter yesterday. The Rector is back, and I saw him just now about your coming. I think it would be very inconvenient for you, making your retreat in your lodging, and F. Bateman, who will give you the retreat, is of the same opinion. So you must come direct here, but then you know it is by no means necessary to enter the retreat at once. You could rest all Tuesday, and if necessary all Wednesday, and then go into retreat. But I think it would be putting you to needless expense, going to your lodgings for two days, and then here, especially as nearly all people making their retreats

* The writer of this letter is simply (in speaking of the "false opinion" entertained of her) refusing praise of which in her religious humility she thinks herself unworthy.—ED.

here, have a little rest before beginning. . . . I will (*D. V.*) be at Rhyll to meet you at the appointed time, 6.35 P.M. on Monday. . . . If you agree to all I have said, all right; and I will consider it settled. Best love to dearest May, Augusta, Windsor, and all.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—If Frank, the dear old fellow, came up, you would have plenty of time to get him a lodging during my retreat.

RHYLL, *Monday Afternoon*, 6 *o'clock.*

DEAREST MAY,—Here we are both sitting in a Rhyll Hotel, and papa trying what he can master in the way of grub before starting for St. Asaph and St. Beuno's in one hour's time. He has had a pretty dusty journey. Good-bye, for the present, dearest May, and hoping to see you soon at H. Court, I remain ever your most affectionate step-son, AUGUSTUS.

Extracts.

CONVENT OF MERCY, BERMONDSEY,
September 20, 1865.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I am glad dearest Augustus's ordination day is still to be the 24th, as it is our own dear feast-day. I am delighted it is to be on that day, for I am sure our Lady will take particular care of him. You must give him my heartfelt congratulations, and tell him I have given him an intention in our Novena in preparation for the feast. I shall not write, as I shall see him so soon. What an immense pleasure and consolation for you, dearest father, to be present at his first Mass. I think your plan a very good one, in giving us, in religion, two of our brothers or sisters to pray for. As you say, Maude will have the most to do for poor Frank. I am glad you went to St. Winifred's Well. . . . With affectionate love to dearest Augustus, believe me, dearest father, your most affectionate daughter,

SISTER M. WELBURGA LAW.

St. Raphael's, Kingston, *September* 21, 1865.

My dear Mr. Law,—It must be delightful to you to behold the ordination of your eldest son on Sunday next. We shall be glad to have your reverend son preach to us on October 1, the first Sunday after ordination. Thanking you for this kind offer, I am yours truly in Christ, John Ainsworth.

Augustus, in a letter of July 23, 1864, to his father, which is inserted a few pages back in this Memoir, asked for the *loan* for *one* year of his Diaries, written while he was in the Navy, and which he had given to his father upon entering the Society. The request was, of course, complied with; and on reference being recently made to the Diaries in question, the following additional entries were discovered written by Augustus in pencil, at the end of the last volume, and dated August 20, 1864:—

December 8, 1853.—Left the Navy.

January 15, 1854.—Joined S.J.

January 1856.—Finished noviceship, went for rhetoric at Amiens.

August 1857.—Went to Stonyhurst for philosophy.

September 1859.—Went to Hodder for six weeks to teach; then to Glasgow, where I taught three years, *i.e.*, till July 1862. Then at Beaumont Lodge till beginning of October 1862, recruiting.

October 1862 till now, August 1864, at St. Beuno's, N. Wales, studying theology. *Laus Deo semper.*

August 20, 1864.—Whoever has read so far in this Journal of mine, pray for me that I may persevere in the Society of Jesus, and that I may be a holy priest. I have now been ten years and seven months in the Society, and am miles off being a true Jesuit.

It may be interesting to some persons to know the names of those who were ordained priests at the same time as Augustus Law, and consequently an extract from the "Tablet" Newspaper of 1865 is here given:—

"*Diocese of Shrewsbury—Ordination at St. Beuno's College.*

On Sunday, September 24th, The Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, The Lord Bishop of the Diocese admitted to the holy Order of the Priesthood at St. Beuno's College, the following:—

The Rev. John Bodoano, S.J., Rev. Charles Boardman, S.J., Rev. Peter Causseque, S.J., Rev. Charles Lacouture, S.J., Rev. Joseph Howett, S.J., Rev. Antony Foxwell, S.J., Rev. T. Welsby, S.J., Rev. Augustus Henry Law, S.J.

The last named was formerly in the Royal Navy, but quitted Her Majesty's Service in 1853, in order to join the Society."

Some years ago, Augustus, when at St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown, S. Africa, met with a book, entitled, "Pius IX. and his Times," "Travels and Sketches," published by Burns and Oates, 1876; to which in a letter he called his father's attention. From this book a few lines are here quoted, which referred to the Ordination above mentioned, under the heading, "Catholicity in North Wales."

Rhyl, September 25, 1865.—The Bishop of Shrewsbury arrived here on Wednesday, and having visited our worthy pastor, the Rev. Father Wynne, S.J., proceeded in the afternoon to the Jesuits' College of St. Beuno, near St. Asaph. The object of his lordship's visit was to confer holy orders on some of the students. On Friday and Saturday, nine received deaconship and sub-deaconship, and on Sunday eight were raised to the order of priesthood. Two of the latter (Frenchmen) are destined to sow the seeds of the Gospel in distant parts of the globe—one in China, the other in India. The ceremony took place at ten o'clock in the College Chapel, which, being small, was densely crowded, several friends of the newly ordained, and some families from Rhyl and the neighbourhood, having also attended. The ceremony, at all times impressive, acquired additional solemnity from the manner in which it was performed by the Bishop. . . . Before commencing, his Lordship delivered a moving address on the duties and re-

sponsibility of the priesthood. The discourse was most feelingly delivered, and sensibly affected the audience. . . . Faithful to the hospitable traditions of his order, the Superior Father Seed, after the morning function, entertained the strangers in the guest-room to a sumptuous and substantial repast, to which the keen air of the Welsh mountains imparted a more than ordinary relish.

There exists nothing, unfortunately, but *memory*, to fall back upon, with respect to the week following Augustus's ordination. On the next day, Monday, Sep. 25, Augustus said his first Mass, which was served by the Rev. Father Js. M'Swiney, S.J., at St. Asaph, and he then on that day travelled, in company with his father, to Hampton Court. At the Palace he was most cordially welcomed by many who had known him in his earlier days, and by none more so, than by the late Sir George and Lady Seymour, and Captain Henry Seymour;—Sir George having been the Admiral commanding on the Pacific station, when Augustus joined the squadron as Naval Cadet in H.M.S. "Carysfort," of which Sir George's son, Captain Henry Seymour, was then the captain,—in 1846. On the Sunday following his ordination, by the kind permission of the late Rev. John Ainsworth, Augustus preached his first sermon as a Priest, at St. Raphael's, Kingston-on-Thames. His father remembers well, and with deep gratitude, the hearty congratulations he received, from many members of the congregation, upon the earnest, simple, and touching explanation the preacher had given of the institution, and of the beauty of the devotion of the Holy Rosary. It was a happy coincidence that he should have been called upon to speak from the pulpit as a priest for the first time, on *Rosary* Sunday, and thus have to recommend to his hearers

a devotion so dear to his own heart. On the next day, Oct. 2nd, Augustus returned to St. Beuno's, his father having seen him off from the Euston Square Station. The next letter tells of his journey home:—

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S,
Tuesday Morning, October 3, 1865.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here I am, thanks to God, all safe. I got here at the same time you did. Those two gentlemen you saw in the same carriage as I was in, turned out capital fellows. And who do you think one was? An old admiral lately in command of the Pacific, but superseded on account of his promotion to "Vice," I think. See if you can find out who it was.—He knew lots of my old friends, and we talked about them and of the Navy till I was tired of talking, But not he, for he had a tremendous voice. He knew Sir F. Collier, Captain Morgan, Admirals Sir George and Henry Seymour, Lieutenant (Captain) Mould, 1st of the Amazon, Captain Luard, &c. &c. They got out at Chester, and we took farewell—great friends. . . . The other man, his friend, whom he called "Charles," knew Wales, and when I told him—Charles—I lived in the Vale of Clwyd, he asked whether I belonged to *Bodel-wydan* church?—I told him I belonged to the College! But he was just as civil afterwards. . . . Two Fathers came up from Rhyl with me. I found F. Wynne's room covered with papers, accounts, &c. He is now on his way to Farm Street. I will write to dear old Frank. His writing to me will give me an opportunity of resuming correspondence. Best love to dearest May, Giddy, Agnes, Willy, Windsor and Augusta. I hope Giddy still improves.—Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

And don't forget, too, to send best love to Aunt Jane and Wizzy, and Jemmy. I have just received a nice letter from Bessy congratulating, &c.

Extracts.

ST. BEUNO'S, *January* 21, 1866.

DEAREST FATHER AND DEAREST MAY,—I must write, although very late, to wish you both and all at home a happy new year. I have been very busy, or I should have written before, and I'll try to write a little oftener if possible for the future, although perhaps the same excuse that I make now, for having been so long without writing, is likely to come pretty often in a Jesuit's life. I mean the "being busy." I daresay you saw in the "Tablet" that I had preached at Holywell on the Feast of St. Winifred (November). Since that I have preached twice, once at the St. Asaph,—where I said my first Mass,—and once at Rhyl (or as papa calls it, Rīle) at midnight Mass, where more than half the audience were Protestants. Whilst I was down at Rhyl, I sang two *High* Masses, one of them on Christmas Day. I also heard my first confession down at Rhyl. This is an account of what I have done *outside* the college since I last wrote. Inside the college, of course, studies, &c., occupy one much the same as usual. On March 19th I finish going to lectures, and study privately for four months, *i.e.*, till July 19th, when good-bye to St. Beuno's. But where "bound" I don't know. I said my second Mass on Christmas Day for you both and for all my dear brothers and sisters, and tell Fred when you write that I said Mass *specially* for him on December 30. Tell him, too, to expect a letter from me soon. I said Mass for dear Franky on his birthday (on January 9). What a terrible shipwreck that of the "London" was! For my part I think that since steam has come in, seamanship has been on the decline. I don't believe that if the "Carysfort" had been in the same gale and same place as the "London" was, she would have carried away a rope-yarn. Do you know what the *Commodore's** opinion is? The cattle plague is in our valley, but thanks to providence, none of our

* Old nickname for the present Admiral, Sir Alexander Montgomery, Bart.

cows have been attacked as yet. At Beaumont, the Bishop of Southwark, at the request of F. Eccles, blessed the cows. . . . . Lady G. Fullerton has just brought out an account of the "Miracle at Metz." You should get it. . . . To be had at Burns's ! . . . . The miracle was wrought by means of the Blessed Sacrament. Pray for me, dear father and May. I never forget making a memento of you both daily in the Holy Sacrifice.—Ever your most affectionate son, A. Law, S.J.

I have mislaid the direction to Boulogne and so am obliged to send this to Hampton Court. When you write give me the address.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

St. Beuno's, *June* 25, 1866.

Dear, dear old Fred,*—What a time it is since I wrote to you ! What makes it worse is that I think I am in your debt as to letters, not you in mine. But I have been so busily occupied that I have very little time for letter-writing. However I will begin at least to-day, and finish bit by bit, if I cannot at once. Although I have not written I have not forgotten my dear Freddy, especially in the Holy Sacrifice, which now by the mercy of God I can offer up daily. You are down in a list of those I always remember in the "Memento" in *every* Mass, and besides I said a Mass for you in particular on the 30th of December, and I am going to say another for you on Friday, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. I daresay papa gave you a full account of the ordination. He was up here about three weeks altogether. He first made an eight days' retreat at the college, and then went to a lodging twenty minutes' walk off, where he stayed till my retreat, which followed close on his, was over. I was ordained priest on Sunday, the 24th September. The next

* Retired Commander F. C. Law, R.N.

morning I said my first Mass at St. Asaph, a place three miles from here. Papa went to communion. After our thanksgiving we breakfasted at the hotel, and then went down to Hampton Court, and I stayed till Sunday afternoon, when papa, Windsor, and I, dined at the Oratory, and I slept there. The next day I left London, and papa came up again to see me off from Euston Square. Whilst I was at Hampton Court I saw a good many of the family, Aunts Whizzy,* Jane,† Cha.‡ H. Law, Dora,§ and their sailor son, who was then convalescent from his broken leg. I saw Admiral G. H. Seymour, my old captain in the "Carysfort," and his father the old admiral, and I ended by coming up as far as Liverpool with an admiral (probably Sir Kingcome) in the same carriage, who was very jolly, and we had a long yarn on naval affairs. Since then I have been pretty quiet studying here, and now I am within three weeks of the end of my theology—a long time, isn't it? four years, but it's not too much. I have however found time this year to preach a few sermons in the environs, and to do other missionary work. And where am I bound, you will ask? Where do you think? Most probably to Jamaica in October; so your next station I hope will be the West Indies. But *perhaps* you may be paid off in England before I start, although I am afraid not. I like the Jamaica idea very well, and it is a happiness to me to think that obedience sends me there. Papa has got such a soldier-like and Christian idea of duty, that I think he will, in spite of feeling it, be easily reconciled to it.

July 17th, Blackpool, Lancashire.—I have been so occupied that I could not go on with my letter till now. Well, I have finished theology and left poor old St. Beuno's and the Welsh mountains. I went through my last examination last Saturday, and I came here yesterday. I have only come to take the place of one of our Fathers for a few days. You will have heard of

* The late Hon. Mrs. Woulfe.
† The late Hon. Mrs. Cuthbert.
‡ The late Hon. Mrs. E. Hobhouse.
§ The late Hon. Mrs. Henry Law.

Maude's * return to England, and by this time you know Frank is to go to the Cape. I believe he sails the beginning of September. It will be jolly for you to meet him at the Cape, and I suppose you will certainly manage to see each other. I hope you remain firm in practising your religion, my dear old Fred, although whilst I write, something seems to tell me that all is going right, and that dear old Fred is still a true Oscotian, and that he remembers, whatever happens, that he was created to serve God. Don't forget to remember me in your prayers. You will have heard that papa has been rather ill, but thanks to the Vichy waters in France, he is quite well again. How poor Austria is getting bullied! and what a state Europe is in! A few days before I left St. Beuno's we had a cricket match with some gentlemen at Mostyn, amongst whom was the son of Sir Pierce Mostyn, whom you may remember at Oscott. At least he knew Victor there. They did not expect to be beaten by Jesuits, but we beat them terribly. Could you send this on to Victor,† and send him my best love? This is a very shabby letter, but my time for writing is very limited. Good-bye, dearest Fred and Vic too. God bless you both, and put you under the keeping of the ever Blessed Virgin.—Ever your most affectionate brother,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—F. Foxwell desires to be remembered to you.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, LAURISTON STREET,
EDINBURGH, *July* 1866.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter yesterday morning. I called at the station to-day. . . . The station to start from in London is King's Cross. I arrived here at 6.30, Saturday evening. Sang

* To Westbury-on-Trym from the monastery of the Visitation at Amiens.
† Now Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Law, Madras Cavalry.

the last Mass at 11 on Sunday. I shall probably be here "supplying" for three weeks or a month. But I will let you know when anything is settled. I should think I should be down from Scotland about the first week in September. F. Weld is on his visitation in Scotland, and I suppose he'll be here about ten days or a fortnight hence. Best love to old Frank and May and all. Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS.

Will you forward the enclosed to Fred when you write? . . . I am glad my good captain is 1st Lord.

Mistake—Henry Seymour was 1st NAVAL Lord of the Admiralty at this date.—ED.

Best love to Windsor and Augusta. A. L.

About the last week of October, 1866, *i.e.*, three months after the date of the last letter (although other letters may have been received from Augustus in the interim and mislaid) his father received very late at night a telegram at Boulogne from Augustus at Edinburgh, announcing his immediate departure for Demerara. By the first opportunity on the following day, his father crossed to Folkestone and proceeded forthwith to meet Augustus at Southampton, whence the steamer was to start for the West Indies. Whilst the father and son were walking the deck of the steamship, an hour or two before the time fixed for her departure, an incident occurred which at the time caused them both much amusement, and which it may perhaps be permitted, at this distance of time, to relate. Augustus had been looking after his luggage, and had thus been for a short time separated from his father, but on meeting him again on deck, Augustus came up with immense glee, saying "Oh, fancy my good fortune! Among my fellow-passengers to Demerara there is a brother priest!" When interro-

gated as to how he became aware of the fact, his answer was that he had SEEN him. Subsequently the supposed priest was pointed out to his father, who being possibly better acquainted with Anglo-ecclesiastical tailoring and "get up" than Augustus, expressed some doubts as to the individual in question being *really* a Catholic priest. However, Augustus' hopes so predominated over everything his father said, that nothing would satisfy him but to address the said gentleman (the shape of whose hat and rosette thereon had specially excited his father's suspicions) and express to him his joy at finding he was to be the fellow-passenger of a brother priest. The Reverend Anglican (for *such* he *was*) at once drew up majestically, and in a solemn voice replied, "Well, sir, I do most certainly consider myself to be a priest, though I doubt whether *you* would be willing to accord to me that title; I am the Archdeacon of ———." Augustus' father, who had been listening, at a short distance, to this little dialogue, then approached, and said, "I told you, Augustus, you were mistaken," and then entering into conversation with the Anglican dignitary, ventured to ask the venerable Archdeacon (rather maliciously perhaps) whether he had read S. G. O.'s last letter in the *Times!* (This will interest those only who can *remember* the style of S. G. O.'s letters). "No, sir," was the abrupt reply; "I utterly disregard and repudiate the productions of that writer, as I presume you do those of ———" (mentioning some heretical priest, whose name memory does not now recal, who had created scandal by his writings). The reply to the venerable Archdeacon was to this effect, "But do you not perceive a great difference, sir, between

these two cases? Surely you are aware that the person whom *you* have named has been suspended by his superiors, long ago, from the performance of all ecclesiastical functions; but you will find, I think, if I am not much mistaken, that S. G. O. is *still* in possession of his Benefice, and doing duty as an Anglican Minister in —— shire." After all, happily—perhaps for Augustus—the Archdeacon turned out *not* to be a passenger by the steamer, but had only come on board to see a friend off.

Extracts.

"TASMANIA" AT SEA, 25° 30′ N. 51° W.,
Monday, Nov. 12, 1866.

DEAREST FATHER,—Just a line to say I am all right so far, thank God. I write at once to have everything ready when an opportunity occurs. The weather, with the exception of one day and a night, has been positively delightful the whole way. We passed *in sight* of the Azores the afternoon and evening of the 7th. There are five gentlemen on board also going to Demerara, one the collector of the colony, a Mr. Inglis, and the others merchants or agents. They are loud in their praises of the colony, and so are others who have been there, and they speak of it too, as being very fairly healthy. Still of course they are not priests, and therefore have no yellow fever cases to attend. I was so delighted, as I told the Provincial, with the generosity with which you willingly and cheerfully let me go to Demerara. For should I fall a victim to "Yellow Jack" (as they call it), I could not die a better death, after martyrdom; and I hope that in that case God in His mercy might overlook all my other shortcomings. However, by the help of your prayers, I trust God may spare me many years to labour for His glory, and, if it be His will, to see you again, my dear, dear father. But, *Fiat voluntas Dei*, this is

not our *home*. Heaven is our home, and it is there the best and happiest meeting will take place. But you know and understand all this far better than I do. Pray that I may know and understand it better every day. I shall be so delighted when Friday morning comes, for I shall, I hope, be able then to say Mass at St. Thomas's. It will almost appear to me like a first Mass. For before this voyage, I had only missed saying Mass one day since my ordination. We are due at Demerara on the 22nd. Tell Frank I met on board a Captain Oliver Stokes, R.E., who said he was a dear friend of his. He is going out to Barbadoes. You might enclose this to dear old Frank and send him my best love with it. But do as you like. I should certainly write one myself, only that I have so many to write. I am learning Portuguese as quick as ever I can. I can already read the New Testament pretty easily. But then it is so easy when one knows French and Latin.— *Wed.*, 14th *Nov.* As we are only 385 miles from St. Thomas to-day, and as we make now a run of 300 nautical miles a-day, we expect to be in to-morrow evening, and then I believe the Demerara steamer starts the same night, so I must give up all hopes of saying Mass at St. Thomas's, I am afraid. We expect to give our letters, to-morrow, at sea, to the English mail which leaves St. Thomas, as to-day. We are now in regular tropical weather. I am in capital health, thank God. Let us pray much for each other. You shall hear from me when I arrive at Demerara. Give my best love to dearest May, Giddy, Agnes and all at home, . . . to Helen, Maude, Augusta, &c. Beg their fervent prayers for me.—Ever your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, BRICKDAM, GEORGE TOWN, DEMERARA,
Friday, Nov. 23, 1866.

Here I am all safe and sound and in good health. Climate is very much like Singapore's. I was able to say Mass at St. Thomas, St. Lucia, and Barbadoes. We arrived yesterday. I

go to "Berbice" on Wednesday to help a father there who is not over strong. The direction will be Catholic Church, Berbice, Demerara, British Guiana. Berbice is about seventy or eighty miles from this. . . . At St. Thomas, Lieutenant Coombe, 3d West Indian, came on board bound for Barbadoes—such a nice good fellow. He spoke a good deal of the Oratory and of the fathers there. The Sunday after we left St. Thomas, a man on board us got the yellow fever. He was a Protestant, and there was a parson on board; but either because he did not know of the man's being ill, or from some other reason, he did not visit him. So I visited him, and did all I could for him. I confess I was a little funky, and as I found afterwards without reason, for yellow fever is generally believed not to be *infectious*. The poor fellow was landed at Barbadoes, with little chance of life. He was the baker, and the fifth baker, the Doctor told me, that had taken the yellow fever. The other four had died. Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Could you send this in succession to Helen,—Helen to Maude,—Maude to you, and then as you like?

Extracts.

N. AMSTERDAM, BERBICE,
June 6, 1867.

DEAREST FATHER,—Just a line to tell you I am in perfect health. I was a good deal knocked up by the work in Holy Week—voice and chest getting weak. (I thought when I got here, I need not be afraid of sparing either.) However, I took to porter and feeding, and now, thank God, am as strong as ever. Our Bishop is in Europe, and will be in England soon after you get this, I suppose, as he is to be at Rome on the 29th June, and then I suppose he will be off to England. Of course he would be heard of at Farm Street, as he is a Jesuit Bishop. Since my slight, very slight attack of fever (if I can call it fever at all) at Demerara in January, I have never had the least touch of it.

Blessed Peter Claver takes care of me, through his relic, which I always carry. I don't know whether you ever look into second-hand book-shops—but I would give anything for a volume of St. Chrysostom in Greek. Any odd volume would do. I like Berbice exceedingly. I can jabber away in Portuguese now to a certain extent. The Catholics have subscribed for a horse for me, which I have got now. I save fatigue a good deal, and shall, still more, when the hospital's position is shifted out of the town, instead of being, as it is now, within a stone's throw of our church. The first time I got on my horse—there happened a catastrophe. As the country is *perfectly flat*, it is drained by ditches everywhere, so that before you get to your house, you must cross a wooden bridge, generally without rails. I had returned from my first ride, when I stopped on the bridge, leading to the garden, to speak to some one, and was turning the horse round on the bridge, but it was very narrow, which I forgot, so down went the hind legs of the horse into the ditch. Luckily he did not go head over heels at once, but just gave me time to jump off, and then over he rolled, and I had to pull him out by ropes; but he was not hurt. However I am careful of bridges. Many congratulations to dear Vic, and best love to dear May, Helen, Maude, Augusta, Giddy, Agnes and all.—Ever your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS.

Will you send enclosed to Burns?

From the Rev. A. Weld to Hon. W. T. Law, The Palace, Hampton Court.

16 HILL STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE,
8th August (*i.e.* 1868).

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose an interesting letter from your son, which he begs me to forward to you. Perhaps you will kindly let me have it back, when you have finished with it, as several of our Fathers would like to read it. Augustus continues to be

a great consolation to his superiors, and is evidently doing much good.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, A. Weld.

The letter from Augustus above referred to was copied, before it was returned to Father Weld, and from the copy *then* taken, what follows is now transcribed, though the correctness of every word and name cannot be vouched for by the Editor, who was *not* the copier of the letter, and it is therefore published with the safety-valve made use of by bankers and lawyers—"Errors Excepted":—

P. C.

Catholic Church, New Amsterdam, Berbice, British Guiana, *March* 14, 1868?

Dear Parish Priest,—I must begin now or I shall be always putting it off, and you must forward this to the castle, and I hope F. Swift from there will forward it to F. Bo or F. Pin ticte (?). Because here as in England there is not much time for writing letters. You and F. Swift too asked for an account of the kind of work I have out here, and to give an answer to this must be the subject of this letter. For an account of the productions of the country, &c., you must consult Murray, or the man answering to Murray, for B. Guyana. Excuse confusion and rambling in what I say, as I write currente calamo. First, as to the congregation, — it is very heterogeneous, — Portuguese, English, Coolies, Chinese, Dutch, French, with the Creole modifications of all. I have just succeeded in getting four Chinese boys to come to school. When once they know English it will be a great thing. Some three months ago I went to the Chinese settlement to see the Catholics, about one and a half miles out of town. I got the aid of the interpreter for the plantation with some difficulty, as he was very sulky for two reasons. 1st. He

was roused from sleep in order to come and interpret. 2nd. He was unwell. So I got little out of him. But a week ago I went down there on my return from George Town (where I had been for two months), and met the interpreter, and said to him, "Now you know I should call you a very good fellow, if you'd come and interpret a little for me." He was in a delightful humour and came, and ended by saying he was thinking of becoming a Catholic. God grant it! What a blessing it would be, if he was. He speaks English well and fluently, and might be the instrument in God's hands of converting the whole Chinese village. One of the boys that comes is a jolly little fellow. If he continues to promise well, I have an idea of taking special care of him, so that in time, if God wills, he might become a priest, and labour out here for his countrymen. That's looking forward far; but one must *begin*. I intend to learn either Coolie (Hindostani, I mean) *or* Chinese, as soon as a little better in Portuguese. Besides the *immense* use a knowledge of one of these languages would be, I find it keeps one *occupied* in the spare five minutes. I am working *hard* at Portuguese, and can now carry on a conversation, if the subject matter is not unknown. You asked me if I study. Well, I write out more than the heads of my sermons, and then you see there is Portuguese. But as for me, I find as much energy for study here as in England. In fact, my health being better here than in England, in general I feel more energy for everything. Of course, I do not know how it will be after four or five years' stay. But it really makes one feel very thankful I enjoy such good health. The sick-calls in England generally, I should think, would try a man's mortification more than out here. I mean as to stinks, closeness, and dirt. I have in my eye the Grassmarket, Edinbro', and I suppose the houses of the poor in Wigan, Preston, Liverpool are much the same. But against stinks, &c., we can out here pit the "leprosy cases," which certainly cause disgust. The face becomes often frightfully hideous, and then the fingers and toes get eaten away.

April 4th.—Since I wrote the above, F. Ragazzini has been ordered down to George Town, so that here I am "solus." He made an excursion to Albion, about seventeen miles from here, before going down, and did an immensity of good. The parson there was surprised to see the affection of the Catholics for their priest, as wherever he went it was "magnâ comitante catervâ." "How often do you come up here?" he asked F. Ragazzini. "I was once up here for a day." "Strange," said the parson. Then F. Ragazzini easily got about forty Portuguese to clean out a large warehouse place, for Mass. As many hands make light work, it was soon done. "How much did you *pay* them?" asked the parson. "Nothing at all," said F. Ragazzini. "Strange," said the parson. "You speak English fairly," said the parson, "how long have you been learning it?" "I have been actually working at it about five months." "Strange." Then he asked about the intervals between Diaconate and Priesthood, &c. F. Ragazzini told him it was a year, but that it could be shortened by the bishop. "Strange," again replied our simple parson. I have been preaching in the evening, always on the marks of the Church, and on Infallibility. A great many Protestants come. Perhaps F. Bo will see this, and tell him the Roehampton Journal was forwarded, directed, Rev. Captain A. Law. I could tell the great Bo's hand though. By the way, the Roehampton Journal is getting very interesting. Please tell F. Weld that I will write something for it as soon as I can; ask him too about the St. Chrysostom he so kindly promised to send out. But I hope he will see this letter. It is necessary, you know, to have some book (?) fresh ideas. But we have nothing here in that line except a set of sermons for every Sunday, written by some pompous dry old stick, and "Texiéis Sermons et Catechisme de Persévérance." Besides now I have Maldonatus on Gospels; of course this last is worth a good deal. But the rest I don't care about, and so till now my materials have been, 1st. SS.; 2. Trid. Catechism; 3. Scraps from St. Chrysostom, that I had collected at St. Beuno's; 4. My notes on the Church and R. Pontiff and

De Fide. We have too here, Milner and Keenan, and Manning's refutation of Leslie; a capital book this last! I never met with it before. It is very clever and amusing. Look at it when you can get hold of it. Ask F. Weld to send the volume or volumes of St. Chrysostom, that he may be able to send, direct to Berbice. Tell F. Walker when you see him that many kind inquiries are made after him. King, whom many know at St. Beuno's, is still here, but I think will soon go to George Town to be master there. By this time you have heard of poor Millar's return. I certainly think it was the best thing for him to do. . . . In any case, poor fellow, his health was so bad. . . . It is wonderful how God's grace acts. When I returned from George Town about a month ago, on revisiting the hospital here, I found a Protestant sailor, a Swede. A nice old fellow,—I always gave him a call when I went every day to the hospital, as I try to make friends with all the sick as well as I can. I lent him a Catholic story-book. He was delighted with it, and then told me it made him think of times long gone by, when a little boy at school, and that then he used to contradict his master at Catechism and tell him, "Oh no, the Roman Catholic Church must be the true one, it is the *old* one." Some young lady's arguments in this story-book made a great impression on him. Well, yesterday he came to ask to be put in the way of becoming a Catholic. He had often called upon me before, and so, poor old fellow, I hope he will be a Catholic. The thermometer here is 80° to 84° in the shade. But I find that one gets quite accustomed to heat. The only time I may say I *felt heat*, was in coming out, and the first week in the colony. I am quite in love with this colony. But I suppose every one is with the place he is sent to, at least a week after he has been there.

And now I must turn to you, dear Parish Priest, and to dear old St. Beuno's, a place I love, and where I certainly spent the happiest four years of my life. For where shall we meet with more of ours again, and if we do, where shall we meet with greater charity? And so I give you a hail, all at St. Beuno's,

and although I like Berbice, I would like to spend an hour's recreation with you. Thank you, F. Swift, very much for your very interesting letter. Do concoct another, or get a joint-stock one made up full of the missionary triumphs of the fourth year's men, of F. Bottalla's lectures, F. Eyres, F. Di Pietro, Harpers, &c. Give a particular Salve to F. Eyre, to F. Seed, to all. Don't, please, forget my dear friend F. Fishwick. I shall soon have an octave of recollection of him, when the "Exurgat" comes at Pentecost. Please send this after St. Beuno's to the great Bo or F. Pin (?), and let it reach F. Weld some time or other. I send my hearty love to all and each, begging prayers very earnestly that I may begin to be a true member of our dear society. Now don't think this last put in to fill up. I hope some are coming out here. There is plenty to do, plenty of bad Catholics to bring back, plenty of Protestants to convert, plenty of Pagans too, and not an altogether barren soil I think for each. God's grace extends here as well as elsewhere.—Yours for ever in the S. S. Hearts of Jesus and Mary. (Signed) A. Law, S.J.
or as Bo will have it, Rev. Captain A. Law. I have written to my father. Please send it. Could the last one who has this letter, send it on to

Hon. W. T. Law,
Hampton Court Palace, London, S.W.,

as the one I wrote to my father was a short one?

Extracts.

Berbice, British Guiana, *August* 6, 1868.

Dearest Father,—I must just write a line by this mail to condole with you, Uncle Charles, and all the family on the death of dear Aunt Lou. You called back to my mind many old things by what you said of her. And I think it was she who nursed me that six weeks I was on my back with the scalded chest.* I will

* Augustus was only eighteen months old at the time of that fearful accident, from the effects of which he more or less suffered all his lifetime.

say Mass to-morrow for her. God rest her soul, for I trust she was in good faith. You must excuse me if this letter is short, for you have no idea how my day is filled up. On Wednesday next I am to go down to George Town, in order to be able to say Mass, &c., at a place called Victoria on the Assumption and Sunday following. I expect to be back on the Monday or Tuesday following. I have now a Priest with me, who came out for his health. He is consumptive and very weak. If people knew this colony better at home, many would come out for their health, especially weak-chested people. I have now pretty well attained to the proper voice of a "Law." You remember what poor F. Faber used to say, . . . "Now *do* speak with a voice as much resembling a Zephyr as any son of William Law can." I get on capitally now with Portuguese; I always preach in it the first Sunday of every month. Also the Chinese is getting on, but slowly, as I can only give half-an-hour a-day to it; but it is not half so difficult as people generally suppose. So at least it seems to me. My health, thank God, is very good, as it always has been. I have never had such health since I left the Navy. The weather is precious warm now, for we are in our warmest month. Pray for me to the S. Heart. I am sorry not to be able to write more. . . . Let us remember each other before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I like that way the Portuguese and Italians have of saying "Jesus Sacramented,"—*Jesu Sacramentado.* If I had my way I would make it English.—Your affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Though nearly a year elapses between the date of the last, and of the following, letter, letters were received by his father from Augustus in the interval, for some of their contents are well remembered; but the letters have been lost in their transits from one person to another.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE, *Wednesday*, 10.40 P.M.
July 7, 1869.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—You see it is late, and as the mail goes to-morrow, there is no help for it, but write now, or wait till the next mail. I prefer writing at once, as it is some time since I wrote. I have quite lately returned from the Essequibo coast, where I made my retreat. I had never been there before. It is a finer coast than this, and far more active and lively. F. Swift, who met me at the steamer, and drove me to his house about seven miles, began apologising for the roads being so bad, as there had been such heavy rain, at which I was quite surprised, for their worst roads are almost equal to the streets in our town. His house was only about twenty yards from the sea at high water, a nice sandy beach, and a breeze, a good strong trade-wind, coming straight from the Atlantic. As I had one day free each side of the eight of retreat, I was taken along the coast by F. Swift. We went to about seventeen miles further from his house, and that with the seven from the steamer gave me a sight of twenty-four miles of that coast. F. Swift has under his care the western extremity of British Guiana, and I have the eastern, so we guard the outposts. The furthest village I reached was called—what do you think?—Hampton Court. Here F. Swift found a dying Portuguese woman, and gave her extreme unction, whilst I catechised the Portuguese children. I returned here last Wednesday, all the better for my trip. I was a little in want of a change of air, as I was tired, and I am now, thanks to God, set up again. But it is quite strange that I *never* get fever, so few escape having occasional touches of it. Poor (not poor though) F. Meyer, the consumptive father who was with me, died on May 28th. He has a sister at Bermondsey, and an aunt at Westbury. I wrote to his father on his death, and also to the Provincial a still fuller account, begging him to send it on to his father. He died in a way that was all that could be wished, —resigned—pious. I was present and gave him the last absolu-

tion, which he asked for by signs, as he could not speak from being choked by the blood. I was novice with him at Beaumont Lodge. He has a brother in the society at present at Beaumont teaching. It was a very touching thing to see him finish his last few lines to his father in pencil, a week before he died.

(Those persons who may have already read, and those who (*D.V.*) will read at the close of this Memoir, the copy of another pencil note written by another dying Jesuit father, will be much touched by the sacred coincidence.—ED.)

When he had finished and given the paper to me, as if they were the last parting words to his father—as indeed they turned out to be, he burst into tears. I did not like to mention this little fact to his father, because I thought his death would be enough, but if you send this to Bermondsey, to Helen, no doubt she will mention it to his sister, and so his father will come to know it.

Chinese gets on slowly but surely, I hope. I have so many other things to attend to. Pray that I may sanctify my own soul and gain many others. Get prayers too for the same object, and don't forget, dear father, for prayers are for missionaries and missions, what money and ammunition and the commissariat are for armies. You can't do without them. Thank dear old Fred for his letter. He asks for one all for himself. How greedy! But I will try on another occasion. In the meantime he must look upon my letters as circulars or general (I was going to say) "orders," to keep to the naval expression. By the way some great astronomical swell has been frightening lots of people in this colony by saying we are to be treated to a tidal wave of thirty feet high out here on the 5th October. Now, as ordinary spring tides sometimes trickle across our roads here, and we are quite flat, without a hill for forty miles into the interior, you see where we should be with his wave. Our bishop goes to the

council in a week or two, and if the wave comes, he will find himself minus his diocese. However, I believe the wave is not specially for British Guiana, but for the West Indies somewhere. Whether scientific men CAN FORESEE tidal waves, I don't know, and so I don't really know whether to treat the thing seriously or not. Leaving the wave to God's providence, I must now close up and shorten sail. Best love to May, Fred, and all at home. How the Stonyhursts beat the Oscotts at cricket! What are the Lords going to do? Don't forget the prayers again, dear father. By the way, I am so glad you made a retreat. I always thought you too strict in your ideas about smoking during a retreat. In your case no director, I think, would counsel giving up smoking during a retreat, as the privation would only cause distraction, and prevent the good of the retreat. So I hope you will make a retreat with smoke every year.—Ever your affectionate son,

A. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE, BRITISH GUIANA,
Eve of Immaculate Conception, 1869.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here is a very short letter, but still better than nothing. Just (to-day) sixteen years ago I left the Navy. To-morrow begins the council. What a glorious event that council will be! Even here it is in the mouths of Protestants as well as Catholics. And last Sunday evening the Methodist parsons, &c., begged their people to pray for the council, to enlighten the pope and bishops, *and make them read their Bibles!* Which was, I dare say, very well meant. Poor people! I have just been out over three years, as I came out by the mail which arrived. . . . I received the "Review" on the Chinese Grammar, which interested me very much, and which made me very anxious to get hold of the same grammar, which I hope to do sooner or later, very likely by bothering F. Weld. As for Chinese, I get on but slowly for want of time. However, I

do a little every day, and so one day I shall get, if not to the end of it, at least to some kind of proficiency. Perhaps you saw our bishop (Etheridge) as he passed through England. I have been sorry to see the Bishop of Southwark has been so ill. How is Fred? I intend to write to him soon a letter *all for himself*, as I believe he wishes, dear fellow. I must thank you very much for the Life of B. Margaret. . . . Maude praises it very much. You must be much interested in the Life of F. Faber. I have not seen it itself, but reviews of it, which show it to be full of interest. Berbice gets on as well as usual. I never knew it more healthy than this last year. However, I give an average through the year of one Extreme Unction a week. I hope you will excuse this shabby letter, but I have been very busy the last three days, with Triduum before Immaculate Conception and council. How interesting the news will be when the council begins! I am very well. I have just recovered from a "tire," not sickness, which made me haul in my horns for about a fortnight. But now, please God, I shall be able to work hard again, as I am quite up to the mark. Really I don't know how I could work hard long in England, for I think my chest would get weak so much sooner. I am being bothered by hard-backs, mosquitoes, moths, grasshoppers, and every description of little beasts during this letter. Best love to May, Giddy, Agnes, &c. . . . Pray for me. It must be a good time to pray and to get lots of graces now in the time of jubilee and council. And pray for my congregation, and for the conversion of the Chinese. I am not quite enough advanced in Chinese to try to preach to the people —but in another six or eight months, by God's grace, I hope to be. Again giving best love to all, I remain, your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE,
March 22, 1870.

DEAREST FRED,—I have long been wishing to write you a

letter, but have had such little time, and still have very little. But as you are on this station now, I *must* write you just a line to say how glad I am you are here, and how I hope that some day you may come up in this direction, although very few men-of-war seem to come up this way. During the three years and four months I have been here, only two have called; one is the "Royalist," which has just left. I forget the name of the other. But I think they go to Barbadoes pretty often. But then Barbadoes is two or three days' sail from here. However, keep me going as to your movements. If you go to Jamaica you will find plenty of our fathers—eight altogether; four are English, all of whom I know. F. F. Hathaway and Splaine were in the noviceship. The former had been a parson. As to F. Splaine I knew him still better, as I have been very much with him. Try and make his acquaintance. I see he lives at "Aqualta Vale, Anotta Bay," wherever that might be in Jamaica. F. Barton also I knew a little; he is to be seen at the school, I suppose, in Port-Royal. Then F. Woolett, of Crimean renown, runs about the counties of Middlesex and Cornwall—he is put down at "Brown's-town." I hope you will get, as you wish, first lieutenant of a small craft. I never see a Navy List, otherwise I might ask you to give many an old friend "a hail" from me, although it is now more than seventeen years since I left the Navy. There was a "Jones" who was commander of the "Royalist." I don't know whether I knew him or not. I think there was a Jones, midshipman in the "Collingwood," in the Pacific in 1846. Perhaps it was the same. . . . If any one I know is coming this way, tell them to look me up. I hope, dear old boy, you keep to your duties well. Some one, I forget who, gave me a good report. I think it was Maude. Pray for me and my mission. I get a little sea from time to time here. For about once in three months I go to Skeldon, at the mouth of the Corentin river, to visit about one hundred and fifty Catholics. . . . The schooner that runs there and back is the finest in this colony, both in size and in build. Her lines always put me in mind of

those beautiful sixteen-gun brigs that used to be built, like the "Pilot" for instance, but which have all passed away with steam, and iron, and rifle guns. I enjoy that voyage always very much. Well, I must shorten sail and bring ship to anchor. So begging for you all God's blessings, and begging you to ask for the same for me, I remain, ever your affectionate brother,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

P.S.—I scarcely expect to go home for one or two years yet, as I keep my health so well that I want no change. Of course I shall be delighted to return again if my superiors think fit, but that will rest with them. At any rate I am ready to live and die here. And that is the reason I am learning Chinese, which would be of no use in England.

Extracts.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE,
June 6, 1870.

DEAREST FATHER,—It is some time since I wrote to you, unless you have seen the old Frenchman (or rather Dutchman) who was in my service here for some time. I hope he found you out. If he has, no doubt he gave you ample details about Berbice, and I hope you may be able to get him employment somewhere. I am as well as ever, thank God. This climate seems made for me, and me for it. I have little in the way of news. I am getting on steadily with Chinese. Our bishop has arrived from the Council—about a fortnight ago. He comes up here on Wednesday. I am glad to see that ——— "Newdegate" has been more or less floored. I received the copy of W. Register with your letter in it. I wrote to Fred, but as yet have not received an answer. I directed "Jamaica or elsewhere." . . . . I have just seen in the "Tablet" that F. Robert Whitty has been appointed Provincial in place of F. Weld. You must remember F. Whitty when Vicar-General of the Cardinal. He was my superior in Scotland, and a dear holy man he is. In fact,

between F. Weld and F. Whitty it would be difficult to say who was most. So you see what good hands we always fall into. Do you remember the young man—an architect—son of Mr. Scoles, architect at Hammersmith? He told me he went with you once in a cab to visit some place for a convent. I also remember him racing to early Mass at Hammersmith (*i.e.*, in 1852). Since—he entered the society and is now at Demerara, converting every month from twenty to thirty Protestants. Best love to May, Geraldine, and Agnes, and all at home.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S. J.

June 21.—I missed the last mail, so I add a line to say I am well, thanks be to God. Love to all.—Your affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S. J.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE,
Thursday, Dec. 22, 1870.

DEAREST FATHER,—I should have written to you last mail, but I put it off till late, and then I had too much to do. Even now I have my hands very full, as, in addition to ordinary work, we have here a Novena before Christmas (a Portuguese devotion) consisting of Mass very early—*i.e.*, at 5 A.M.—and I preach a short sermon every morning in Portuguese. They call these Masses "Missas do Parto." Poor dear Aunt Wizzy! I was so sorry to hear of her death. . . . I have remembered her at Mass, and shall often again. On Christmas Day, at the third Mass, I offer it up for you and all family and friends living and dead. What times we are living in! Poor France! and then those incarnate ———— let loose on the Pope! And then war with Russia for England, or the drinking of the last cup of her humiliation. However, I am afraid it will not be the last cup of her humiliation. Look at that Education Bill and the misery of

infidelity it will bring on the country. Poor, poor England! My health, thank God, is still as good as ever. I never in my life had such health as in this much-abused country. I have only had one day's slight sickness. I hope you keep well, and dear May, and all at home. I wrote to Fred a long time ago, but have not received any answer. I hope he may turn up here some day. I am hoping to have another Priest here before long. I must finish, for time is short. It is nine and a quarter, and I get up during this Novena at three and a half. Pray for me much, and beg prayers from May, Maud, and Helen.—Believe me to be your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

BERBICE, *February* 1871.

DEAREST FATHER,—Just a line to send with a line to poor dear Vic. What could I say to him, but what he himself said, "God's Holy Will be done?" I promised prayers, &c., &c., but read the letter if you like. Best love to dearest May and all at home. I just received your letter, and am staying up a little to send this off by mail, which starts to-morrow. I am writing to Burns to send me out "Tablet" instead of . . . I wrote last mail . . . to send out the music for "Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest," "Maiden purest,—Maiden rarest," &c., &c., that music that used to be sung in King William Street, and which has never left my ears: I wanted it for (month of) May.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

Augustus H. Law, S.J., to his Brother, Captain Victor E. Law, Madras Cavalry.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE,
BRITISH GUIANA, *February* 6, 1871.

DEAR VIC,—I have just received a letter from papa in which he tells me of your sad loss, and I cannot but write a few lines

to you, dear old fellow, to condole with you in it. And the first consolation you must have is what is found in the words you wrote in your letter to papa, not long before her death—"God's Holy Will be done." Yes, dear Vic, that is *the* consolation. God measures out things for our souls and for eternity, and when we think a little on this, and then on His Infinite Power, and then on His Infinite Wisdom, and then on His Infinite Goodness,—and all three seeking the good of our souls for all eternity, we at least can come with resignation to say "God's Holy Will be done." But for all that we feel such heavy blows; we must feel them, and so I beg our dear Lord and our Lady to help you well in your affliction. I have no doubt dear papa . . . and your own devout heart will do much to help you through. I thank God, for my part, for lending you such a holy soul, as your wife seems to have been, even for a short time. I will not forget her in my poor prayers, and in my mementoes at Mass, where she shall always be in every Mass I say. Also I will pray that God may support you through your affliction. I am very well, thank God—have plenty of work, and little time to do it in. Pray for me that while I "preach to others I myself do not become a castaway." There is some talk of my going home about autumn to make what is called my tertianship, which is a kind of second noviceship, and lasts a year. Time will show whether I shall go or not. In the meantime I must prepare myself to benefit by that precious year. There are all sorts of nations here to work amongst. . . . As for my Chinese, I get on little by little. It is leisure I want for studying it, not inclination, for it is interesting enough; especially when you know a few words. I must now finish, again condoling with you, and promising prayers both for you and for your wife. —I remain your most affectionate brother,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE,
Monday, May 22, 1871.

DEAR OLD FRED,—I must write you a line in answer to your last. I heartily condole with you on being put into a Guardo—about the most stupid existence for a true naval officer that can well be imagined, I should think. However, out of evil may come good. You may find time for study, either in your own profession, or in other matters which would come in useful by-and-bye, such as languages. And of course, dear old boy, all the more time to think of your soul. This last is my way of consoling those who are kept long either in hospital or in prison. You will probably put yourself among the last. You too might *perfect* your French, for I suppose you know something of it already. Or you might make yourself learned in controversy. However, old boy, don't lose your time; but do something useful "ad majorem Dei gloriam." Have you come across Father Woolett or Father Hathaway? Both S.J.'s. I know them both. If you want to know something about myself, I am very well, except that for the last three weeks I have had strong attacks of lumbago and rheumatism, which I am glad to say are just about saying good-bye. It is the first anything like sickness I have ever had out here—now more than four and a half years—and in spite of all that many people say of this colony, I shall always take it to be one of the healthiest colonies that Britannia has, so long as colonists don't drink too much brandy. Talk of fever. I have never had it since I have been out here. But then I take plenty of exercise, either horseback or on foot. So defend poor British Guiana and tell them that it is not half so bad as that wretched England with its sore throats, and typhus, and consumption, &c., &c. In spite of my eloquent defence of British Guiana, I believe I am to go home some time in autumn, to make my tertianship, a kind of second noviceship. But you clearly see that is for the good of soul, not of body. So that,

please God, we may meet, if not in the West Indies, at least some day at home. Whether I return out here after my tertianship, of course, will depend upon my superiors. . . . I have little more to say except to beg your kind prayers and to remember me kindly to F. Woolett or F. Hathaway if you should see them. What a terrible state that poor France is in! . . . Good-bye, dear old boy, don't forget prayers and the sacrament, nor me in them.—Your affectionate brother,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Address of the Catholics of Berbice to the Rev. Father A. Law, S.J.

October 17, 1871.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—On the eve of your departure from the colony, and when you are going to be separated from us; we, the Catholics of Berbice who have had the privilege of obtaining the benefit of your ministrations for the period of five years, cannot refrain from expressing to you, in the fulness of our hearts, the respect, gratitude, and affection of which we are all penetrated towards you, for your unwearied zeal for our salvation, your devotion for our welfare, your truly kind and fatherly interest and sympathy in all our individual concerns, your unbounded charity not only for those of "The household of Faith," but also for our Christian brethren outside, and for the benighted heathens of every nationality. We beg you, therefore, dear Rev. Father, to accept our heartfelt thanks for all the good you have done to us and for us. We look round with honest pride at what has been done by your encouragement, direction, and care for the church, by repairing, improving, enlarging, completing and adorning it, and in the increase of the congregation, by numbers of conversions, more so than by immigration, and in the regular attendance at church, and in the frequenting of the sacraments of so many of various nationalities, including the Chinese, your special Mission. We gratefully perceive and acknowledge the blessings so bountifully bestowed upon your labours, and we thank God

that the blessings derived from the Mission of your Reverend Predecessors has been so remarkably extended under your charge. We have, indeed, been privileged to have your ministrations for a term far exceeding that of the other fathers who preceded you in this Mission, for which we feel grateful to his lordship, our venerable Bishop, and we hope and pray that this may be a reason the more for the reported probability of your separation from us being but temporary, and that we may have the happiness to see you return safe and sound to resume your Mission among us.

We would, however, have profited but little of your instruction, if in our grief at your parting with us we did not consider what we owe to your feeling, and hasten to assure you, which will be consoling to your heart, so warm for the good of your neighbour, that your labour has been effectual, and shall endure, for that we shall treasure the golden lessons of wisdom and virtue you so zealously inculcated to us, and with the grace of God, which we beg you to implore for us at the foot of the Altar, we shall not fail to follow the path you so —— (?) and repeatedly pointed out to us. May the change to Europe recruit your health and strength, so much tried and lately suffering in our cause. But should it be God's will that we are not to be so happy, as we have been led to hope, as to see you return to us, we wish you every happiness, health, and success wherever you may go, and our grateful memory, best wishes, and fervent prayers shall be with you. Wishing you a safe and prosperous voyage, and recommending ourselves to your pious memory, we have the honour to be, dear reverend Father, your grateful and affectionate children. (Signed)

James Carney, M.D., Henry Rynveld,
Stephen Crumer, M.D., Manoel Gomes,
Manoel Pereira, Francisco Gonsalves,
Antonio R. Da Silva, Joeq. D'Oliveira,
Denis Burns,

and by 289 other persons of various nationalities.

Extracts from Journal of Augustus's Father.

Sunday, October 29, 1871.—At Boulogne, received letter from Augustus, who expects to be home by November 14. Wrote to very Rev. F. Whitty asking for leave for Augustus for ten days after his arrival.

Friday, November 10.—Wrote to Augustus one letter to meet him at Southampton, and one at Plymouth, also to postmasters at both places. Letters useless, as I see, after reading all *other* parts of the "Times," a paragraph announcing arrival of W. India Mail at Plymouth last night, five days before her time.

Sunday, November 12, 8.30 A.M.—Mass at Brequérecque. To Hampton Court *viâ* Folkestone, arrive at 7.30 P.M. Augustus arrived at H. Court at 8.30 P.M.

Monday, November 13.—Augustus went to Roehampton, Mauresa House.

Tuesday, November 14.—Augustus returned to Hampton Court.

Till November 18, when Archbishop's permission was received for him to say Mass at home.—Augustus went over to Surbiton daily to say Mass.

Sunday, November 19.—Augustus said nine o'clock Mass at Surbiton, and preached at High Mass.

Tuesday, November 21.—Augustus left H. Court for Mauresa House, Roehampton.

A. M. D. G.

MAURESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON,
Tuesday, January 2, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—You would not think it, but I have had no time to write till now, and scarcely now. But the death of poor Uncle Ellenborough, Christmas, and New Year, now make me write at least a few lines. First, as to Uncle Ellenborough, I hope God may have had mercy on his soul, and may have counted some things at least in his favour, especially his constant kindness to you and to all our family. I hope you will not be a sufferer from

his death in the pecuniary line. You must write and let me know how this is. It is too late to wish you, and all at home, a merry Christmas and happy New Year. I can do the last, however. I hope the Infant Jesus and His B. Mother will give you some good New Year's gifts, such as the world cannot give, and beg them to be merciful to me, that I may make a devout tertianship. I thank God much for this rest for the soul that we get in the tertianship. However, I have been out a little — to Westminster for two days at Christmas—to Sydenham for a day or two. Now I am giving a retreat to an exercitant. But I hope for some time I shall stay at home altogether here, without going out at all. However, "whatever comes is best," as the captain of the "Tasmanian" said when it was blowing great guns and small-arms. My health is very good now, and I hope ague and reheumatism have said good-bye. A happy New Year and the Infant Jesus' blessing to all at home. Has *your* rheumatism gone too?—Your affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

MAORESA HOUSE, *January* 3, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER, — The Masses at St. Joseph's (that iron chapel near the gate) are at 7, 9, and 11 on Sundays. I think Sunday would be as convenient a day as any. You would be able to manage the eleven Mass very well. I am very sorry indeed to hear how you have lost by the death of poor Uncle Ellenborough. However, what can be done, but say, "God's will be done?" and as it is God's will, it will be only God's way of helping you more surely to heaven. I am sure you see things in this light too. And you shall have my poor prayers to give you courage and comfort in the trial, which, of course, must be a great one. I shall be delighted to see you when you come. Thank God, I am still keeping quite well. Best love to May, Giddy, and Agnes, and to the boys if they are at home. I received with your letter one from Helen. She said that she

had heard from Giddy that Eva was going to Hampton Court for a time. Good-bye for the present.—Ever your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

If Sunday is not convenient, any day will do. A. L.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

ROEHAMPTON, *Sunday, January* 21, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER, — I heard from Helen, through Father Meyer, on Friday last, I think. He is going off to Malta, or rather Gozzo, and so saw his sister before leaving England. I asked him to see Helen. She said she had not heard from home for some time. I shall write to her in a few days. I hope to pay Helen a visit one of these days. I can take the 'bus all the way from Putney to London Bridge for 7d. Ague still returns from time to time. Otherwise I am well enough. By the way, this is the feast-day of Agnes. Give her my best love and wishes for all graces from her Patron Saint, St. Agnes. How do the money affairs get on? Any improvement? I hope so. You can come here any day you like, but Thursday or Sunday, I fancy, would be the best. Only, if you can give notice beforehand to prevent any chance of my being away. I am thinking (if F. Galway gives leave) of walking over to give you a hail some Thursday. If I do I will give you notice. I want to show the Irish Father the Palace. Best love to May and all. Are the boys at home?—Believe me to be your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

A. M. D. G.

MAURESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON, S.W.
Saturday, Feb. 3, 1872.

DEAR FATHER,—I ought to have written sooner. But here is something at last. I have been pretty well occupied, but that perhaps is not a sufficient excuse for lazy people. F. M'Invry, my Irish friend, is now on the Atlantic on his way to New Orleans, so my visit with him is necessarily put off "*sine die.*" F. Dignam is still here. Perhaps some day he might take the Irish Father's place. I am gradually getting stronger. I received a day or two ago a letter from the bishop of Demerara. He tells me the Inspector of Hospitals out there has been lately received into the Church, and that his conversion has made a great noise. You can imagine how glad I was to hear it. I had just lent him the Cardinal's Essays before leaving the colony. Best love to all. When are you coming to give me another call? If you can, always let me know beforehand, to prevent my being out. Wednesdays and Sundays are the best days. I made a mistake before in saying Thursday. Pray for me.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

ROEHAMPTON, *Saturday, Feb.* 24, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—I am off this afternoon to Commercial Road East, to give a retreat of a fortnight there, with FF. Lawson, Dignam, and Ellis. I give the Catechism after the evening Meditation. Pray for the success of the retreat. Best love to May, Giddy, Agnes, &c. Mr. Kelly, *my old confessor at Portsmouth*, is the head priest at Commercial Road East. I have not seen him for at least nineteen years.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

MAUDESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON, S.W.
Saturday, 23rd March, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—I arrived here on Tuesday from Commercial Road East, after what, I hope, was a successful mission. I began unwell, but returned much better. Hard work agrees with me. I go to-day to Woolwich to preach every evening for a week and hear confessions. The last time I was there was, I think, about twenty years ago to see old Frank. Soon after returning here I expect to go to Ireland, and then I hope to take Westbury on the way. I suppose there was great excitement with Giddy and Agnes at the ending of the Tichborne case. Give May and them my best love, and ask them to pray for my Woolwich business, that something may be done for God.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

F. Dignam is at Bournemouth now.

Augustus Law's work at Woolwich was rather more extensive than his last note might lead one to suppose, for in a printed notice of the services at

"ST. PETER'S CHURCH, *Holy Week*, 1872,"

now in the editor's possession, it is stated that on Palm Sunday he would preach at High Mass *and* at Vespers, and in a *N.B.* there appears as follows: "Meditations and Sermons by Father Augustus Law, S.J., during this week *and the next*. Mornings at 9, evenings at 7½;" and the following note on a post card dated April 9, 1872, shows that he did not leave Woolwich till the Monday after Low Sunday:—

ROEHAMPTON, *Tuesday*.

Only returned from Woolwich yesterday, where I have been giving a kind of retreat. Mille choses to dear old Frank. If you waited a day or two I would come over to see you before you go to Boulogne, if I got leave. Where will Frank be?—*Semper filius amans*, A. LAW.

BLACKPOOL, LANCASHIRE,
Saturday, *April* 27, 1872.

DEAREST FRED,—About three months ago, Maude sent me a letter of yours, dated "Off the river Saquenay, September, '71." A long time ago, you see. She also sent me a letter for you which I enclose. I was to send it when I wrote next. But I have been so busy ever since till just now, that I never had time to write. I also received a letter from your own dear self, telling me of your disappointment at not finding me at Demerara. You can imagine how disappointed I was too at your having called just after I left. We may be more fortunate another day. I am here now for change of air, as what with ague in winter, in this barbarous country, then jaundice, and then some six weeks of hard work giving missions, I was ready for a rest. So I was ordered to come here and do nothing for a month. I have been here to-day a fortnight, and I may say I am quite well already, and a week ago. So I shall soon be at work again somewhere. I hope to return to Demerara soon, but of course that will depend upon superiors. For my part I am for it. You seem to have enjoyed your trip all over the station. But you must have thought Demerara a poor mud-bank after the other beautiful islands. (I don't mean to call Demerara an island.) They tell me you are thinking of marrying somewhere in Canada. God bless you in your choice, dear brother, and try to look at the heart more than at the face. I am very glad to hear you are going to marry. But look to future years, as I said, in your choice; and more than "future years," look to eternity. I will

pray for you that you may be directed rightly in the matter. I hope Fred does not forget his duties. I think I must finish off now. I saw Frank the day before I came up here at Hampton Court. He had been in England four or five days. The last retreat I gave was for a fortnight at Woolwich. I have seen Helen since my return, but not yet dear Maude, but I hope to see her soon. Good-bye, dear old fellow. Remember me in your prayers.—Ever your most affectionate brother,

A. Law, S.J.

If you write you had better enclose to papa.

Blackpool, *May* 23, 1872.

Dearest Father,—I expect to be moving from here very soon, as I am quite well and have been for some time. The doctor recommended a month, but the Provincial is giving me "full measure and running over," for I have been six weeks here next Saturday. I had only been here a very short time when I found myself quite well, although the additional stay has made me better still. I have just received a letter from dear Maude. I must manage to see her one of these days. She seems afraid of my giving her the slip again. I have been over to Stonyhurst twice or three times, and was delighted at seeing old places and faces. At Preston too, where we have a great many fathers, I have been as many times. A F. Dupuy at Negapatam, in Maduré, has been writing (he tells me) to our Provincial to send me there for a few years, as they are in want of an English-speaking father in the college. I haven't the smallest idea what is going to be done with me. Best love to May, Frank, and all at home.

Extracts.

ADDRESSED TO BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

BLACKPOOL, *Tuesday*, *May* 28, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—You will just get this in time for me to hope that you may close the month of May, which you have so faithfully attended, with your hands full of graces from our dear Lady. I hope she will remember Frank in her mercy. I don't intend by any means to miss seeing dear Maude. F. Swift, who was out with me in Demerara, tells me that he has had a long talk with the Provincial about Demerara, and that the Provincial spoke of sending me back in a month or so, and that he (F. Swift) said it would neither be good for me, nor for the other father, who is to go out at the same time, to go at that time of the year, as we should get just in for the greatest heat at Demerara. I agree to this with regard to the *other* father, whoever he may be, but I don't think the heat of Demerara would hurt me much, so lately from there. However, now that at last the summer has begun in England, I shan't be sorry to stay through it, to get up health and strength. But about the whole business I shan't be sure till I'm on board the steamer at Southampton. If you go down with me as you did before, perhaps we shall meet another *Anglican* priest who dislikes S. G. O., and all allusion to his letters. I get on very well here. An *awful* toothache gave me a little penance for my sins for two days, but the tooth is out, and the toothache out accordingly too. I wrote to the Provincial on Saturday, telling him how well I was. But I have not heard from him as yet. I will let you know what my future movements are to be. This place has been full of excursionists the last week. I wish you had been with me sometimes to laugh at the "penny" rides on the sands. There were about twenty wretched-looking nags congregated together, and the young (h)operatives were allowed to race these poor beasts, as far as they could get a race out of them, for about two hundred yards and back, but no

further. There was a man stationed at the terminus with a long whip to drive them back. Some of the nags took a fancy to backing into the sea. . . .The whole scene was very amusing. Best love to Windsor and Augusta. I think May, and Giddy, and Agnes are at Hampton Court. Frank in London. Say a little prayer for me to the B. V. M.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

F. Dignam is still at Bournemouth.

A. M. D. G.

BLACKPOOL, *Thursday, June* 6, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thanks for Vic's letter. Curiously enough it was just the day before I had met F. Doyle's brother, also a priest. He told me he had heard through his brother of Vic. From all accounts I hear from priests, of the Indian, F. Doyle, he is a most saintly priest. I am sorry Vic can't have him with him where he is going. But God's providence, I hope, will provide another F. Doyle there. Here I am still. I have heard nothing from the Provincial, but I am quite content to rest a while, and study Prayer, Holy Scripture, and Chinese. I study Chinese a good deal. I send you "God bless you" in Chinese. —Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

A. M. D. G.

BLACKPOOL, *Saturday, June* 15, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—I just write a line to wish you many happy returns of your birthday. I hope you get a post on Sunday, so that you may get this to-morrow. I get on very well, and am still very lazy by the Provincial's order. Still I am glad of the rest for my own soul's sake, as I have more time to think of myself. I preach next Sunday for the first time here. But the

Provincial only allows this once. The weather is beginning to be true summer weather. I see old Bismarck does not like the Jesuits. It is a good sign that they have not degenerated in Germany, but that they still speak the truth. . . . Best love to May, Giddy, and Agnes, and Frank when you see him. Is there any change in him? Do you ever get him to go to a Catholic church?

I have heard nothing from F. Provincial of Demerara.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

WINDSOR COTTAGE, BOURNEMOUTH,
Monday, July 8, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—You will be surprised to see I am here. I have come to take Father Dignam's place for a fortnight or three weeks, and then I go, I believe, to Roehampton for a short time. I left Blackpool on Wednesday, and went for a day to St. Beuno's on my way south. F. Bateman got some photographs taken of me at Blackpool, and the man sent me three, all in different positions. I had intended one for you, but Father Dignam insisted upon stealing them all, and so I am obliged to tell you the direction of the photographer, who, I believe, sells them at a shilling each—Mr. Leaver, Blackpool. I did not want my photograph put up in a shop, but F. Bateman took that cheap way of getting photographs. . . . Best love to May, Frank, Giddy, Agnes, and all at home. F. Dignam goes to Boulogne for ten days out of his absence, and takes the photographs to show Augusta. —Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

BOURNEMOUTH, *August* 1, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—F. Dignam has come back, so I expect to be off for Roehampton in a day or two, taking, probably, Westbury on my way, but the Provincial has not written up to this. I hear I am to return to Demerara in September or October, if the doctor lets me. I will write again soon.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

A. M. D. G.

BOURNEMOUTH, *Friday, August* 2, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—I go to Westbury to-morrow, Saturday; I get to Bristol (*D. V.*) at 2.35 P.M. I leave Bristol for Roehampton early Monday morning. The letter you forwarded was one of those circulars tradesmen like to send about to every one. *How* you would have torn it up if you had known it! Best love to all.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, CHESTERFIELD,
Wednesday, August 28, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thanks very much for the plan of Carthagena. I was sent up here on Saturday, and now I am to stay to give the retreat to our community here. So that I shall be here at least till Monday, September 9. I don't know my destination as yet. I will let you know when I do. I have got a brother officer here—a Kerr—who left the Navy about six years ago, when just made commander. He is son of Lord Henry Kerr. . . . Best love to all, and many thanks to Giddy for the plan, which is capitally done. Pray for me.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

ST. DAVID'S, DALKEITH, EDINBURGH,
Monday, October 28, 1872.

DEAREST FRED,—Our father sent me your letter, through Maude, and I have sent it on to Helen. I am so delighted at the thought of your marriage, especially as it is with such a good Catholic as Miss Crawford, and in connection with such a good family in every respect. So I can't help writing you a line to congratulate you with all my heart, and to promise my prayers that God and our B. Lady may bless your marriage in every way. I hope

you will be able to "pass the word" through the family when the marriage is to come off, that I may be able to say Mass for you on the day of your marriage. Here I am at Dalkeith, still rather weak, but pray for me that I may get strong, ready to return to Demerara in next autumn. But that five years has taken it out of me. It was not so much the climate as the immense amount of work. But pray for me that I may get strong again. To return to your intended marriage—it has made me quite happy. And I thank God very much. I will say Mass as soon as I can for your intention. I think God has been very good to you, dear Fred, and I am sure you think so too,—so be very faithful to Him, and you and your wife do what you can to further His blessed service in yourself and in others. I give you a kiss, dear Fred, and God bless you and your intended wife.—Your most affectionate brother, A. Law, S.J.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Monday, Nov. 18, 1872.

Dearest Father,—I send you a letter from Fred that will interest you. How happy he must be by this time, after receiving your letter of approval. I wrote him about three weeks or a month ago, but of course when he wrote this he had not received that last letter of mine. He enclosed a letter to Maude which I am sending on to her. I am getting much stronger, for I get plenty of fresh air and plenty of walking. And I suppose by the end of another six months I shall be quite refitted. Lady Lothian calls Pathhead (of which mission I have charge) "New Berbice." She it was who built the chapel there. I go there every other Sunday, but at other times as well. Pray for the conversion of bad Catholics, and Protestants. I have taken three Protestants into the Church, and I hope for more, with God's grace. Pray for me too. Best love to May, Giddy, Agnes, and all.—Your most affectionate son, Augustus Law, S.J.

Extracts.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Thursday, November 21, 1872.

Dearest Father,—Many thanks for Vic's letter. When you write to him, tell him Lord Ralph Kerr . . . will be out at Agra, or near there, about January. He is a good Catholic. He called here a few days ago, and I told him I thought Vic would be near him. . . . I am glad the great archangel has done so much good for you, dear father, and I hope the Holy Mass may give you vigour of both body and soul. The daily walk will always give you a good appetite for breakfast, and good circulation for the whole day, and so I dare say it will do the body much good as well as the soul. I married to-day my former schoolmistress at Pathhead to a Catholic of Peebles. The old father was present. He, a few months ago, had turned this same daughter out of doors for becoming a Catholic. To-day he was present at their going to communion, and the marriage ceremony, and we, *i.e.*, father and I, made great friends at the marriage breakfast, to which I was invited,—I saying grace, &c. And when I was going away, one of the friends of the family, a Protestant, got up and made a very complimentary speech, saying he had never been in a Catholic church before, but that, &c. So all went off beautifully. Pray for them all. Last Sunday night I preached on the Marks of the Church, and half the audience Protestants. I hope you will pray for the conversion of these poor Scotch. They are awfully ignorant of the Catholic Church. A certain Dr. Wylie spoke at a Protestant Institution meeting in Edinburgh lately. He said he "considered Catholicism and heathenism as one and the same thing." (Applause). Didn't I give it him and his applauders on Sunday! Only I spoke kindly of them. But I said if Dr. Wylie had read the life of St. Stanislaus (November 13), and would not believe the miracles nor half the rest, but if he would only believe one quarter of his life, he would, like St. Peter, weep for the rest of his life, with tears of contrition, for

having vilified a saint of God, and considered him as the offspring of a body which was one and the same thing with heathenism. Best love to May, Giddy, Agnes, and all.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

ST. DAVID'S, DALKEITH,
Wednesday, December 11, 1872.

DEAREST FATHER,—Newdegate has been up in Scotland lecturing and talking against the Jesuits, and laying to their charge the violent deaths of the three late Archbishops of Paris. How does the early Mass get on? I am laid up with a bad cold, but I think the neck of it is broken, What gales of wind lately, and loss of life! Do you ever see "the Messenger of the Sacred Heart?" F. Maher asked me to write occasionally for it, and I promised I would if I could find time. Hence he signed my contributions "Lex fidelis." If you look into the November and December numbers you will find two things thus signed. I am going to continue (*D.V.*) to write in it. And in January, probably, there will be a dialogue between two people who talk of St. Chrysostom's sermons. The two speakers, a merchant and a captain of a vessel. Scene on board a vessel at sea. Best love to May and all at home. Is Ernest studying the law as yet? I am glad to hear of Fred's becoming first-lieutenant. The Kerrs up here are in great spirits at the promotion of Lord Walter Kerr to post-captain. Pray for me, dear father.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

ST. DAVID'S, DALKEITH,
Wednesday, March 12, 1873.

DEAREST FATHER,—I was just thinking it was high time I wrote to you, when I received your letter. . . . I sent the anecdotes of F. Faber,—signed A. L. not by me,—but I suppose by F. Maher, who conducts the "Messenger." Although it is

true I myself am in the habit of leaving out the H,—not I hope at the beginning of words, but in the middle of my initials. It is likely nothing from me may appear *next* month, as I shall have my hands so full, as I am going to help in a retreat in Edinburgh during the next fortnight, beginning Tuesday next. If you should write during that time, you must direct "17 Lauriston Street, Edinburgh." However I shall try to find time to send something to the "Messenger." I got Augusta's music, and like it very much. It must be a great happiness for you to see your old director* raised to the Episcopate. I saw his name in the papers as one who had lately been at Rome. What a persecutor of the church this Bismarck is! . . . . Pray for the success of the Edinburgh retreat, sometimes when you are on the way to Mass. I have written to Helen, Maud, and Bessy for prayers from them and their convents. . . . Best love to May and Giddy and Agnes.—Your most affectionate son,

A. H. Law, S.J.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Saturday, March 15, 1873.

Dearest Father,—Bessy's direction is "Drumshanbo, county Leitrim, Ireland." I have just received a letter from her full of piety. I had written to her asking her prayers for the Edinburgh retreat. I am to preach a panegyric on St. Patrick to-morrow, the eve of the feast. Pray for me.—Your most affectionate son,

Augustus H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Tuesday, July 15, 1873.

Dearest Father,—Thanks for the newspapers. I hope you will also write (as you said you hoped to do) an account of what you saw at Lourdes, &c. Perhaps you have heard of the change of Provincial. F. Galway is now Provincial. F. Whitty was up here a day or two just before leaving office. He sent me to

* Monseigneur (F. de Sales Albert) Leuillieux, now Archbishop of Chambéry.

the doctor to see if I was fit to return to the West Indies. His report was that I was still suffering from some nervous depression —the effects of the West Indies—so that he could not recommend my returning at present, that I had better spend another winter in Europe. However he, as the other doctor, reported me quite sound. So you see I must remain content for another year at least. I dare say you will be quite content with the doctor's decision. Whether I shall stay *here* I don't know. The fine air of the hills about here, and the amount of walking I have, has done me a good deal of good. . . . You must be quite set up in spiritual treasures after going to your pilgrimage to N. D. de Lourdes, and so I hope you will let me share in them through your prayers. Pray for the conversion of Scotland. . . . I wish I could get lots of people here to be devout to the S. Heart,—even three or four, and then much might be done. . . . Will you pray for me, that I may be intensely devout to the S. Heart? Best love to May and Giddy and Agnes.—Your most affectionate son, A. Law, S.J.

I received the French newspaper as well.

Extracts.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Monday, August 1, 1873.

Dearest Father,—Thanks for the Weekly Registrar, containing your letter, which interested me very much. It made me read Lasserre's book again, and I am thinking of giving a lecture on Lourdes, &c. What is the way of getting the miraculous water? . . . F —— and myself would like to have some of the water. You will probably have heard that F. Galway is now Provincial. Pray for me.—Your most affectionate son,

Augustus Law, S.J.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Monday, August 18, 1873.

Dearest Father,—I am delighted that you are going to Paray-le-Monial. I hope the "Times" will have sent others. F. —— is going from Galashiels. So you must make his acquaintance. He will tell you how I am getting on. I have just been giving a retreat to the nuns at St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, and am pretty well fagged by it. There is another priest from near here going on the pilgrimage—F. Grady—a dear soul. He is not of the Society, but a Secular priest. His parish is the next one to ours here. I am sorry to say I know no Fathers at Rue de Sèvres, and without knowing them, I should hardly like to write. I should hope it would be easy for the pilgrimage to get beds, for unfortunately the numbers are not very great. If you could afford us a *little* drop of Lourdes water we should be very glad to get it. I am so glad you are going; I will say Mass for you the day of your starting, and on your part you must carry all my intentions with you. Best love to May and all at home.—
Your most affectionate son, Augustus Law, S.J.

Extracts.

St. David's, Dalkeith,
Friday, September 12, 1873.

Dearest Father,—I am so glad you went to Paray. It was indeed a success. I was so amused yesterday at reading the "Times" special's account of the pilgrimage in our Scotch local paper here at Dalkeith; and doubly amused, first at the "Times," after having tried hard to laugh it down, giving perhaps the best account of all, and not only of the pilgrimage, but also of the devotion to the S. Heart. "Saul amongst the Prophets?" and, secondly, at our Presbyterian thing printing it all in its heretical columns. What I liked most in the pilgrimage, was the grand profession of faith it involved. And Protestant England has bowed to it, and I think has almost felt a little tinge of reverence

herself. So I am delighted that you were one of those who took part in the pilgrimage, thanks to the exhortation of the "Times." I should have liked to see old Jerningham with his "Jack." I am glad you met Francis Kerr. As for F. ——'s report, I am afraid it is too good to be true. Of all things I should like to be at Roehampton, taking example from those good novices. My old friend —— is now master of novices. That's another thing which would make me like it. And then I should see you and dear May sometimes. . . . Love to dear May, Giddy and Agnes, and success to their (Sunday) school bravo !—Your most affectionate son, A. Law, S.J.

Galashiels, *Tuesday, September* 23, 1873.

Dearest Father,—Just one line to say that although your news was perfectly correct about my going down to Roehampton, my destination has since been changed; and now I am here—close to Lord Henry Kerr. My church is the splendid one built by Hope Scott.

Some day you must come up to see me and it.—Your most affectionate son, Augustus H. Law, S.J.

Love to May and all.

To his Sister Maud, i.e., Sister Jane Margaret Mary Law of the Visitation B. V.M.

Galashiels, *Tuesday, October* 7, 1873.

Dearest Sister,—Really it is very bad of me not writing for so long a time, but I think I can say I had very little time. But that was not a good excuse. I could if I had wished found time to write to a dear sister who prays so much for me. I am very glad you take to the spiritual exercises pure. F. Galway recommended me to write my own meditations from the Gospels, and I have done this now for nearly two years. And I find it of great service. It is very hard to get meditations that will

suit every one. It is almost impossible. The Gospels are like the manna "having in them the sweetness of *every* taste. . . . Serving *every* man's will, it was turned to what *every* man liked" (*Wisd.* xvi. 20, 21). There is another thing that writing one's own meditations does. It makes one take such an interest in the Gospels. I never felt the same interest till I began to write my own meditations. There is another advantage that St. Ignatius mentions in the second or third annotation, "we take more interest in what we have found out ourselves with our own labour." Another instance of how our Holy Father always used nature to build grace upon. Perhaps I have been speaking nonsense, but you will be able to judge. I read something in "St. John of the Cross" the other day, which delighted me very much. He was speaking to people who seek after revelations, visions, &c. "You have everything in the Gospel. Jesus Christ the Eternal Word is your revelation. Him you may gaze upon as painted in the Gospels. If you would have 'locutions,' &c., *there* you have *His Words*. What do you want more?" It was something like this, and it consoled me, because it shows the dignity of meditating the Gospel. But now I must finish for the present; for I have my hands very full. I am at Galashiels, in charge of the mission. So *do* pray for your poor brother. I enclose something I promised.

Translation of the Latin.

1. Whither I go? For what? Before whom?

2. With angels and archangels, thrones, dominations, and all the heavenly court singing a hymn of glory (preface in Mass).

3. As for that choir in heaven it always exults in praises.

We, whilst we sing, are joined to it as rivals of the beautiful Sion.

6. The sacrifice of praise will honour me, and there is the road by which I will show him the salvation of God.

7. My words which I have placed in thy mouth.

12. If the psalm prays—pray. If it groans—groan. If it hopes —hope.

16. Sing psalms wisely.

17. Not the voice, but the desire; not the notes and chords, but the heart. Not he who sings, but he who loves—sings in the ear of God.

Pray for me.—Your most affectionate brother, A. LAW, S.J.

N.B.—The following meditations were simply notes for Augustus Law's own use, and only sent to his sister on her request.—ED.

*Copy of the paper enclosed in the last letter.**

OFFICE.

1. Before beginning, during a "Pater"—Then, Quo vado? Ad quid? Coram quo?

2. Leave the earth. Ascend to heaven.—Cum angeliset archangelis, thronis. Dominationibus et omni militia cœlestis exercitus, hymnum gloriæ, &c.

3. "Sed illa sedes cœlitum
Semper exultat laudibus
Illi canentes jungimur
Almæ Sionis cœmuli."—*Laud. Ded. Eccles.*

4. You are praying in the name of the whole church. You are an ambassador. It is your "office" as a priest.

5. It is the best way of benefiting your flock. Prayer does more than talking.

6. Sacrificium laudis honoroficabit me — et illic iter quo ostendam illi Salutare Dei.—*Ps.* 49.

7. God himself has drawn up the petition, so be sure of being heard.—"Verba mea quæ posui in ore tuo."—*Isai.* 59.

8. So *do not hurry.* You can be doing nothing better either for yourself or mankind.

* 1. God; 2. Saints; 3. Good; 4. Bad; 5. Church; 6. Peace; 7. Body; 8. Soul; 9. Dying; 10. Purgatory.

9. Say it as your last office, as though everything depended upon *this* office.

10. St. M. Mag. de Pazzi was filled with joy when she heard the bell for office.

11. Say Pater, Ave, and Credo slowly, as St. Francis Assisi used to do.

Turn your prayers into Mary's by the "Ave." Make an act of adoration and love out of "Gloria."

12. "Si psalmus orat, orate; si gemit, gemite; si sperat, sperate."—*St. Austin in Ps.* 30.

13. More reverence when speaking to God or saints.—*St. Ignatius.*

14. The office is our consolation in this place of exile.

15. Make the office a real prayer.—*F. Weld.*

16. "Psallite sapienter." What a man repeats by his mouth, that let him feel in his soul.—*St. Edmund Cant.*

17. Non vox, sed votum; non chordula musica sed cor, non cantans sed amans cantat in aure Dei.—*St. Aug. ex Corn a Lap.*

18. For the praises and blessings we offer to God, He bestows His blessings on us: What we present to Him returns to ourselves with an increase which becomes His liberality and greatness.—*St. Stephen of Grandmont. Butler, March* 1.

GALASHIELS, *Tuesday, May* 12, 1874.

DEAREST SISTER,—I feel so ashamed for not writing long ago to thank you and the Rev. Mother for the present of Agnus Dei's at Oldham, but I *thought* I had written till I saw a letter of yours to papa, saying you were expecting a letter from me. Please then thank the Rev. Mother very much for her kind and acceptable present.

The mission at Oldham seemed to be a great success, principally owing, I think, to the establishment of the crusade against drunkenness in the parish about six weeks before. The priest of the parish, Rev. Brindle, had gone in for the crusade with

great ardour, and himself led the van by taking the pledge. I learnt so much there from seeing the working of the crusade, that I look upon it as a special providence that I was sent down there, and I came back stocked with new ideas and full of ardour for the crusade. I named our little band of teetotallers here "Crusaders." And now the crusade has taken a firm footing, with a proper "esprit de corps," which always follows societies when firmly established. The good it does in reclaiming men to their duties is wonderful. So pray for the Galashiels crusade. When the members have fought bravely for six months, they are to mount at their breasts a cross. Poor Jemmy Cuthbert! It is sad to see friends dying Protestants. Vic wants prayers to decide what is his vocation. As far as I could see, I scarcely think he would do well to enter the religious life. But I am so delighted to see he is such a very good Catholic. I see that all my Masses are taken up to and past the 21st. But I will make a particular memento on that day for Westbury. Begging the prayers of all the sisters, I remain ever yours in Christ.—Your most affectionate brother, A. Law, S.J.

P.S.—I am afraid my meditations are not worth much for any one else (I think you alluded to your asking me to send some of them), so I must keep them to myself, at least, at present.

Here are two or three people that I hope to get into the Church. I beg your prayers and those of the community for them. Human respect is very strong here, as it is everywhere, and it keeps many from entering God's Church. Some Protestants have even let that out sometimes. So do ask our Blessed Lady to give us some good conversions,—real fervent converts. Especially pray for those who are like Mary Magdalene at the tomb, seeking Jesus Christ, and see Him in the Catholic Church, but "know not that it is Jesus." It only wants a little word from our Lord to show them He is to be found in the Catholic Church, as it only wanted one word from our Lord to show Mary Magdalene who it was she was taking for the gardener. And indeed it is often the same word that our Lord said then

that is wanted now—Mary —especially in this month. I must make a second ending by begging you to recommend me much to Mary. I will do the same for you.

GALASHIELS, *May* 13, 1874.

DEAREST FATHER,—I am very sorry to hear of poor Jemmy Cuthbert's death. The death of friends is doubly bitter when they die Protestants. But we must hope in God's mercy. I always thought Jemmy Cuthbert much freer in his way with us Catholics, and less stiff than many others of the family. And once I remember his speaking in a way that made me hope something for him. You must feel it very much. As also all your family, to whom he was always so kind. I have just written at last to Maude. She must think me very forgetful, and so must Augusta. But I have so much to do here, that there is little time for writing. But I hope to be able to drop a line to Augusta soon. Tell her, when you write, of my hopes and intentions. Kindest love to May, Giddy, and Agnes, and all at home. What are the boys doing now? I haven't heard about them for a long time. We expect Lord Henry Kerr's family back to Huntly Burn soon, as also Miss Hope Scott. I hope some day you will be able to pay me a visit. There is plenty to see here, Melrose, Abbotsford, to say nothing of a most beautiful country. —Your most affectionate son, A. H. LAW, S.J.

On June 9, 1874, Augustus sent to his father a postcard in French, expressing his joy at the prospect of a promised visit, and ending, after answering several questions,—"Mais je serai à la station a 4.15 P.M." His father arrived at Galashiels on the 13th of June, and remained till the 19th. On the 15th Augustus and his father dined and slept at Huntly Burn, late Lord Henry Kerr's, in whose chapel Augustus said Mass on the following day, the Feast of St. F. de Regis, S.J.

GALASHIELS, *Friday, July* 10, 1874.

DEAREST FATHER,—I am much obliged to you for your letter. Poor old Grantham! * I suppose you have read Gladstone's speech. He and all of them have to reconcile themselves to the "different schools of thought," in old Mother ——. I am dreadfully busy with preparing for Confirmation. So this letter must congratulate dear Fred and his wife with all my heart. I hope I shall see them before they go, but I don't know if that will be possible. Kindest love to May and all.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

17 LAURISTON STEET, EDINBURGH,
September 14, 1874.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—Here I am now, stationed in Edinburgh, as I was eight years ago when beginning Mission life. I saw your letter in the "Tablet" of to-day. . . . I am engaged in revising, viz., in revising an old translation (of 1680) of the Catechism of the Council of Trent. Best love to all.—Your most affectionate son, A. H. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

CATHOLIC POOR SCHOOLS, GLEN STREET, LAURISTON,
September 17, 1874.

DEAREST FATHER,—I find plenty of note-paper here of this kind, so I use it. I have charge of the school for the present. And please pray that I may do some good with it. I think some of Crasset's Meditations are translated, *e.g.*, those on the Passion. If you were to write to Oates, Portman Street, he would soon tell you. I was asked to write something for "Catholic Progress," a little periodical that comes out under F. Christie. I have too

* Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke (known by Augustus in 1848 at Harborne), just made Dean of Worcester in 1874.

much on my hands at present. What would you think of writing a paper for it? . . . The "Catholic Progress" comes out once a month, and the articles are not long. I am sure F. Christie would be glad to get a new contributor. Best love to all at home.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

17 LAURISTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
Tuesday, October 27, 1874.

DEAREST FATHER,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, wishing me many happy returns of my birthday. I have got very little to say, but I have got plenty to do here, and shall get more and more, as I get more acquainted with the place. I was, however, very sorry to leave Galashiels, but then we are soldiers, and must go where we are sent. Give my best love to May, Giddy, and Agnes, &c. Pray for me.—Your most affectionate son, A. H. LAW, S.J.

17 LAURISTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
December 16, 1874.

DEAREST FATHER,—Many thanks for your "Extracts." I hear that F. John Bowden is very dangerously ill, and also that Helen's reverend mother is the same. I like Edinburgh. There is plenty to do. I am busy revising the 1688 translation of the R. Catechism. I wish you were here to help me. I am nearly half through, and have taken four months already at it. How is Giddy's and Agnes's class getting on? I really ought to write more, but I have so little time to spare.—Your most affectionate son, A. LAW, S.J.

17 LAURISTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
January 12, 1875.

DEAREST FATHER,—Thanks very much for your good news of the conversion of Lady Kilmaine. A F. Skully, however, whom I had known at St. Acheol, had already written a day or two before, to give me the news. I hope it is not too late to wish

you and May and all at home a happy new year. I like Edinburgh very much. But I miss the fresh air of Galashiels. However, this is compensated by having a far wider sphere of doing good. I hope Willy likes the College at Kensington; I hope it will prosper, for it is a good move in the right direction. I gave a lecture the other day on Mr. Gladstone's expostulation. What a production, and from a Prime Minister! Poor Gladstone! You must excuse this very short letter. But I have so much to do. Best love to May, Giddy, Agnes, Willy, &c.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

14 LAURISTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
March 9, 1875.

DEAREST FATHER,—Bournemouth is a most beautiful place, and I should think would do you much good. It is very expensive, but then you would not take very extensive lodgings. F. Bateman you knew at St. Beuno's. I am sure he would introduce you to some of the Catholic families. Lady G. Fullerton is there, I believe. I don't know if you know her. Most of the Fathers there, in fact all, I fancy, are more or less on the sick list. I am very glad Fred and his wife are getting on so well. Best love to May and all at home.—Your most affectionate son,
A. LAW, S.J.

17 LAURISTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
June 15, 1875.

DEAREST FATHER,—It is, I think, your birthday to-morrow, so I write to wish you many happy returns of the day and many graces. I hope you will get some of the graces that will be poured upon the Church to-morrow, owing to the many communions of those who will consecrate themselves to the S. Heart. What a lot of things come together on your birthday,—St. John Francis Regis; Accession of our holy Father; The

revelation to Margaret Alacoque. I have just returned from Oban, where I have been for a month, trying to get stronger. I am much better; in fact, when I went there, I was fit for any work in the country. What I don't seem able to stand is a large town. I expect I may leave Edinburgh on this account. But still I have some hopes of carrying on. As we are soldiers, we are obliged to be in places sometimes that don't agree with us. Best love to all.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

17 LAURISTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
September 2, 1875.

DEAREST FATHER,—I am off to Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, on the 20th (or at latest the 22d, from Plymouth). I shall be down in London about Tuesday, and then shall make my retreat of eight days first, or see you first, as shall be most convenient. You can see which will suit you best. I will write again when I fix the time I shall arrive in London. Best love to all.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

In the interval between the date of the last note (Sept. 2) and that of the following, Augustus had evidently been given leave by his superiors to run over to Boulogne to take leave of his sister, Mrs. Windsor C. Elwes, and her family. Subsequently a hurried visit was paid by Augustus, accompanied by his father and other members of the family, to Eltham, where the Sisters of Mercy of Bermondsey have a house and school, that Augustus might bid farewell to his sister Helen (Mary Walburga), who was then at Eltham.

Augustus's father, and brother Victor, took leave of him on the platform at Paddington Station, when he was

leaving by mail train at night for Bristol and Westbury-on-Trym, en route to Dartmouth. At Westbury he was to stop for a short time to take leave of his sister, Jane Margaret M——, of the visitation, B. V. M.

CHATEAU CHANLAIRE,
Sunday, September 19, 1875.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter to-day. I believe Victor and Florence will be with you at Charing Cross on Tuesday as well as myself at a little before 12. Will you tell Geraldine I am very much obliged for the list of the books, and that supposing that the books *are* to be considered give-away-able, the only books I think I could manage to take away would be "Cochin on the Mass," in 2 vols., and "De Imitatione Christi." All are well here. F. Dubuisson, S.J., Augusta's present confessor, was with me at St. Acheol.—Your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

P.S.—I think "Newman's Parochial Sermons" might also go. Could not the package be directed at once to "Edinburgh Castle, Dartmouth, instead of to Mount Street?" A. L.

THE ELMS, DARTMOUTH,
September 23, 1875.

DEAREST FATHER,—Here am I as far as this. Windsor's brother met me at the station and brought me to dine and sleep at his house. Please tell Windsor or Augusta, when you next write, how kind he was. I saw Maude all right yesterday. Hotel, bed,—Hansom all right. I said Mass at the convent. The Bishop of Clifton happened to be staying at the convent, and I saw him for the first time. I picked up the whole party * at 2.25, and got in the same carriage with them, and we arrived punctually at 5.45. Pouring rain when we arrived. Best love to May, Giddy, Agnes, Ernest, and Willy.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

* The Bishop Ricards, Eastern District, Cape Colony, and several priests, &c.

Some letters written by Augustus to his father on arrival at Cape, and at Grahamstown, are now unfortunately missing, for one of them gave a very interesting and amusing account of the voyage out: the passengers by the steamer including, besides a very numerous body of Catholics, with the bishop at their head, some Wesleyan ministers, under the superintendence of a high official of their sect. Another letter gave full particulars of the bishop's most cordial reception at Grahamstown.

St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown,
April 6, 1876.

Dearest Father,—I am very much obliged for the photograph. I think it is the best I have seen of you, and your appearance in it is certainly a certificate for Penzance. You have found a good place without having to go to the south of France. How you would enjoy this climate, if only they would let you come out here. I am getting stronger, but it is at the expense of giving up teaching, except for the present three little boys. You see I was sent out to teach philosophy and theology, which of course would have been very light work as far as talking goes, but on arriving here I find there are none to learn said philosophy and theology, except one after a few months' time, another after one or two years' time, so I had to help in teaching the ordinary schools, which I soon found out far too much for me. I tried first one, then another, then the third class, hoping to find one easier than the other. But they were all much the same. I expect every day an answer from our Provincial as to what I am to do. Best love to dearest May, and Frank, and all at home.—Your most affectionate son,

A. H. Law, S.J.

St. Aidan's, Grahamstown,
South Africa, May 18, 1876.

Dearest Father,—A Mr. —— is going home. His health requires it, so say the doctors. He has been in the employment of one of the banking companies out here. When he told them of the doctor's orders, and that he was obliged to go home for a time, and begged them to keep the place open, the hard-hearted fellows would not do it. He knew my brother Frank when he was out here, and was very civil to me. He is a Catholic, a convert, and was more or less disinherited for becoming a Catholic. So I thought it would be a good thing for him to know some Catholics, as he has been a long time from England. I asked him to give you a call, if he could conveniently, and give you an account of me. He is a very nice fellow, a good Catholic, and full of fun. Many thanks for your lines in the Cornish paper on "smoking amongst the pigs." What care the old fellow must have bestowed upon his pigs! Best love to all at home.—Your most affectionate son, Augustus Law, S.J.

Extracts.

St. Aidan's, Grahamstown,
August 26, 1876.

Dearest Father,—Just one line to say I am very well. I have heard reports, but in no way official, that I am to return, but I have heard nothing about it, except these unofficial reports. It is a most delightful climate here, certainly the finest I was ever in. I have been three weeks up to Graaf Reinet, about one hundred and eighty miles from here, and the change did me great good. I see the Protestants are down upon F. Bowden and the Oratory again. So much more honour for the Oratory. What a humbug poor Lord —— has made of himself. Best love to dearest May, Giddy, Agnes, Ernest, William, &c.—Your most affectionate son, Augustus H. Law, S.J.

There is really nothing to say, college life is so uniform. When I hear anything certain about myself, you shall hear. Pray for me. A. L.

How the letters Augustus *must* have written between the dates of the last and of the following—an interval of nearly one year—have disappeared cannot now be accounted for, certainly. His letters were usually passed on from one member of the family to another, and thus travelled often to India and Canada, &c. So the cause of their loss is not difficult to imagine.

Extracts.

St. Aidan's, Grahamstown,
South Africa, July 7, 1877.

Dearest Father,—I had very good intentions of writing on your birthday, but happened to have so much on hand at the time that I was unable. So I hope you will excuse me for not writing at the time. I wish you many happy returns of the day, then, at this late hour, with all my heart. All your children own more to you than most do, for we owe the gift of faith to you as well, under God. I received a letter from you not long ago in which you told me of the death of good Lady Lothian, R.I.P. She must have had a death after her own heart. On a pilgrimage and in Rome! What good she has done! Poor Lord H. Kerr will feel her death very much. I have been happy lately in taking three or four into the Catholic Church, and still have four more under instruction. . . . How is May, and Giddy, and Agnes? Do they still keep up their Sunday school? What do you think of the Anglican Church now? Will the Ritualists break off? And if they do, where will they go? I hope, if they do break off, many will enter the Church. Every now and then I see that very curious paper, "The Church Times." It is very amusing some-

times, but far more painful than amusing to see how they will look in any direction rather than in the right one. Pray for me. —Your most affectionate son, A. H. Law, S.J.

I enclose a note for Helen. Could you send this over * to Fred? I am so obliged for his letter, which he wrote a long time ago. I must try and write soon to him.

Again an interval occurs of more than six months between Augustus Law's letters *still* extant; but others must have been received from him, for his father had been in correspondence with him, particularly with regard to Colonel Frank Law's appointment to the command of the royal artillery at the commencement of the Kaffir war, and the chances of the two brothers meeting at Cape Town; Frank on arrival from England, at the very time when Augustus was to be engaged in giving a retreat there.

Extracts.

St. Aidans, Grahamstown, *January* 23, 1878.

Dearest Father,—I ought to have written again sooner, but I have been very busy since I left Grahamstown. I saw a fair amount of old Frank during his short stay at Capetown. But I was engaged at the same time in giving a retreat. I got out of Frank that he, at least, always. . . . And I gave him, on leaving, a small pocket Imitation of Christ, which he promised to read. Poor old fellow, I have got, and still get, all the prayers I can for him. And I hope we may get God's grace for him. He lunched once with the Bishop of Cape Town and all the clergy, and seemed quite delighted to do so when I asked him. Also when afterwards the Bishop called upon him at the Club, the Bishop told me he was very civil indeed. He wrote me a letter the other day from King Williamstown, where he is likely to stay for the

* "Over" here means across the Atlantic to Toronto, Canada.

present. No one knows how long the Kaffir War may last. Some think two months may finish it, others give two years, and we have a dreadful drought on the top of it. I made acquaintance through Frank with a Colonel Hazard, R.E., at Cape Town, a very nice fellow. It turned out that he remembered you at Corfu, years ago, when he was four years old. He said you used to put him on your knees and stroke his head till he went to sleep.* His father was Commandant of the Engineers out there at the time. I found out too, in conversation with Miss Frere, that our 1st Lieutenant in the "Carysfort" was our governor's brother. Best love to dearest May and all.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN,
June 11, 1878.

DEAREST FATHER,—This will get too late for your birthday, but for all that, I wish you many happy returns of the day. Frank is still up at King Williamstown or thereabout. I have just written to him. He wrote about ten days ago. He speaks of perhaps having to go up to Transvaal, where there are plenty of troubles, as well as here. But I fancy the war is nearly over *here* now, as a few of the chiefs are either taken or killed. I am very well, and no wonder, for this is a beautiful climate. I hope you got through the winter well. I hear Vic is home, and that Fred has come across to be at home with him. So you will have a happy meeting at home. It was Frank who told me they were at home. He had received a letter from Fred. I suppose you are taking great interest in the Eastern Question. I took up a book, by accident, the other day, written by a Catholic. He had a chapter on the Jesuit College at St. Beuno's, and tells how he was present at an ordination in 1865, and how, at the dinner

* ? Mistaken for Augustus's *Uncle*, Hon. H. S. Law, Captain, 28th regiment, at the time.

following, he had a conversation with a father of one of the ordained priests, a convert, and how this convert gentleman, whom he describes as most courteous, &c., gave him an account of the vocation to the priesthood of Henry Heneage, &c. As I was the only convert ordained in 1865, I easily recognised you as the courteous convert, although he makes you out to be one of the *Oxford* converts. Kindest love to dearest May, Giddy, Agnes, Fred, Vic, &c.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

The book I allude to is "Pius IX. and his Times," or "Travels and Sketches," for both titles are outside the book. It is made up of a series of letters. The letter in which you appear is "Catholicity in North Wales," p. 291.

ST. AIDAN'S, GRAHAMSTOWN, *August* 8, 1878.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letter of July 3 a few days ago. I knew F. Edwards very well, he was at the Mission at Oldham near Manchester, which was given by the Jesuit Fathers when I was at Galashiels, and I was one of those giving it. He was very weak and sickly, even then. I was sorry to hear of Sir Henry Montgomery's death. He was very kind to me at Madras. And poor aunt Jane seems near her end. What a happiness if she became a Catholic! You must have been glad to see Fred and Victor. I think I wrote home to you, when we heard out here that they were at home together. By the way, I have not heard from old Frank for some time. He is, I believe, on the way to Pretoria. The Commissary-General out here, Strickland, is a good Catholic, and so is his wife. I have interested them both in Frank, and they are on their way to headquarters, up in Transvaal as well as Frank. My only pupil in philosophy has gone home to finish his studies there, so that, at present, I have no material to work upon; such, at least, as I was sent out for. Whether this will make any change likely, I don't know. I find a College very different from the Mission life, which last I much

prefer. But we are soldiers, and must go where we are sent. Give my best love to dearest May, Giddy, Agnes, &c., &c. If you write to Maude, say I hope to write to her soon.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

I hope you will enjoy good health this winter in the south of France.

ST. AIDAN'S, GRAHAMSTOWN,
Eve of the Assumption, 1878.

DEAREST FATHER,—I had just sent off a letter in answer to one of yours, when your last letter arrived asking how best to get a letter of introduction to the Fathers at Cannes, so, as you suggest, I will write one. It will be in rather funny French. I have just received a letter from Frank from Maritzburg. He has been up to Utrecht, 200 miles, to visit some artillery station. He said he was awaiting the arrival of the General, and did not know whether they were to fight Ketchawayo or not. Kindest love to all.—Your most affectionate son, A. H. LAW, S.J.

A copy was made (before it was forwarded to its destination at Cannes) of the letter which Augustus above describes as "rather funny French," so it is now published, but with a request to its readers to bear in mind that more than twenty years had elapsed since Augustus had left St. Achoel, at Amiens. The reply to the letter, addressed to Augustus's father, must always have a special interest, as it bears the signature of the Père Monnin, S.J., formerly Vicaire, and subsequently Biographer, of the Curé d'Ars. When Augustus's letter to Cannes was forwarded, the names of the Fathers S.J., then residing there, were quite unknown to Augustus and to his father.

To "Un des Pères de la Compagnie de Jesus à Cannes."

P. C.

College de St. Aidan, Grahamstown,
Colonie de Bonne Esperance,
Afrique, 15*th August* 1878.

Mon Reverend Pere,—Mon père m' a demande d'ècrire une lettre d'introduction pour lui à un des Pères de la Compagnie à Cannes. Il à l'intention de passer l'hiver à Cannes. Il a maintenant 70 ans. C'est pour cela qu'il pense, plus que jamais à l'Eternité, et comme il me dit, il dèsire beaucoup qu'un de nos Pères prenne un interêt special dans son ame. Lui comme moi, nous sommes tous deux convertis de la Secte Anglicane. Il etait même Ministre Protestant quelques années. Nous attendons ici l'arrivée, vers la fin de l'année, du Père Depelchin, S.J., et ses compagnons, qui vout, avec la grace de Dieu evangiliser l'Afrique Centrale. Prier pour moi, Mon Reverend Père. —Je suis dans les sacrès cœurs de Jesus et de Marie, &c., &c.

A. H. Law, S.J.

Reply to W. T. Law, who had forwarded the preceding letter.

Toulon, *September* 26, 1878.

Monsieur,—Je serais très heureux d'avoir dans notre voisinage le père d'un de nos bons frères en S. Ignace. Lorsque vous ecrivez à votre cher fils dites lui bien que nous ferons tous nos efforts, pour le remplacer auprès de vous. Je suis avec un profond respect et un desir impatient de vous voir à Cannes.—Votre très humble et très dévoué serviteur, A. Monnin, S.J.

A long interval of eight months elapses between the date of Augustus's last letter, viz., that to the Fathers, S.J. at Cannes, and the scene in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Grahamstown, South Africa, on Easter Tuesday, April

16, 1879. Letters were received during that period from Augustus by his father, and their contents are well remembered by him, though those letters are not now in his possession. Among them were those, of course, which announced Augustus's own appointment as a member of the Zambesi Mission. In reference to it, a reverend father S.J., writing from Grahamstown fifteen months after the departure of the mission, said, "Augustus looks upon it as the greatest privilege to have been chosen. New life seemed to be given him when he first received his appointment."

From a Grahamstown newspaper, of April 1879, sent by an unknown hand to Augustus's father, the following interesting extracts are made:—

Roman Catholic Zambesi Mission.

The friends of the missionary expedition to the valley of the Zambesi, and they are many in Africa, as well as in Europe, will learn with much satisfaction that after some weeks of preparation, the fathers and brothers have at last started, followed by the fervent prayers and blessings of their brethren in Grahamstown. The scene in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Tuesday morning last, Easter Tuesday, was of the most touching and interesting character. The fathers of the party, assisted by the brothers, celebrated the solemn function of the High Mass, the bishop presiding at the throne in cope and mitre, . . . the whole ceremony being one of the grandest ever witnessed in St. Patrick's. The celebrant was the Very Reverend Superior of the mission, Father Henri Depelchin, assisted by Father Blanca as deacon, and Father Terœrde as sub-deacon. . . . The assistant deacon and sub-deacon at the throne were Fathers Croonenberghs and Fuchs.

Father Augustus Law, of St. Aidan's College, so well and favourably known in Grahamstown, and now, by the appointment of the authorities at home, a member of the expedition, assisted as master of the ceremonies. The Brothers Nigg, Paravicini, Hedley, De Sadleer, and Devylder, discharged the offices of acolytes, thurifer, &c., so that the function was entirely confined to the members of the expedition, the bishop only as it were superintending and blessing all engaged in it. The church was decorated as for the grandest feast. . . . It was crowded in every part, and never contained an assembly more devout and attentive, and wrapt in absorbing interest than it did on this memorable occasion. From the moment when the sacristy door opened for the procession, to the last words of the Itinerarium,—"In nomine Domini procedamus in pace," all eyes were fixed on the little band of Christian heroes, who at the voice of Christ's vicar have left home and country, and all things, for savagedom and privations of every kind, and it may be torments and death, if so they can carry to the natives the glad tidings of salvation. Brother Theodore Nigg headed the procession, bearing aloft the tastefully embroidered and rich-looking banner of the Sacred Heart, the work of the ladies of Catholic Bruges. This banner was blessed by his holiness Pope Leo XIII. . . . After the gospel the bishop preached, taking for his text the motto adopted at his consecration, "Charitas omnia sustinet," "Charity endureth all things." . . . At times his voice was almost broken by emotion; and many who listened to his words with breathless interest, particularly as he dwelt upon the sacrifices, and privations, and perils, that faced the missionaries of Zambesi, seemed quite carried away by the kindly sympathies suggested by these thoughts. At the conclusion of the Mass, the beautiful and touching prayers of the Itinerarium were read by Father Depelchin—the bishop and all in the sanctuary responding aloud to the versicles. . . . Later on in the afternoon, a large crowd of Catholics assembled in the grounds of St. Aidan's College to witness the preparations for the departure of the expedition. The

four waggons were already packed, and just as night cast her shadows at the scene, the oxen were inspanned, fourteen to each waggon. . . . It was a touching scene, as by the fitful light of a lantern carried by one of the fathers, the prayers of the Benediction were solemnly pronounced in the centre of a silent and sympathising crowd. The party left on Wednesday last, the 16th inst., at four in the afternoon.

The following are a few extracts from a rough outline, given by the above-mentioned Grahamstown newspaper, of the sermon preached at St. Patrick's, by Bishop Ricards :—

That love which springs directly from the supernatural motive of faith, that charity which loves God above all, for His own sake, and the creature for the sake of God, is the only charity which here below can aim at the high perfection of enduring all things. Yet, if there be one virtue more needed than another, in an apostle of Jesus Christ, in one who goes forth to the ends of the earth at the call of God, to teach the lowest of His creatures, it is surely this, . . . to leave home and friends and all things, . . . to leave all these things—to leave them without regret—without one longing look, and to leave them for ever! Ah! yes, no motive but disinterested Christian charity can inspire resolution enough for sacrifices like these. But this, my brethren, is not all; to go forth into the wilderness of savagedom, into a perfect solitude for the habits of civilised existence; to settle down in the midst of enemies, perhaps, or at least, among beings incapable of appreciating the motives of Christian devotion, suspicious, crafty, treacherous, ever ready at some sudden irrational impulse to turn on the gentle hand that caresses them; . . . to have to endure from month to month, and year to year, without a hope of amelioration, inconveniences and discomforts of every kind, to meet with stupid ingratitude, if not absolute ill-treatment and blows, to suffer persecution even unto death, and in the midst of

all this, to have no one near to encourage or sustain the failing spirit; and clearly understanding all this, calmly and deliberately to make this choice; what, I say, but disinterested charity, what, but patient enduring charity, that love that is in Christ Jesus, can direct the determination, and govern the feelings and inclinations of the true missionary?"

Such is the spirit which sent forth Xavier to distant China and Japan, and enabled him, at the close of a life of trials and difficulties without number, calmly and peacefully to resign his soul to God when he died a lonely exile on the desert sands.

Thank God! my brethren, the missionary spirit is still as vigorous as it was in the ages of faith. The Holy Father has only to say the word "Go," and hundreds of his devoted children are ready at his call, to face dangers of every kind, hardships, poverty, disease, death, and the scorn and obloquy, and hatred of fanaticism, deeming it their highest honour to be accounted worthy to suffer, in obedience to Christ's Vicar, and for Christ's dear sake, all the tribulations it may be His blessed will to send them. How edifying it is, my brethren, to witness in *our midst*, the manifestations of this spirit of disinterested charity!

I know it will be consoling to our beloved Fathers to hear that the grand undertaking upon which they are about to enter, has long engaged the attention of the Holy See. It is now more than thirty years ago, since the first Vicar Apostolic of the Vicariate called the attention of Propaganda to the importance of evangelising the native races of the interior of Africa, . . . and it may specially interest you to know that the Superior of your Order, who has chiefly planned and matured this expedition, told me himself, that for nearly thirty years, he has thought and mourned over the spiritual desolation of the tribes of Central Africa . . . .

Let us pray, then, dear brethren, that the Fathers who are leaving us to-day, may go forth to their work, with hearts filled with courage and confidence. . . . Let this be their prayer; "O dearest Lord! teach us to be generous, to serve Thee as Thou

deservest; to give and not count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labour and not to seek reward other than the feeling that we do Thy Holy Will."

Extracts.

From Augustus to his Father.

EIGHT MILES SOUTH OF COLESBERG,
Thursday, May 1, 1879.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received a letter from you a few days ago, in which you tell me you had received mine about Frank's safety after the Isanhlana massacre. I don't think I answered that letter, so I must give you a line or two now. I am afraid poor ——'s apostasy has beaten you much down, judging from your letter, dearest father, and no wonder, indeed. Still keep up your spirits for our sake. All of us want you still, dearest father, and to see you alive yet for many years, to encourage us and help us on. For you are *not only* an earthly father to us. You are our spiritual father also. Under God we all owe the faith to you. And we don't want to lose our father in the faith. When God's will calls you we shall bow to it. But do not hasten your death by sorrow, for our sakes we beg it. Comfort yourself by the thought, that not only the whole family (who are Catholics) are praying for him, but also so many good and holy souls in many parts of the world. . . . We started in our four-bullock waggons from Grahamstown on the 16th of April, and we have made about fifteen miles a day, which is the general day's journey for bullocks on a long journey. All of us are in good health and spirits. Waggon life is a continual picnic; but not only are the meals picnic, but also the washing, and sleeping, and everything else. As for myself I like it immensely, and my appetite is shockingly great, and I am getting stronger every day. We get to Colesberg to-night (*D. V.*), and then another ten or eleven days will take us to Kimberley, *i.e.*, the diamond fields. Before we start from there you shall have another letter. Our superior,

F. Depelchin, has gone to Kimberley by mail cart, and will be there by this time, I suppose. He went there before us to be in time to see the governor, Sir Bartle Frere, who is soon to be there. Please pray for the mission. It is prayer that converts souls. And will you get prayers as well from any Catholics you meet? Perhaps some of the priests would ask the prayers of their congregations. I wrote to Fred the other day. He insisted on a letter, dear fellow. What a good Catholic he is! God bless you, dearest father. Every little suffering I get in our mission, shall go for dear ——'s conversion. And I am glad that, *nolens volens*, I shall have to suffer some little things in our mission, as I am such a miserable fellow at anything in that kind voluntary. And let us pray that beautiful consoling Davidical prayer, "*Mirifica* misericordias tuas, Domine qui salvos facis sperantes in te." "*Make wonderful* Thy mercies, O Lord, Thou who savest those who hope in Thee." Think over these words, dearest father, and they will help you much.—Your most affectionate son, A. H. Law, S.J.

P.S.—Could you forward the enclosed to F. Bird?

Extracts.

Copy of Father Law's Letter to Lady Superior of the Convent, Grahamstown (a week's earlier date than his last to his father).

Cradock, 24*th April* 1879.

Dear Rev. Mother,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter. If you say you miss us, I can tell you I can never forget the Grahamstown Convent, and all their kindness. I felt not a little in leaving Grahamstown. Mr. James gives us his rooms for saying Mass in to-morrow. He has been all kindness—offering me the loan of his horse, &c. May God reward him! I have just visited all the Catholics in Cradock, at least as far as Mr. Fareham's little boy knows of. But it would be a great thing if they could be regularly visited. They fall off, so many of them, for want of instruction. I was glad to see Formby's History of

the Church in one of the houses. I enjoy the waggon life very much. It is very healthy, and I think all the Fathers are improving in health. I shall not forget to say Mass every Friday for the nuns. And I beg to be remembered in their pious prayers. I am writing to F. Fanning. Please to give my loving remembrances to all the sisters. Kindest regards to good Umtaka Baba. Excuse a longer letter at present.—Yours in Christ, A. H. Law, S.J.

If his lordship has returned, give my loving respects to him. Tell him I have used his sextant already many times on the route. Brother Nick amuses us much. We have established a Nick-ian phrase amongst us: "Water of plenty," instead of plenty of water. So we say, "Meat of plenty," &c.

Extracts.

Bloemhof on the Vaal River,
Pentecost, June 1, 1879.

Dearest Father,—Here I am, all safe and sound, as far as this—a place in about 27½ S. latitude. We start for Zeerust—and then along the Marico river for Shoshong, which is in about 23½ S. latitude—on Tuesday or Wednesday. We hope to get to Zeerust or Seerust in about a fortnight or three weeks. I like the waggon life well enough. It is at least very healthy. I have not enjoyed such health for some years. On arriving here I got a letter from Frank. He hopes for C. B. Poor fellow! I wish he longed as much for heavenly distinctions. I suppose you know that poor —— is librarian at the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. I have written to my dear friends, F. Bird and F. Whyte. . . . I am sure they will do all they can to help him back in the right way. Many are praying for him out here. I wrote him a letter from Kimberley and enclosed it in a letter to F. Bird. I am glad to say there is a regular post to and from Shoshong, so that we can write and receive letters as easily as if I was at Grahamstown. The people have been very kind to us all along.

I was mentioning this to some Protestants at Christiania three or four days ago, and they answered, "And you deserve it." I believe you have received the "Star," giving an account of the Bishop's sermon on our departure from Grahamstown. It was a beautiful sermon, and I wish I was even a little worthy of the great things he said about the missionaries. Pray that I may at least profit of the great favour God has given me in choosing me for such a mission. And you will help me in thanking God for it. I hope you are better in health. I shall always pray that before you leave this world you may see poor —— and —— once more good Catholics. Best love to May and all at home.—Your most affectionate son, A. H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

To the Reverend Mother of the Convent at Grahamstown.

Bloemhof, *2d June*, 1879.

Dear Nôtre Mère,—I am so much obliged to you for your kind letter and the things you sent with it. And we all of us can never repay your kindness and that of the sisters for all you and they did for us at Grahamstown. Father Depelchin said the other day you were "a true mother to our mission," a feeling which we all share. And then your kindness did not end with our stay there, but followed us, or rather went before us, like a good angel, wherever we went, and you knew people. May God reward you and bless yourself and your good sisters. . . . The Catholics at Kimberley were so very kind. About £40 at offertory in the church, and a purse of £100 at our starting, besides many presents of all kinds. Mr. Rice, Mr. Fox's son-in-law, was conspicuous in his kindness. Tell Mr. Fox; he will be glad. F. Le Noir, and his confrère, kindness itself. . . . Perhaps some find the waggon life a little rough, but they thrive on it. I scarcely know myself. I look so stout and well. And I enjoy the waggon life very well. The only thing is, that one has little time to study. However, all the boys speak Zulu, and I pick up a good deal from them.

The governor gave us a capital passport, telling all who wished to be friends of the British Government to befriend and aid us. Mr. Bailie (he has been so kind) wrote a letter to Lobengula; and his brother-in-law, one to Khame. Besides we carry from them presents for these two chiefs. Mr. Daley has been very kind to us here. . . . We start this evening or to-morrow. There are here two excellent Catholics—Mr. and Mrs. Quin. Mrs. Quin keeps the only school here, and teaches all the little Dutch Protestants to say Catholic prayers, to make the sign of the cross, &c. She is doing great good. I gave her a lot of pictures for prizes for her children. I am getting on very well with my flute, but I put away the concertina for the present on account of the great amount of dust. I hope all the sisters are well. We shall remember them always in our prayers. I want to write to Mrs. Phillip, Major Stack, and the Barrs, and others, but my office of "minister" is no sinecure, and I have very little time to write. . . . I must finish for the present. God bless you, dear Nôtre Mère, for all your kindness to me for over three years. Much comfort and consolation I have got from your acquaintance, and I shall not forget it ever. Kindest regards to all. I hope his lordship and F. Fanning are very well. Ask them to excuse me this time from writing. I really have no time. . . . I received a letter here from Colonel Law. He never was wounded at all. . . . Thanks so much for your prayers for my two brothers. Please continue them.—Yours ever in Christ, A. H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

Father Law, S.J., to Rev. Mother of the Convent, Grahamstown.

Banks of the Limpopo,
Latitude 23°, 47′, *July* 18, 1879.

Dear Rev. Mother,—A waggon is passing down to Zegrust, and so I take the opportunity of writing just a line to Grahamstown, to say we are all well, so far. On Sunday, B. Nick shot a

crocodile. We hope to be in Shoshong in a few days. We have had a little rain, which will well supply us with water from the Limpopo to Shoshong, where sometimes there is scarcity. Kindest regards to his lordship, F. Fanning, FF. Bridge, Lea, Widdershoven, and Prestage, BB. Languinetti, Bash, Penny, and all the Sisters. Fancy, from Saturday week back till yesterday we had not met a single human being. They seem to prefer the other side of the Limpopo. We have heard panthers, and jackals, and hyenas, at night, but no lions. One of our oxen, which was too weak to return to the camp with the rest, being left where it was, was found in the morning with half its body gone, devoured by jackals.—Yours sincerely,

A. H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

(Illustrated with a sketch of the country.)

Shoshong, *July* 28, 1879.

Dearest Father,—Just one line to say we arrived here six days ago; but the chief would not let us stay here, as he said he had missionaries already, *i.e.*, London Missionary Society. . . . Otherwise he was extremely civil. We are just starting for the Matabele country, where I hope Lobengula will receive us. Otherwise we shall have to push on to the Zambesi. I have not been so well for a long time. Pray for me, and give my best love to May and all. Being a kind of adjutant to F. Depelchin, I have very little time, but hope to write more next time.—Your most affectionate son, Augustus H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

Gubuluwayo, *September* 22, 1879.

Dearest Father,—Your letter of the 17th July arrived here on the 19th, so I got letters about as quick as I used to when at Hong-Kong, which is not so bad. The Europeans in these parts

organise a post of their own, by means of runners, and it is so well arranged that ordinarily we get letters as surely as if we were living in Europe, and not amongst the Amandebele. You can direct still, "care of Francis & Clarke, Shoshong, *viâ* Cape Colony, Transvaal and Marico," and the ordinary sixpenny stamp is enough. Mr. Francis immediately forwards the letters, so there is no delay. I am much obliged for the pamphlet on the mission you sent me. I read it again with great interest, and recalled vividly the day when I heard the sermon. Please give my love to Uncle Henry Law, and to Aunt Lizzy.* They were always so kind to me. I have kept a regular journal since Bloemhof, and I send it regularly to F. Weld. I expect it will appear in print in "The Letters and Notices," a pamphlet which comes out every quarter in the English province for *private* circulation, but I don't suppose the Fathers would have any difficulty in showing you that particular part. I expect, however, it will appear also in other pamphlets, &c., regarding the mission. We left Shoshong about the 28th of July, and got to Tati the 17th August. Three of our drivers ran away and left us in the lurch two days after leaving Shoshong, so two of our brothers had to turn drivers during the journey, and hard work it was for them, poor fellows. However, we got through all right, thank God. And for that matter we could all, I think, now manage to drive the bullocks, in some fashion or other, and yoke them in as well, if there was necessity. After a few days at Tati to rest the oxen, F. Depelchin and myself and a lay brother came on here to see Lobengula, and get leave to establish a mission in his country. We are still waiting for an answer, but hope in a day or two to get one. He is going to be married (he has sixteen wives already) to a daugher of Umzila, the chief of another great Zulu tribe, just due east of this—about three hundred miles—and the marriage is not yet over. When over we expect an answer. When near the king (eight miles from here) we visited the marriage expedition Kraal from Umzila—saw the future queen, &c. We were received with the greatest

* Dowager Lady Colchester.

cordiality, and we both agreed that Umzila's people seemed a nicer people than Lobengula's. We hope to send some missionaries to their country before long. I only wish I could return with the marriage expedition, for I was charmed with the people. However, I like the Amandebele very well. They are fine people, and would make splendid Christians, if once they made up their minds to become Christian. But to become a Christian in this country means, as far as I can see, to be ready to die at any moment. If any person of any note dies here, he *must* have been betwitched by some one, they think. So the witch-doctors smell out some person or persons who are obnoxious or unpopular for some reason or other, and put them down as the cause of the death. They with their families are then put to death, and their huts burnt. . . . Hence if a person becomes a Christian, they can smell him out when some one dies, put him down as the betwitcher, and put him to death. Possibly the description is exaggerated, but it is what we are told. I hope all this superstition may be gradually got rid of. The king himself doesn't believe in it, but he pretends to do so in public. Best love to May and to all. Congratulate Ernest for me on getting his first brief.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

I am so glad you are keeping well.

Extracts.

Father Law to the Rev. Mother of the Convent at Grahamstown.

GUBULUWAYO, *October* 6, 1879.

DEAR NÔTRE MÈRE,—I am so much obliged to you for the kind and interesting letter you wrote, dated 19th August, and which I received on the 3d October. . . . How good and kind the governor was to the bishop. They are evidently great friends. How delighted Umtaba Baba must have been to see his portrait in the Précis! I don't know how the two hundred boys at St. Aidan's got into that periodical. F. Croonenbergh

is not here to answer. I am afraid it will be very hard to make Christians of men so utterly dependent on their chief as the Amandebele. . . . Lobengula naturally has a kind heart, I think, and it is the detestable system which gives such unlimited power to the chiefs. The people of Umzila seem a far nicer people than the Amandebele. They seem delighted at the thought of some of us going over there soon. They say Umzila would receive us very kindly, which I have no doubt of. . . . I should be intensely delighted if I was sent there, which is possible. . . . We have no thought of going to the Zambesi till April. . . . Would you kindly, if you have no objection, let the Barrs and Mrs. Phillips see the little news I have put down here? We hope Lobengula's answer will be favourable. . . . The traders are all,—except one, who is neutral, though civil enough,—for us. And now I must close with kindest regards to all the nuns. How wrong of them to disbelieve in Br. Nigg's shooting a crocodile! Perhaps they won't believe he shot a python on the road from Shoshong, 9 feet 6 inches long, and thicker a good deal than your arm. Oh! if Mr. O'Reilley could only have been there! By the way, is there any news of him? Remember me most kindly to your sister. . . . Give my love to the bishop when you write, . . . to F. Fanning. I hope he is keeping well, and has got no return of those attacks he used to have.—Thanking you and all the nuns for all your kindness, which I shall never forget, I remain yours in Christ,

A. H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

Father Law to Rev. Mother of the Convent, Grahamstown.

Gubuluwayo, *December* 3, 1879.

(The letter is headed by a little pen-and-ink sketch of Gubuluwayo.)

Dear Rev. Mother,—Excuse my letter being probably very short. I am so much obliged to you for your letter in answer to mine on the Limpopo, and for all the news in it. . . . F. Croon-

enberg is quite well again, and looks himself again. Mr. Greite and family leave in about six weeks, and then we shall have plenty of room. At present we live in the waggons which are inside Greite's yard. But all our things are safely stored in the iron house. We are to make a farm about eighteen miles from here. But perhaps the wet weather may prevent our building the house at present; but it will be done as soon as possible. We get rain every day now, and yesterday it poured nearly all day. Kindest regards to all the nuns, in which you may be sure Br. Nigg joins. All of us must always remember your kindness. F. Depelchin hopes soon to have some of your nuns up here. They will be able to do immense good, I think, more than we can hope to do at present. *Pray, pray* very hard, and get the nuns and all the children to pray very hard for the poor Amandebele. I trust St. F. Xavier will think of them to-day (his feast). —Yours very gratefully, A. H. Law, S.J.

Gubuluwayo, *December* 18, 1879.

Dearest Father,—We are pretty well settled here now. We have bought a house from a trader who is leaving. I should say houses—for besides a dwelling-house, there is an iron house thirty-five feet long and fifteen broad which will be very useful. We shall have a farm attached to this place, about eighteen miles away, and we shall go down to build a temporary house there, and start the farm. I beg very much your prayers for this mission. I am afraid it will be hard to make any impression on them, they are so completely at the mercy of the chief and the witch doctor. So we must trust only in the grace of God to move their hearts. I am getting on pretty quick with the language. It is a dialect of the Zulu. Most of the people up here cannot be got to believe Cetjawayo is taken. They cannot believe it possible that a Zulu chief can be taken. However, the king himself, Lobengula, has more sense. Gubuluwayo itself is very healthy, and even in the rainy season. It is over four thousand feet above the sea. I

rode on one of the king's horses the other day, about sixteen miles, to try and cure a boy bitten by a snake. Luckily for me and my medical reputation, there was not much the matter with him. I was afraid I should find him in extremis, as he had been bitten about five hours. But the bite was not much. Lobengula seems very friendly to us, and he is a man of a good heart, but the Zulu system, and the power (irresponsible) it gives a chief, would spoil the best natures. Could you kindly forward this to Helen and Maud? Perhaps Maud would forward it to Fred and Augusta. Best love to dearest May and all at home. I cannot expect to see any of my dear relations again in this world; but the separation is for Jesus Christ, and He will know how to manage that we shall be no losers by it in eternity. I hope you will get well through this winter.

I beg dearest May and you, dear father, and all my brothers and sisters, to help me by their prayers, and to think that as I am here, that the Amandebele country is specially confided to their prayers. So in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, let them sometimes repair the want of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament that there is here from ignorance of the faith. In their acts of contrition let them grieve for the sins of the Amandebele who do not understand sin or sorrow for it. In their acts of adoration let them give God some homage for the poor Amandebele, who do nothing for God. And when praying to Mary, let them pray to Mary for them, and she will be moved when she looks at such great misery as there is here, &c. &c.—Your most affectionate son, AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

P.S.—I am sending by book post a little sketch I took of our waggons on the Limpopo. My waggon is the "buck" waggon —the one with the bales and cases in front of the waggon—the second from the left.

Extracts.

Father Law to Rev. Mother of Convent, Grahamstown.

GUBULUWAYO, *January* 27, 1880.

DEAR REV. MOTHER—In my letter to you on October 9, I was thinking of the effects of Zulu government on hopes of conversion, and not about our safety. We consider ourselves here as safe as in Grahamstown. Lobengula is very kind to us. We have covered and refitted two waggons for him, and he is very pleased with them. F. Croonenberg is going to paint for him a picture of the "big dance." Personally I like Lobengula very much. He is a most affable man, and he shows himself very friendly to white men. For my part, I also like the Amandabele very well. They seem a very cheerful people. They, if once converted, would make excellent Christians, for they are well trained to obedience, and have plenty of courage. I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for the news you sent about Grahamstown friends and good Priests of the Diocese. I am so glad they are all flourishing so well. Please remember me to them all, kindly, whenever you see them or write, especially to F. Fanning, the *Major*, F. Allen and John M'Fernan. I am so glad the last is taking courage. He has no small abilities if he only will have confidence in himself to use them. And I hope he will do great things for God. Thank F. Fanning for his kindness in seeing about the box. It is like him, dear Father! . . . My poor brother! I have written to try and get to hear how he is getting on. All I know is that he is in Edinburgh. Please don't forget him and my other brother Colonel Law, who is, I suppose, somewhere in the Cape Colony, but where, I don't know. How good of the Bishop, getting prayers for us at all the Holy Shrines, &c., fearing for us at Shoshong. But the people there are *most quiet*. and respectful, and not at all given to deeds of violence. . . . Kindest regards to all the community.—Yours in Christ.

A. H. LAW, S.J.

Extracts.

GUBULUWAYO, *March* 23, 1880.

DEAREST FATHER,—I received a good long letter from you, dated January 1, I think, by last mail. I am so glad you got out of prison * at last, and were able to make your first food in 1880., Divine food. I am glad also about the insurance policies. It will set your mind at ease. Congratulate Willy on his successful examination,† and Ernest upon his editorial business. I hope it may not be the last, and that he may do much by his pen. I shall be very glad to see the third edition of your letter to your parishioners at Harborne. If you have not yet sent it, direct one here, and the other, "care of Benningfield, Esq., Umzila's country, *viâ* Natal." I am starting for Umzila's country in May. Very likely I may go in royal company, as the queen here, who is daughter of Umzila, and has been lately married to Lobengula, is going soon on a visit to her father, and she herself suggested my going in her company. It will be a good introduction to her father. The Umzila people have never yet been taught anything about the Christian religion. . . . So we hope much. They are said to be a more tractable people than Amandebele, although they also are Zulus. I trust Helen and Maude will pray, and get all the sisters to pray for our expedition. And will you get all the prayers you can for the same object? For it belongs to God to give the precious gift of faith. Umzila's kraal is three hundred English miles due east from here. We hope to be able to go, if not all, nearly all the way in waggons. But when near Umzila's kraal we may have to walk, and get our things carried by porters, on account of the tetze fly. However, I have not as yet got full information. F. Blanca, a Sicilian, goes with me, and an English and a Belgian lay brother. Thanks for your Litany, which you composed on December 21. May Jesus, meek and humble of heart, be ever with you. Next mail I hope to

* *i.e.* After long confinement to house from illness.

† His brother, W. Algernon Law. Now a clerk in the Foreign Office.

write a kind letter to poor dear ——. I always hope about him. God will hear us if we persevere in prayer. F. Whyte and F. Bird are the very best ones to treat with him, for they are both kindness itself, and they are both at Edinburgh. How is May? Best love to her and all at home. I have no doubt you will send this to Helen and Maude and dear Augusta. I am so glad her son has such good desires about being a Jesuit. If he still perseveres, and when about fifteen or sixteen, if he wishes to come out on *this* mission, he should volunteer for this mission *in particular*, and the best thing to do would be to write, when the time comes, to Very Rev. A. Weld, S. Girolomo, Fiesoli, Firenze, Italy, and let him know his desires. And F. Weld would tell him what to do. Then Augusta and Windsor must be congratulated on making a convert of—I forget the name. I am so glad their house does such good things. Pray for me very much, dearest father. —Your most affectionate son, A. H. Law, S.J.

P.S.—I see that Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on Scholastic Philosophy is advertised in the "Tablet" for twopence. I should so like to see it. This twopence one seems to be in English. I would rather have the Latin, but the getting it might be difficult. So could you send a copy either in English or Latin?

Gubuluwayo, *April* 8, 1880.

Dearest Father,—I received your letter of February 5, on the 6th, so that it was just two months coming here. Not worse than Hong-Kong, where my letters used to be just about the same age. I will remember poor aunt Charlotte in my Mass.* I trust God has shown her mercy. She was one, I believe, who nursed me when my chest was scalded. It is some consolation to hear that she sent a message of forgiveness on her death-bed. It shows she was doing her best to prepare herself. At the same time that I got your letter, I received also your third edition of "Letter to Parishioners." I have read it again

* Hon. Mrs. Hobhouse, his aunt, died January 30, 1880.

with new pleasure. It recalled to my mind those years from '51 to '53, so full of graces for us all. With the letter we received a letter from the postmaster at Shoshong saying that he must apologise, as, whilst he was sorting letters and newspapers, his dog came in and tore up some of the papers, and the direction outside your "Letter to Parishioners" was torn off, he said. I hope his dog was the occasion of his taking a look at it. F. Depelchin, our superior, left yesterday, en route for Zambesi. It was an affecting parting, for he is old, and going, of course, to a very dangerous place for health. And then I too start about the 1st of May for Umzila's country, so that it can be that we never see each other again in this life. There are some waggons coming up with some more fathers. F. Depelchin first meets them and then goes up to Zambesi, taking those he wants with him. Some of these fathers coming up, will come here, and directly they arrive I start, taking with me, most likely, F. Blanca, and BB. Hedley and Sadeleer. The first is a Sicilian of the same province as F. Ferrara; the second an Englishman, once a sailor like myself; the third, a Belgian. The king has promised to send me three or four or five men, as guides. And that will be a good thing for this also. It will be a kind of "introduction" by Lobengula to Umzila. The two Zulu chiefs are on good terms too. Our route will be first to Umtigesa, from here, N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., about 222 English miles. From there to Umzila's Kraal, S.S.E. 117 miles, making the whole journey 339 miles. As the crow flies it is only 236 miles to his kraal, a little south of due east. I beg very much for prayers, for, as F. Depelchin reminded us yesterday, "Unless the *Lord* build the city, in vain they labour who build it."—Your most affectionate son,

A. H. Law, S.J.

Extracts.

Father Law to his Sister, Sister Jane Margaret Mary, Convent of the Visitation, Westbury-upon-Trym, Bristol, England.

GUBULUWAYO, *April* 20, 1880.

DEAREST MAUDE,—I received your letter of February 8th a few days ago. You ask me to let you know through papa if I have received it. But I must write to you this time—and papa, I know, and Helen, &c., and Augusta will also see it, and you must excuse me, and Helen and Augusta must do the same, if I don't write oftener. The more you go from place to place, the more one's correspondence increases. And this is all the more inconvenient to me, as all time given to writing is taken from the study of Zulu, which is everything to us here, who enter the country knowing next to nothing of the language. The knowledge of the language is all the more necessary to me now, as I start in the beginning of next month for Umzila's country with the hopes of establishing a mission there. Our position here is Lat. 20° 16′ S., Long. 28° 50′ E. And Umzila's kraal is in Lat. 20° 20′ S., Long. 32° 30′ E. Hence the distance from here is two hundred and thirty-six English miles as the crow flies. But we have to take care of other flies. If we went straight there we should meet the celebrated tetze fly, which bites and poisons the oxen, and so prevents the passage of waggons; unless, indeed, the patches of fly are small, when you can run through during the night, as the fly does not bite then. As we want to take our waggons, we take a more roundabout route, in which we hope to escape the fly altogether. We go first in a N.E. by E. direction about two hundred and twenty miles, then cross the Sabi river, and go down in a S.S.E. direction about one hundred and twenty miles, which will take us to Umzila's kraal. That route will be, as you see, three hundred and forty miles. It will take us about a month. When you get this, we shall be probably with Umzila. Hence I beg as earnestly as I can the prayers of all your

good sisters to make Umzila propitious to us. I ask the same of all the good Bermonsdey nuns, and of any others whose prayers you can get. Please, dear Maude, and Helen, and papa, and Augusta, and May, get all the prayers you can. For as F. Depelchin reminded us the other day, when he left en route for the Zambesi, "unless," &c., (quoted in last letter). You can think of my joy on going on such a mission. If even by our intended route we meet with the fly, and it is too far extended to run through it in the night, I shall leave the waggon and walk in to Umzila's, and then, if all goes well, I shall return either with carriers to bring our things in, or with men to pull the waggons in, and then I shall think of papa's carriage being pulled in by his parishioners at ——. A trader's waggon was once pulled in here by men one hundred and twenty miles. I read with sad interest your account of dear ——. Poor dear fellow. Oh, dear Maude, can't we force the Sacred Heart to lead him back? Let us persevere, praying, and not despair. And I think one way is for us all to love God more intensely than ever, and be very generous to Him. And when one was generous to God, was God ever niggardly in return? I am going to write either this mail or next to dear ——. Fancy how we all looked up to him in times past, and now. . . . I must now finish with best love to all. If you hear that we have suffered from privations in any way—such false reports have gone abroad—don't believe them. I have never suffered yet on the journey as much as I did when serving her majesty in the Navy. The poor oxen certainly suffered, but not ourselves. When I really suffer, you shall know. Kindest regards to all the sisters. I commend myself very much, and my mission, to their prayers, also the father, most likely F. Blanca, a Sicilian, and the two brothers who accompany me.—Your most affectionate brother,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

N.B.—The following letter was received by Augustus's father, at Hampton Court Palace, on August 9, 1880, and

was the *last* letter (*but one*) ever received by his father from him. August 9, 1880, was the very day, as subsequently became known, on which Augustus Law had to abandon his waggon and commence his fearful journey on foot to Umzila's.

Extracts.

UMGANIN, NINE MILES FROM GUBULUWAYO,
Sunday, May 30, 1880.

DEAREST FATHER,—You see I am off for Umzila's. I arrived here on Friday, and am only waiting now for the king to give me his two guides, and then we start in earnest on our journey. I hope to be able to send a letter again from a place (called in the map) Ingati, as there is a regular post from there. I don't know if you have got Baine's map of these parts. If so, the direction in which I go is this: first, about N.E. by E. ½ E. two hundred and twenty-two miles, till we get not far from Umtigesa. We cross the Sabi and then go down about S.S.E. till we get to Umzila's kraal. This last bit will be about one hundred and thirty miles. Umzila's is not so far as the crow flies, but we cannot go straight, as there would be at least sixty miles of tetze fly to pass through. And as we have a waggon, we cannot pass through that way, as we should lose all our oxen. Even by the route we go, we may not escape the fly altogether, but we hope the patches of fly will not be so wide that we cannot run through them during the night, when the fly don't bite. If we succeed in getting our waggon to Umzila's, we shall have the honour of being the first waggon that ever made the journey. We shall have plenty of game on the road, and shall have to look out well for the lions. Some tell us that we shall be lucky if we lose no oxen by the lions. However, we say the "Itinerarium" every day, and so shall have God's protection. I hope you will pray much to dispose the hearts of Umzila and his people to receive the faith. A F. Wehl, an Austrian father, one who has just

arrived from Europe, Brother Sadeleer, a Belgian lay brother, and Brother Hedley, an English one, and formerly a sailor, like myself, are my companions. It is most likely that letters will go and come quicker between Europe and Umzila's country than between Europe and here, for Umzila's kraal is only one hundred and thirty-eight miles from the sea. There are two English traders who trade in Umzila's from Natal, and many Portuguese. So at last my Portuguese will come in useful again. Messengers only take ten days from here to Umzila's. But we shall probably be over a month, for what with reconnoitering for the tetze fly, and what with *making* roads for ourselves in many places, and what with every now and then sticking in the mud, and having to unload the waggon, we may have many a delay. However, I hope to be under six weeks. Good-bye for the present, dearest father. I hope you have gone through this winter all right, and that you may live for many years to encourage and bless us all.—Your most affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS H. LAW, S.J.

Best love to dearest May and all. I know you will pass this on.

June 1.—Yesterday I was rather bothered hearing that *nowhere* could you get to the Sabi without going through the fly, and hence it was better to go the short and direct way. To-day I am told that George Wood, a great hunter up here, actually did cross the Sabi, where I intended to, and that without the fly, so it is all right. 4 P.M.—I have just received your good long letter from Wimille. It was full of interest. What a happiness for you to be surrounded with your *good Catholic grand*-children. Congratulate Ernest for me, and send my love to Aunt Jane. I hope dear May and all at home are well. If possible, please send a copy of your "Letter to Parishioners" to F. Croonenbergh, Gubuluwayo. He would very much like to have one. I might add also, to F. O'Brien, Port Elizabeth. He would make good use of it, too. . . . You might continue to direct "Gubuluwayo" till you get (*D. V.*) a letter from me, from Umzila's country.

A. L.

I expect every moment to be off.

June 2.—King's guides have arrived. I hope to be off this afternoon. 3½ P.M.—We start to-morrow. I have just seen the king.

P.S.—That story of the three thousand men being repulsed was true. It was one of the marauding expeditions. But their defeat affects us Europeans in no way.

This last Journal of Augustus Law is now printed from a copy made by the Editor; *from* a copy, which itself, may have been again a copy, of Augustus's own writing; so that, for its verbal accuracy in every case, the Editor cannot vouch, and particularly for the orthography of the names of kraals, rivers, and mountains between Gubuluwayo and Umzila's kraal.

Copy of Father Augustus H. Law's, S.J., last Journal, with a few Omissions.

May 16, 1880.—Engaged U. Zambesi for ten months, for a gun to be paid at Gubuluwayo. Engaged *Tom*, May 20, as driver, at £4 a month, to Umzila's. One month after arrival, only £3 till starting again. If waggon does not return, he is paid off and gets £2 in addition. Engaged *Cape Corps* ("Kip Korn"), a Hottentot. He gets £3 for the trip and food. The king's two boys asked for a blanket and beads.

Friday, May 28.—Father Wehl, Brothers Sadeleer, Hedley, and myself, with Tom, driver, U. Zambesi leader, and a Hottentot started on the Umzila expedition. But first we go to Umganin to get two guides promised by the king. Waggons of Collinson, &c. at Umganin, but only Dr. Crooks there. We dined with him. I called on the king and told him the waggon had arrived. Dr. Crooks kindly gave me a bottle of quinine, a bottle of Friar's balsam, one of sal volatile, one of carbolic acid, a glass squirt, some court plaister, oil plaisters, two needles for sewing wounds. God bless him!

Saturday, *May* 29.—Nothing particular, Fairbairn arrived.

Sunday, *May* 30.—Waggons of Fairbairn, of Robert M'Minimy, (2) of Lea, of Vermach, and of Slue, arrived. Rode over to Gubuluwayo.

Monday, *May* 31.—Returned.

Tuesday, *June* 1.—Brother de Sadeleer rode over to Gubuluwayo.

Wednesday, *June* 2.—Called on the king with "Prince" (a very big dog). He told me our guides had arrived. The waggons of Slue, Jamieson, Collinson, and Dr. Crooks started on their way to hunt. Rev. Helm is here with his waggon. I went to the king with Tainton as interpreter. I said I wanted to go by Sebakwe River, and Sebumbum, but the king said he would rather leave it to the men he was sending. They had orders to keep the oxen out of the fly. I asked if Civelile, the head queen, would send one of Umzila's men. The king said he thought she would not like it, but that messengers were going to Umzila's to-morrow, and that he would send word by them, that we were on the road.

Thursday, *June* 3.—At 8 A.M. called on the king and got two men for our guides. Left *Prince* (Augustus's dog.—Ed.) with the king, and took leave. We found, to our surprise, that the men had never been to Umzila's, nor did they even know the road to Thomas's. Started at 9.40, after taking leave of Mr. and Mrs. Helm. Outspanned at 11.45, Intaba Zinduna E.N.E. 15 miles. Inspanned at 2.45, and outspanned at 4.50, at River Ungaza (with deep banks and about twenty-five feet wide, deep holes every now and then). Since leaving Umganin, we have always been descending. The kraal close to, *i.e.*, "Umjima." We met an old man on the road we are going, that is, by the Sebakwe and Sebumbum. This is another confirmation of what Lucas told us, and I am not so sorry that the king's men are so ignorant of the road, as, at least, they will let us go our own way, and not lead us astray by "a little knowledge."

Saturday, *June* 5.—The country is very pretty approaching to Thomas's. The trees are larger than any I have seen since Tati.

This river Umguna close to here joins the Umgaza. Thomas was, as he is to every one, very kind. I found he was an observer with the sextant, and had taken some twenty lunar observations to get longitude of Ingati, which he found to be 29° 1′. He has a beautiful garden, irrigated right through the year by a fountain.

Sunday, June 6.—I gave Thomas a little flower of sulphur, and sunrises and sunsets for his place, which he calls Śhiloh. He rang the bell in the morning early, to let the kraal near him know it was Sunday, and at eleven he held a service. About a dozen people were there. We dined with him.

N.B.—On leaving Thomas's for Umhlangin, take the left road (which you come to after leaving him about three quarters of a mile). The left only takes a quarter of an hour more, whilst the right is dreadfully steep.

Monday, June 7.—On getting the other side of the river, we had to wait for the horse which was lost. Promised a "tusa," and it was soon found. Arrived at Umhlangin at 8.30. Waggons of Jamieson, Collinson, Slue, and Dr. Crooks there.

Umhlangin, Tuesday, June 8.—Called on Mr. Sykes, who had called on our waggon early in the morning. Collinson, Slue, and Jamieson called soon after, and we all dined there. Slue played on his zittar.

Wednesday, June 9.—I engaged Boumhla as interpreter of Mashuna, and to help in finding out the road. He will get powder and lead on the road, and for returning—a little, and two blankets. Started at 12.30. Mr. Sykes gave me the rainfall at Ingate for 1879 and 1880. I left for him the times of sunrise and sunset for his place.

Thursday, June 10.—We got up at four and said Mass, and then inspanned, and we were ready to start, when it was found that many of Jamieson's boys had left during the night either to join the army on its way to the king, or to see what was the matter. We had already heard at Thomas's that the king had called together his army, and yesterday, just after we started, there was a report that an enemy was approaching. In the afternoon

plenty of soldiers passed us on their return home, the whole thing being a false alarm.

Judy Griefe recommended, as we cannot get an interpreter for Amashona, to go all the way with us, to get one to go as far as the Sabi. The gentlemen hunters go up the Poort near river Sebakwe, so we shall be with them as far as that.

Friday, June 11.—Masses, as yesterday, at 4.15. Crossing a deep sluit, the shaft of the break-screw broke, and crossing a river a cart of the gentlemen hunters upset.

River Isamankolo or Lungivi is a small stream, sandy and rocky. At the river Lungive we outspanned, and now we are on the direct road again. On getting to the next outspan, as two waggons were far behind, we made up our minds to sleep there.

Saturday, June 12.—The Lungive river is about eighty yards broad—sandy bottom. The largest river since Hacobi river, and broader. The doctor's waggon stuck, and we lent our span, and pulled him across. Soon after starting, after breakfast, Collinson's waggon capsized. Luckily nothing was broken but a bolt—a very essential one; but luckily Jamieson had a spare one with him. Our driver insisted on taking our waggon through the very same sluit, but happily we did not capsize. A touch of fever this evening.

Sunday, June 13.—Not well, a little fever. A very steep descent, and long continued, to Fango river. But all the waggons crossed without accident. It runs rapidly, has a sandy bottom, is about fifty or sixty yards broad. But at this time of the year not all is covered, and so with the other rivers we have crossed.

Monday, June 14.—Gweli is a fine river with rocky and sandy bottom similar to the Fango, about sixty yards across, runs rapidly. The belt we have just crossed was, four years ago, famous for elephants. To-day Jamieson shot a female ostrich sitting on its nest, and Slue shot a water-buck.

Tuesday, June 15.—I believe the old road crosses the Gwenye, in another place, where there are the ruins of two Amandebele kraals.

Wednesday, June 16.—Fever gone to-day.

Thursday, June 17.—River Bobola, outspan to river Sehoyhoy. Hilly country, wooded and clayey soil. River with more body of water than others; rapid. Boulders of granite about twenty yards across, from river Sehoyhoy to next outspan. Beautiful park-like scenery in truth. Red soil. Level for the most part. Passed a small river. The ascent of (? from) the river Sehoyhoy is rather difficult, so if any one thought his oxen could not do it, he might, instead of going straight up, go up the bank diagonally, to the right, which is easy. Slue tells me that a few years ago there were Amandebele kraals on the Sehoyhoy, and also two or three amongst the hills we have lately passed through, and two close to the Gwenye. The hunters unsuccessful to-day. They had seen tracks, quite recent, of the rhinoceros. Brother Sadeleer was so successful in making ostrich egg pancakes for them two evenings ago, that his services were called for again this evening.

June 18.—From outspan to river Impembesi. Plain and wooded. Then begins to be hilly again. From river Impembesi to Spruit, close to river Sebakwe, four miles. Mind, after crossing the Impembesi river, there is a very difficult double turn for a waggon. I don't know how ours did not capsize.

June 19.—Crossed the Sebakwe river about one o'clock. Sebakwe is about one hundred and fifty yards broad, sandy and pebbly bottom. We all had two spans to get up the other side.

June 20.—The course I have laid down is the main course. But the real courses were in every direction. We came from the Poort to the Sebakwe something after this fashion.

Fever again, but not so bad as last. There is an Amaholi kraal close to the Poort, and they came with lots of Kafir and Indian corn. We had enough, but the gentlemen hunters were very glad to get more.

June 21, 1880.—Rode with Slue and Jamieson through Poort, and two miles further along the foot of the mountain towards N.E. Observed Intsha Insimbi to subtend an angle of 39° 13′ 40″, its south end (I suppose) being 15 miles, its northern 25.

Required its length (25·99 miles). Length of Intsha Insimbi in nautical miles. But I only observed the lofty part of Intsha Insimbi.

June 22, 1880.—The gentlemen hunters left at 9 A.M. They have been very civil and kind to us. Left at 1 P.M. with two Mashonas for guides. Kamba Kambo the head one. Fever better. On mounting to the head of the Poort you see Intsha Insimbi before you. All between you and it, large flat, covered with bush. I could see no hills beyond Intsha Insimbi, but it was not very clear.

June 23, 1880.—During the second track Brother Sadeleer shot bless (? buck), which was a great acquisition, as we had twelve mouths to fill. It is well we got hold of the Mashonas to show us the road, as at the end of the second track we had to cross a rather difficult sluit, and it might have taken us some time to find the best place for crossing.

June 24, 1880.—Went over a small hill to avoid crossing the Umsiyati river. Had to cut down a few trees to make a way for the waggon. Rewarded our guide by giving him a soldier's coat, at receiving which he jumped for joy. On starting we had to cross a small river, Intanga Undoba, and then to avoid crossing the hills, and especially to avoid the river Matundjo which was impassable right a-head, we kept S.E. ½ E. for about four miles, and then crossed it. Later on we crossed the Matimati, where we slept. Our guide says, in going to the Sabi he takes a road which avoids certain very rough kraals, as they robbed a waggon, it appears, belonging to Elstop.

June 25, 1880.—Noticed this afternoon the spoor of some waggon, perhaps Lucas'.

June 26, 1880.—We stuck about 7.30 in crossing a soft bit, but got out after ten minutes. About 8.30 we came to a river where we stuck, and after trying some time we outspanned and had breakfast. Inspanned at one again, and after trying without success, we unloaded the waggon and at last got out. I am very glad I resisted putting much into the waggon at Gubuluwayo. It is well our waggon is comparatively light.

June 27, 1880.—After crossing a small river running into the Isi-Sebakwe we outspanned and remained there that day to rest oxen.

June 28, 1880.—Soon after starting we had to cross the Isi-Sebakwe, a very difficult river to cross. It is well we have a really first-rate driver. Arrived at Isigarra, the first kraal since the Poort. Found some Amandebele hunters here, and I sent a letter from here to Fr. de Wit by one of them who was soon returning. The people here seem a nice simple civil people.

June 29, 1880.—The Induna of kraal gave us guides, the head one Chivava, to take us as far as where there is no danger of fly. Crossed three streams to-day. Hottentot and Br. Sadeleer tried hard to shoot some game, but still without success. 3.30 P.M. —There is a range of hills ahead of us about fifteen miles off.

Honotyonemvinvi, June 30, 1880.—Rain prevented us from going on. It cleared up about 3 P.M., but that was too late to be able to reach next outspan before dark, so remained.

July 1, 1880.—Crossed to-day four rivers and one marsh. In the first outspan we stuck one and a quarter hours, and in the second we got stuck in the marsh and had to half unload before we got out. After reloading we went a few yards and there outspanned for the night, two miles from a kraal (Kazumba). Br. Sadeleer's buck is now finished. But it lasted well, eight days.

July 2, 1880.—Fine day after 11 A.M., after very cold damp weather now for three or four days. After two miles got to a small kraal of Amaholi (? Kazumbe.) They seemed to be as those of Isigarra, a nice simple people. What a happiness if soon we may get amongst them. They did not seem to have any cattle except goats. Perhaps they may have found poverty the best security against the Amandebele. Got to the river Sebundo about 3 P.M., which we crossed without difficulty, as time was taken to get a good place. We crossed a stream also near the kraal without difficulty. We have a range of hills N.E. of us, another E. and another S.E. Our outspan this morning was quite a romantic spot. We are just under a beautifully

wooded koppie (?) on the river. On our left, about 100 yards across the road (we have just come up from the river), is another similar koppie, and across the river is beautifully wooded. All through this country the scenery is often very beautiful.

July 3, 1880.—Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps got on the spoor of an eland and followed it, but soon found two lions wanted the eland, and were following its spoor. Somehow or other nothing has been shot since Br. Sadeleer's blessbuck on 23rd June.

July 4, 1880, *Sunday.*—Crossed at about nine the river Sebakwe (the third of that name we have crossed). Runs about fifty yards across rocky and sandy bottom. Crossed also another stream. The Lericks kraal, and I suppose others, are at war with some tribes to the north, perhaps the unfriendly tribes we have been going south to avoid. The Leneh kraal is just at a gap between the Zakulu mountains, through which gap we cross. A range of mountains some twenty miles off, bearing from N.E. to N.W., is called the Umjunga mountains. We started at 1 P.M., but through rashness of our good driver, who, though he heard there was a better place to cross the stream running between us and the kraal, went straight over a very bad place, and down went the hind wheels axle-deep. Unloaded the waggon and then got out and outspanned for the night. Our dissel-boon (?), sprung yesterday going over big stones, was finished in crossing this stream. The people of these kraals are very civil and respectful. During the unloading and loading of the waggon, instead of crowding round to see all we had (as the Amandebele would have done, looking for an occasion of stealing), they all stood at some distance off. The Induna here made a present of a goat, and we gave him a good present of beads and calico. It is amusing to see how soon the people turn anything into an ornament. We had opened some sardine boxes, and amongst the crowd we now see two or three with a sardine box tied on the top of their heads.

July 5, 1880.—Put in a new dissel-boon. The kraal here is

pitched upon the rocks, and in passing these rocky hills we could see every now and then a hut half hidden among rocks, and the amabele (Kaffir corn) safe pitched here and there on the tops of the rocks. I suppose they do this for safety sake. Crossed one stream on the road to the next kraal, Mahatela. This kraal, like Leneb, is on the top of rocks called Invimbi. We could see some people like mere specks on the top of some of them. Soon after arriving, the Induna, a venerable old man, arrived, and made us a present of a buck. We made also a present. He was accompanied by his musician, who sang and danced in our honour till he was tired. Whenever he wished to show particular honour to any one, he danced up to the person and drummed in his ears.

July 6, 1880.—In spite of all the rain, a good many were about the waggon nearly all day. The Mahatela band was in attendance and gave out more agreeable music than the musician of yesterday. The women, seeing the band was rewarded, set off singing, but we had to draw the line somewhere. The rain to-day kept us from going on. We got new guides here, to take us as far as the Sabi, and the merry Chivava, our head guide as far as here, took his leave, rewarded with a red coat.

July 7, 1880.—Inspanned at 10.30. What with cutting down trees, and avoiding big stones, and crossing the most difficult river we have met on the journey (the Inyama Maturi), we were not far when 3 P.M. came, when we outspanned. In crossing the Inyama Maturi, according to all principles of equilibrium, the waggon ought to have capsized by taking too short a turn. I really believe the Angel Guardian held it up. At least we all agreed we ought to sing a "Te Deum," which we did.

July 8, 1880.—At the last outspan there is a small eminence, close from which a magnificent panorama can be seen. The part from N.N.E. to S.E. was very pretty. Towards east, fifteen to twenty miles off, there were ranges of hills roughly serrated, and beyond, other ranges beautifully lighted by the setting sun. There was the Inyamabeli, and a little N.E. by N. behind it an-

other range running up in N.W. direction, which is the Umtigesi range.

July 9, 1880.—Since about June 25, on the average we had to cross either a river or a stream, or marsh, at least every mile. It was impossible to write them all. At about 3 P.M. I was astonished to hear the familiar words, "Tusa mnali," the true mark of the Amandebeli, and sure enough there were two Amandebeli there, from a kraal, Aoyosangweni. Apparently they are up here to act as spies or police. We got most important information from them, to wit, that we were on the wrong road, and going direct for the fly. Indeed I have been perplexed ever since Isigavva, as to why we were going so much to the S. of E., but I was always assured we were going on the road to Sehumhum. These men pointed out where Sehumhum was, *i.e.*, behind some hills bearing about N.E. instead of S.E., as we were heading before. This afternoon two women, to welcome us, kept up with the waggon for about half an hour, dressing themselves with branches of trees, running here and there, and occasionally prostrating themselves before the waggon, and crying out, "Wee, wee, wee!" Poor things! may this be an earnest of what their people will do for the Holy Faith before long. One good thing comes from our missing the road. It is, that we have, as it were, explored the people through whom we passed, and a nicer and simpler people you could not find. The Induna of a kraal close to, brought a present of a goat and an immense pot of Utywala, (Kafir beer). I mention the kraal, because if we ask Lobengula to have a mission here, it might be well to live near the kraal. This might drown his suspicion, &c.

("We may not yet expect that Lobengula will allow us a station there, as those Mashona tribes are his tributaries and subjects. It is almost sure that he will not have them more clever and instructed than his own people."—*Father de Witt's note.*)

No better place for a mission than near here. There are plenty of kraals all round, filled with apparently good simple people.

July 10, 1880.—Our guides from Mahabele now admit that they do not know the road to Sehumhum, and hence we get guides that do from a kraal close by. We stuck in a deep sluit for about an hour, but got out without unloading, and outspanned just past a kraal built upon the top of the rock. We had a better view of this kraal than of any of the others so built. It was curious to see the people perched upon rocks some one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet high, and seated there alongside of their huts. At . . . (?) got to a magnificent river to look at, but not to cross in a waggon. It is the Inyazityi, and taking its rise S. of the Umtegesa Hills, runs into the Sabi. I have seldom or ever seen a grander river. When I first got to it, the wild confusion of debris of rocks piled upon one another in every kind of fantastic way, the large surface of table-like rock washed clear of all rocks once upon it, and now washed away, put me in mind of the floes described by Kane and others in the Arctic regions. If the scene was grand now in the dry season, what would it be in the wet season, with torrents of water rushing along these rocks? We looked at one place that was spoken of as a crossing place, but it was thought better to wait till to-morrow, and then look well for a place.

Sunday, July 11, 1880.—At noon started, and having found an open better place to cross the river, we crossed successfully. We had to cross three branches of it, or rather we crossed over to an island, and then had two branches to cross. The rest of the afternoon till 3.30 we made but little way, as we had to cut our way through the trees all the way. Br. Sadeleer shot a zebra this evening, *July* 12, 1880.

Tuesday, July 13, 1880.—We see hills upon hills between N.W. and N.E. I suppose they must all belong to the Umtegesa range. We outspanned under a koppie near a very curious tree, about thirty feet round at the base, called by the natives the Wenkomo. On the koppies, too, there were some trees with their trunks a perfect cone of reddish colour. A baboon—he must have been larger than a man—took a look at us from the

summit of a rock. Br. Hedley thought he saw a mandril. Br. Sadeleer shot one zebra, and Cape Corps another this afternoon. Plenty of cutting down to clear the road, which makes progress slow. This has specially been the case since the Inyazityi river. Sehumhum is close here, and the people were glad to get meat.

Wednesday, July 14, 1880.—At the last outspan we see hills about six or seven miles off, which are the other side of the Sabi. Eastern extremity N. 56° E.

July 15, 1880.—Heard Sabi distinctly this morning, so it must be close. Our guides wanted to stop here, but we had none to take their place, so we sent back some of them with Cape Corps to Sehumhum, to get guides to take us further. They arrived about two. Inspanned, and in less than an hour we were on the banks of the Sabi. We thought it better to wait till next day to take our time in looking for a good place to cross, as we did not see any very good ones.

July 16, 1880.—At about 11, Br. Sadeleer having looked and not found a better place to cross than one just opposite, we crossed by it, and all went right, with no hitch, so, thank God, we are on the other side of the Sabi, and we have just got there on a feast of Mary. May she bless us in the new country into which we have just entered. At about two we got into a dreadful sluit, and the bed of the waggon was lifted right out of its place. The hole was so deep that the oxen in falling into it seemed to have just their heads visible. Unloaded, and then the waggon on being pulled out righted itself. The hind wheels had been this way // and at the same time the front wheels were this way \\ The Sabi is, where we crossed, eighty yards from bank to bank, but about forty yards were covered with water. The deepest part where we crossed was about 2½ feet. The river, the Impopopo, runs into the Sabi about a mile higher up the Sabi.

Saturday, July 17, 1880.—Great work in cutting through the bush to make way for the waggon. R. Umlope is about twenty yards across—rocks and sands—easy crossing.

Sunday, July 18, 1880.—Very fine mountains from north to

east. Passing through very fine trees with beautiful foliage. All to-day we have been skirting the Amahanko hills, and are close to the eastern end now (3.20 P.M.) They are rocky and rough-looking, and have few trees on them. No spoors of elephants about as yet. Some few of ostriches. Plenty of quaggas (?), koodoos, &c.

July 19, 1880, *noon.*—Surprised to hear this morning that we should soon be at the Sabi, *i.e.*, the big Sabi, and the one we crossed was only the little one. I inquired where the Verahati river, marked in Baines's map, was. The natives don't even know the name. The big Sabi is here about eighty yards across rocks and sands. The sand with patches of reeds, the tops of which the oxen seem to prefer to everything else. The greater part of the bed of the river is not covered with water now, as was the case with all the big rivers we have crossed. All the Amabele (*or* Amaholi?—W.T.L.) through whom we have passed are very timid of white men till they see of what kind you are. I hear the Boers' conduct has caused that. Some were seen to-day, but ran off and were no more seen.

Tuesday, July 20, 1880.—Waited till noon for arrival of two of our guides, who went yesterday to see if they could get other guides. They returned without any, and then all wished to leave. After some trouble they were induced to go further, principally through the tact of Br. Sadeleer. As Tom our driver and Cape Corps said they knew a good place for crossing further down the river, we went down in that direction. We found the place for crossing, but the difficulty of getting down to the river was as bad as crossing four bad rivers. So that place had to be given up. The guides said they knew a place much further down, and moreover that by crossing near our last outspan, we should come across some large rivers on the other side, and so we made up our minds to follow them. I was glad to find ourselves going south at last.

Wednesday, July 21, 1880.—Very lofty mountains in the N.E. The natives call the whole range running down the other side of

the Sabi, the Imalongo mountains. Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps each shot a buck. They could have shot many more. We arrived at the Sabi once more about 4 P.M. Just opposite us there is a large sheet of water about one hundred and fifty yards across. Higher up the water flows over the rocks. However, this is not the place promised by our guides. All about here the Sabi runs through very high hills. No wonder it is so large.

Thursday, July 22.—Went along the banks of the river about a mile and got to the promised place. However, no signs of a place to cross. We heard that there was another place still further down, some little way. So Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps started at 1 P.M. with a guide to see the place. They returned about sunset, but reported there was no possibillty of a waggon crossing there. On the road they shot a buck.

Friday, July 23.—We went on to see the place where we could take our goods across; for in any case if we crossed here we should have to empty the waggon. The place was difficult but possible. We then went to inspect the place where it was said the waggon could cross. It looked just fair, and it was decided, considering all things, it was better to try rather than go back a very difficult road to where we were on the 20th. The way the black people of the place went about in deep places, and even swam about, made me less afraid for our driver and leader as to crocodiles. At 1 P.M. we went down with the waggon to the sand and then unloaded, as we thought it was also as good a place as any to carry the goods across. We then made a start with the waggon. But it is not as easy with a waggon as for men on foot who could feel their way and return when they found they were getting into deep water. The oxen floundered about, and at last got into such deep water that both the leading oxen and the leader had to swim; besides, the rocks were so big that if the waggon came across them nothing could prevent its being capsized. So the chain was unhooked and the waggon pulled out hindforemost. We reloaded and returned to the outspan.

Saturday, *July* 24, 1880.—We inspanned at 9, intending to go back to our first outspan on banks of Sabi, where there was certainly a fair place to cross. But when we got just past where we were at 4 P.M. on the 21st, one of our guides (we have now got new guides) told us he had now found a good place to cross. So Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps went to inspect. It was found good. We went down to the place, half unloaded, and crossed, Deo gratias, et sanctis Angelis ejus, without any accident, with the exception of drawing the dissel-boon, which was quickly repaired. The place we crossed will be about in lat. 19° 10′ 15″, just about eight hundred yards higher up than where we slept on the 21st. We are told that the Sabi is rather high up for this time of year. The deepest part we crossed was up to a man's waist.

Sunday, *July* 25, 1880.—Put in a new dissel-boon and started at 12. Crossed the river Singwosi; steep banks, not much water, and about fifty yards across. Saw the recent spoor of a rhinoceros. There is an Amaholi kraal close here. Plenty of lions said to be here; and the guides, not content with the usual branches for a shelter from the wind, made themselves a regular enclosure with a small entrance.

Monday, *July* 26, 1880.—All our guides but the head one went home, as they had seen the spoor of some men going in the direction of their kraal, and they thought their kraal was going to be attacked.

July 27, 1880.—It turned out that the men whose spoor was seen yesterday were only out hunting. The Induna recommend sending on to the chief of the Amaholi of these parts to say we are on our way to Umzila's, which we accordingly do. Many of the kraal came down to see the waggon, evidently a curiosity for them all. Our oxen happened to pass near our waggon, and at once there was a cry among all the children, and they ran away with fear, taking the oxen for wild buffaloes. It seems that here they get their gunpowder from across the Zambesi, where it is made by the natives. I am also told they make guns. Brother Sadeleer says, perhaps it is the white men who do this. The

people here are nice and quiet, like all the Amaholi through whom we have passed. The truth is, I expect that those who give such bad accounts of the Amaholi were a good deal the cause of any bad treatment they received from them. No one has stolen anything from our waggon, and their behaviour always and everywhere has been a thousand times better than that of the Amandabele, or rather there was positively nothing to complain of in them.

Wednesday, July 28.—Cape Corps shot an eland, and there was a great feast for Isilambeyo.

Thursday, July 29.—The messengers arrived at 3.30 from the Amaholi chief saying that it was all right, we could go on. We constantly hear of small fights about to be amongst this people. A curious thing is that they salute here by shaking hands, and they salute also a man when he comes to join the rest by clapping their hands.

Friday, July 30. 10 A.M. to 1.—From river Inkuni to river Upemene, running N. of Ishilinda Hill. Trees thick. Delayed much by clearing away. 1 P.M.—Lat. 19° 10′ 40″; long. 32° 12′ 30″. 3 to 4.30 P.M.—River Upemene to just abreast (N. of) the kraal on Ishilinda Hill. River Upeme a small one. The kraal on Ishilinda Hill is, like most of the kraals, high among the rocks. It has a most curious appearance, looking like a lot of bee-hives altogether, and from a little way off they appear as if stuck to the side of the precipice; for you cannot see the ledges upon which they rest. They must be very careful with the children, or else I should think many must be killed falling from the rocks. 4.30 P.M.—Lat. 19° 13′ 31″, long. 32° 14′ 4″.

Saturday, July 31, 1880. 10 A.M. to 12.—From outspan just N. half a mile of Ishilinda Hill to outspan S.W. of Amakombe Hill, where the kraal *Amalanga* is, and there the head chief of the Amaholi resides. Lat. 19° 15′ 17″, long. 32° 15′ 54″. The view from here of the country through which we have passed lately (?), and we can see the high mountains near Umzila's kraal, but the view in that direction is cut off for the

most part by nearer hills. Amalanga, the chief, sent to ask us to bring the waggon nearer, and to say he would call to-morrow. So we went about a quarter of a mile nearer. His kraal is very much like the one at Ishilinda Hill, but not so curious-looking, as you can see where the huts stand. Lat. by observation 19° 15′ 25″. 5 P.M.—Long. 32° 16′ 5″.

Sunday, August 1, 1880.—I heard that Amalanga's people had said that we should come nearer still, so I told Lobengula's boy to let them know that the waggon could not easily go nearer, and that even if it could, we had done enough to show him respect, that we were on our way from Lobengula to Umzila, and that we were anxious to get on. About 9, he sent down a sheep and some utjwala. Watch slow on appointed time. 4.31 (calculations). Lat. 19° 15′ 25″. About 12 he came. 1. We thanked him for the sheep and utjwala. 2. We made him a present of a black blanket, and a leg of the zebra shot yesterday. 3. We were afraid it was too much to take the sheep from him, as we could get plenty of game on the road. It would make his heart sore if we did not keep it. 4. We asked for guides for the road. Here he said we had not made him a large enough present, so although we had, we gave him another black blanket and a little gunpowder which he asked for. He promised to have the guides ready for to-morrow. We found he wanted us to shoot some game for him, so Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps went off to hunt, at which he was very glad, but they returned with nothing. Poor Rosinante (our old horse) must have been astonished at the consternation he caused during the conference.

Monday, August 2, 1880.—It is said that the chief guide has not yet arrived, and hence we still wait. The many delays of our journey put me in mind of those games on geography where you spin the teetotum, and, according to its number, travel from place to place, till you get to the last place on the map. But after you are told, on referring to the number you have arrived at, "Stay here two turns of the teetotum to visit the cathedral and other buildings in the city." . . . Have been trying the last

four days to get a lunar observation, but have been disappointed, and now I must wait for the next moon.

Tuesday, August 3, 1880.—Here we are still waiting. 1 P.M.—It is said the chief is coming down. But we must start this evening, guides or no guides. At about 2 P.M. Amalanga did come. I told him we were very anxious to get on, and that we should start this evening, and that I hoped he would give us some guides at once. The other, if he had not arrived, might follow. He said all right, we might start. Last of all, and that I expect was at the bottom of all the delay, he asked whether Umzila knew we were coming. We explained to him that he knew through Lobengula we were coming, and that Lobengula's boys were with us. This we had already said. He seemed then to be satisfied, and he appointed three boys, who would be paid a blanket each, and now we paid them before the chief. Started at 3.30. When the oxen made their appearance there was a great rush amongst the children and women, and two or three trees were soon filled with little boys. Outspanned Ishilinda Hill, W. 10° 5′ one and a half miles. Inyarde, S. extremity, highest point about E. lat. 19° 13′ 14″, long. 32° 16′ 10″. We have thus to retrace our steps a short way. None of the Amaholi dared to take us anywhere but to their chief first. This evening a thing happened which might have ended in finishing the whole expedition. It appears that when at Amalanga some of the worst spirits among the people proposed killing us all and taking the waggon, but the head men and chief would not listen to it, nor do I suppose that anything like the bulk of the people ever dreamt of such a thing. The Amaholi were talking about this round the fire, and Cape Corps, catching some words, began to quarrel with one of them. One of the Lobengula's boys put his gun away, but he got hold of it, and Br. Sadeleer just arrived in time to prevent his actually shooting the Iholi. Of course his gun was put safely away in the waggon.

Wednesday, August 4, 1880.—The Iholi with whom Cape Corps quarrelled was slightly wounded in the leg with a hatchet.

He was tuso'd (got a *tuso* present) with some white calico, and all seemed to be in good humour again. Cape Corps shot a zebra yesterday, for Amalanga and his boys take it to him to-day. N.E. by N. 4″. Delayed much by cutting down trees. Going abreast of Inyavuka Hill. Outspanned just past a swamp.

Latitude, 19° 10′ 27″
Longitude, 32° 18′ 20″

We have to go N. of Inyvuka Hill to avoid the fly.

Thursday, August 5, 1880.—To outspan with Amahenbe mountains N.E. about six miles, and Inyavuka just S. Latitude, 19° 10′ 40″ at noon. At noon, at our outspan, an Induna came, purporting to be the Induna of another chief, Hambehusuku, saying we ought to go to him too. As it was far, I said it was impossible to go out of our way. I was told he was the chief who killed white people, &c., and here comes the difficulty. I was always afraid of a collision with the natives. Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps were out hunting at the time. When they returned, we talked over the matter.

Friday, August 6, 1880.—The brothers went to communion, and we all prayed to act for the best. It was decided that we should certainly go on. It would be weakness to do anything else, nor would it avoid the danger, so we go on in Nomine Domini, praying that all may go straight.

N.E. to outspan, Amapembe mountain, an immense rock towering above other hills, and like a slanting cone. At the outspan our guides from Amalanga are told by others of the Amaholi, that Hambehusuku, the chief of whom I spoke, would kill them all if they were found with us. One left, the others said they would go on. P.M. 2–5, N.E. 3–5.

Oh! the dreadful thing I have to tell now! F. Wehl, just towards the end of the outspan, was missed. I had seen him about one and a half hours before, walking a little far, but still in sight of the waggon. He was very fond of solitude, apparently, and often laughed at anything like risk at being far from the waggon. We at once fired guns, five discharges, one after the

other, which must have told him, good father, if he were still alive, where the waggon was. Nor for a little did we doubt but that he would soon appear. When after a quarter of an hour (an ox fell into a pit), we had outspanned and he did not appear, we were really alarmed. We sent out all our boys (Amaholi), with promise of great rewards if they found him. They returned without having seen him. Br. Sadeleer remarked directly we missed him, "I don't think he is alive now." What a night we passed! The loss of good F. Wehl, on the top of our other anxieties, for we did not know at what moment we might be attacked.

Saturday, August 7, 1880.—At daybreak we sent out the boys again. They returned at noon saying something of their having found his spoor, but with nothing more. We sent them out again with promises of large presents should they bring him back. They returned some of them, at five P.M., saying they had found his spoor down at the river ahead of us, and that four of them would stay and follow it up. I took the resolution to-day, in case we cannot find the dear father, to leave the waggon and walk to Umzila's. My reason is this. If we go on, all of us, even Cape Corps, who is not at all afraid, says we are certain to be attacked. Rather than have this collision, where, first, we should have to use fire-arms with the natives, and, second, the probability is we should all be killed, and the waggon, of course, taken, I prefer to save the lives of the people committed to my care, and to sacrifice the waggon, which would almost certainly go in any case. If I were not a religious I would go on, for then I could be sure it would be an out-and-out defence.

Sunday, August 8, 1880.—No news of dear F. Wehl. Latitude here, 19° 6′ 28″; longitude, 32° 23′ 12″. Mount Amapembe W. by S. two or three miles. River Umgazi ahead of us running into Sabi. Umzila's kraal will be about due south eighty-seven and a half miles. Amalanga sent to tell us yesterday we had better take another road, through a kloop we have passed about one and a half miles back, not so good as the one ahead, but we

should not then have to pass through Hambehusuku's territory. Of course we cannot tell if Amalanga says this in sincerity or not, but it is enough to make us resolve at present to stick by the waggon.

Monday, August 9, 1880.—It was said on Saturday that some men had seen the father sitting on a rock near the river, but had been afraid to go near him. This morning these very men came to our waggon, and it was evident they had really seen him. So there is good hope still. I sent out more boys with bread and wine, and paper and pencil, to follow up the spoor of the four boys who went on Saturday, and have not yet returned, and to bring news as quickly as possible as to the state of the father in case they find him. Latitude, 19° 3′ 52″. News came about one P.M., that they could not find F. Wehl. From many things we judged that he was certainly dead. We also understood that the whole river was watched with the intention of attacking us. So I came to the resolution of leaving the waggon. We started at 9 P.M. and walked till 6 A.M. Altogether about twelve miles. The horse, &c., in pits. No fire. (See September 1.)

Tuesday, August 10, 1880.—Poor Zambesi would insist upon carrying a lot of blankets, and yet could not keep up, and so after waiting for him, at last we missed him altogether. Perhaps he may make his way to Gubuluwayo. We rested and hid till sunset in some high grass. Whilst there, one of the king's boys saw a whole lot of men walking in the direction of our waggon. Where we hid, was near where we were on the night of the 4th. Went on at sunset till about nine, but the difficulties of the road were great at night, and we did not make more than four or five miles.

Wednesday, August 11, 1880.—Started again at 3 A.M., and walked on till sunrise, and then two other walks of an hour each. To-day ventured to light a fire and had coffee. We have been going about S. by W. since sunrise yesterday, and may have made about sixteen miles. Saw the tetse fly for the first time.

B. Sadeleer shot a buffalo, but we had not time to wait to find him. Had our first all night in. A little drizzle rain.

Thursday, *August* 12.—Started at seven. No sun, and so could not tell exactly the direction to take. Stumbled across a kraal of two families, and were told the direction in which the Sabi was. They had no food to sell, as they were hungry themselves. A quarter of an hour after leaving, we shot a black rhinoceros and a young one, and so got a very good dinner and a supply of meat. (The two families would have been glad too!) Plenty of rivers all through our journey. After making two miles W. by S., we came to the Sabi. I did not like crossing it, but the boys wanted it, not for themselves, but for B. Hedley and me, as in case of attack from Amalanga's father (whose kraal is ahead of us), they could run if necessary, but not we. So we crossed it. Providentially, we hit on the Sabi exactly at a place where the natives cross it, and we crossed it without difficulty. I think it would be about ten miles S. of where we crossed it in the waggon. Sabi very wide here, perhaps altogether one hundred and fifty or two hundred. Slept where we crossed. To-day S.W. about five miles.

Friday, *August* 13, 1880.—Went on in the morning along the Sabi (which ran S.) about five and a half miles. Passed a large group of palm-trees and a tall one. Went on another four miles in the afternoon. The cactus-tree and its fruit.

Saturday, *August* 14, 1880.—Passed two or three small kraals. Tried to buy some corn or meal, but they either had none or did not wish to sell it. This morning we finished the last of the rhinoceros, and there is nothing left but a small piece of the Australian dampers we took with us. So our dinner was small, and our supper still smaller. Thank God, the health of all keeps good. We made about nine miles to-day.

Sunday, *August* 15, 1880, *Assumption*.—Our Blessed Lady helped us and would not let us fast altogether on her great feast, and so after one and a half miles we came to a small kraal where we bought meal and beans, enough for two days, and a little salt.

I said Mass on a rock in the bed of the Sabi. The Sabi has run south all the time we have gone along it. How thankful one feels, and how heartily one says grace after meals, when living as we are living now. After a good breakfast for us all, Cape Corps, Tom, and Isihlahla started at noon to hunt, and we remained where we were. They returned at two, having shot nothing. We started at four, and after going four and a half miles we came upon a large troop of red bucks in a grove of palms, and shot two. How grateful we felt! and we thought it was the Blessed Virgin who sent them. Slept in the bed of the Sabi. Three miles to-day.

Monday, August 16, 1880.—Happiness of Mass again. Remarks. The natives make the salt, which is very good, and looks like brown sugar, from some of the sand of the Sabi boiling and straining off, I believe. Plenty of buffaloes, lions, rhinoceroses, bucks, but no elephants along the road we have come. We have not yet seen any hippopotamuses. The bed of the Sabi is in some places very broad, as much as three or four hundred yards. We have high hills to the S.E. of us. The hills of Umzila's Amaholi, we are told. I think we must (be?) about forty miles from where we shall have to cross the Sabi again. I think we have sufficiently solved the question as to whether you can go by waggon from Lobengula to Umzila. Even before we crossed the Sabi in the waggon, we all agreed that it would never do to go by waggon to Umzila's. The difficulties of the road would make it so long, and the danger to the waggon would be too great. After crossing the Sabi, you cannot depend upon the natives for showing you the right road. After taking us to Amalanga, one of our guides admitted he had not taken us the right road, but he was afraid to take us anywhere without first taking us to his chief. Even had it been possible to get through those robber chiefs without being attacked, how, to be sure, would they not direct us to where the fly was? And the Amaholi themselves told us they did not know how we should ever get up the hills between them and Umzila's in a waggon. And almost certainly, without

scaling those hills, it would be impossible to avoid the fly. With regard to dear Father Wehl, the last I saw of him was when I was sitting with Brother Sadeleer in front of the waggon. Brother Sadeleer remarked, "The Father goes too far from the waggon." I answered, "Yes, I will tell him to keep nearer when he returns," for then, he was about two hundred yards away, but in sight of us. Afterwards, Brother Hedley said the last he saw of him was walking some distance from the waggon with a lot of Amaholi following him. Whenever we outspanned, Father Wehl had the habit of going to some retired place to study or pray, and we often had to shout loud to bring him to dinner, &c., and even then sometimes he was too far to hear. He always laughed at fear from natives, lions, crocodiles, &c. When he was missed, the guns we fired must have told him where we were, if, indeed, he was alive then. As the Amaholi evidently intended, sooner or later, to attack the waggon, they never would have left a white man alive, if they could conveniently kill him, as they would have thought they left another white man to defend the waggon. *We* could not leave the waggon, as that would have given them an opportunity, both of killing those who went in search and taking the waggon and killing those who remained in it. We were too few to separate. When Brother Sadeleer rewarded *well* those who had gone in search of the dear Father, he remarked that the other Amaholi, with them, laughed, as much as to say, "What fools these white men are to pay so well men who searched for nothing but a dead man." We left word before going, that should the Father still turn up, the chief who should send him to Umzilas would get twenty blankets and beads in quantity, as large as a man's head, an enormous reward in their eyes. But that we did without the least hope of his being still alive. For these Amaholi, knowing the country so well, and being so clever at taking up a spoor, certainly knew, after full three days' search, where he was. They said they could not find him, which meant he was dead, *i.e.*, killed. Four miles to-day.

Tuesday, *August* 17, 1880.—Five miles to-day. Sabi very

pretty from the palm-trees. Passed plenty of little kraals, the people of which refine salt. They dig it out of pits along the Sabi. The Sabi now takes a bend towards the East, towards lofty and steep mountains—the other side the mountains we should have had to scale in the waggon.

Wednesday, August 18, 1880.—Our road always along the Sabi, which now is close to the mountains. We have from the beginning followed well-trod footpaths, but the road is very tiring from having so often to descend and ascend deep kloofs, and the path being winding we walk much, but make not so much as we walk. It is noteworthy that of all the beds of rivers running into the Sabi this side, we only crossed one with water in it. Where is the little Sabi and the great Inyamazityi? Do they run into the Sabi above where we crossed last, or later on still than where we are now? Went about eight miles to-day. At about 5, to our great joy, we came upon one of Umzila's kraals. It was music to our ears to hear the Zulu tongue again. The head man, Tjekatjeka, a very jolly, hearty fellow, was very kind and promised us boys to carry our loads, and to show us the road across the drift. He gave us some meal, and would not take anything for it. When I told him how much obliged I was to him for his great kindness, he answered, "Oh, we are the men of the chief." We all felt very grateful to God for leading us into port, so to speak, after such rough weather. Our boys spoke to our hospitable friend about Amalonga and Hambehusuku (without, however, as yet telling him who we were, although he perhaps guessed, as he told us, a waggon with white men and two of Lobengula's boys were expected, and he knew we came from Gubuluwayo, and were going to Umzila's, and, moreover, we were not on the proper road from Gubuluwayo.) He had been up there himself with an Impi, and had passed the same judgment upon those two chiefs that we had. He said they murdered all who came into their country.

Thursday, August 19, 1880.—Two of Umzila's people started with us at 8 to take us to the nearest big Induna. They re-

lieved us a great deal of our loads. Walked three and a quarter miles and then crossed the Sabi, deepest part up to the middle. On to-day five miles more. The Umzila people with us were told our story this morning. They were very indignant at Hamb'ehusuku and Amalonga, and say that Umzila will kill them and perhaps make the Amaholi bring the waggon over. Our misfortunes may make Umzila our friend, as by the same acts we have been injured and he insulted. For the Amaholi, we hear, are his subjects, and Amalonga and Hambehusuku nothing more than Indunas of his.

Friday, August 20, 1880.—Only went about two miles, as I was very tired out, and Br. Hedley anything but fresh. But one of Umzila's went to the town ahead to the Induna —— (?) our story, and he will probably send on at once to Umzila's. Br. Sadeleer and Cape Corps shot two bucks.

Saturday, August 21, 1880.—Walked nine and a half miles towards the town ahead. Passed several small Amaholi kraals. They made offerings of meal to us gratis, and we gave them meat. Met U-nota, one of Umzila's men, on the road, who told us Umzila had sent out parties of men at the new moon to look for the waggon, and he was one of them. It was very civil of Umzila. Along this side of the Sabi we have passed some magnificent trees. Slept with the Sabi just below us.

Sunday, August 22, 1880.—Said Mass close to the river and then went on. Br. Sadeleer shot a koodo, and so we were delayed by the cutting of it up, and getting carriers to carry it. Seven miles to-day. Arrived at an Amaholi kraal where the Induna was one of Umzila's and received us very well. At the kraal they had just brought in a lot of elephant's flesh. They had found the elephant dead, the other side of the river, where there are plenty of elephants, they say. The stench in the kraal was terrible.

Monday, August 23, 1880.—After four and a half miles arrived at the great Induna's, just after crossing a very rapid stream—Utangando. First one told the story, then Tjekatjeka, and then

Isihlahla, Lobengula's boy. They all stood up and made speeches on their subject, the Induna sitting down with his people and listening. It was curious to observe the solemnity and order with which all this was carried on. And if you had looked at the Induna's face, he was as solemn as a judge, without any movement to show what his feelings were. At the end of each speech he made an answer, beginning always, "I have heard you," and to Lobengula's boy, "I have heard you, child of Matyebana" (off duty the Induna was as jolly as possible.) He said his heart was sore at hearing this, and said he expected we should get our things back. He put us up at his kraal. We made him a present of a buck, one out of two shot this morning. Soon after he sent us some Utjwala and a goat. Really, how kindly we are received among this people! May it be blessed to their getting the holy faith.

Tuesday, *August* 24, 1880.—Detained all day waiting for some meal which we are out of, and which the Induna has been kind enough to send for, for us. It was a pity, as it was a fine day for walking. No sun. However, we rested well.

Wednesday, *August* 25, 1880.—Walked fifteen miles to-day. One buck shot. The Induna went with us. On the road met three Amandebele, some of the marriage party going to Umzila's. So we shall have solemnities here too, like those we had at Gubuluwayo last year. We have had no tsetse fly since the 21st.

Thursday, *August* 26, 1880.—Started at seven, and after two miles crossed the Dinyamandi river, and had a very tiring walk till two P.M., with only an occasional short rest. No tsetse. I fancy the Induna is going all the way with us. He is very kind and very jolly. To-day U-nota was sent to the king to tell our story.

Friday, *August* 27, 1880.—Three bucks shot, and then went on four miles. The Induna makes requisitions through all the Amaholi kraals through which we pass, for people to carry loads, and meat, and also for meal, &c. I suppose it is their way of levying taxes, for the reason given is always that we are on our way to the king. No tsetse.

Saturday, August 28, 1880.—Long walk to-day from seven A.M. to three P.M., with a short rest for lunch or dinner. Our small stock of coffee finished yesterday morning. We first passed through a wood about four or five miles, and the rest of the road, about ten or eleven, through a long poort, through the mountain (Amabota) which separates Umzila's kraal from the Sabi. Slept at a deserted kraal. Heard that Amalonga had sent to Umzila to say there was a waggon there. Fifteen and a half (? miles) to-day.

Sunday, August 29, 1880.—Unhappily we could have no Mass. It was impossible. This want of Mass is a great privation. Heavy and tiring walk of eight miles up and down hill. Saw oxen for the first time since our own.

Monday, August 30, 1880.—Waited where we were for the arrival of U-nota from Umzila. He arrived at noon. Umzila wants us to come on as soon as we can, and says we are to have utjwala wherever we pass. He has already sent for the waggon, and has ordered that Amalonga give up his blankets that we had given him. Started at three, but only went one and a half miles. We were sorry, for we were so anxious to have this journey at an end. For it is telling upon us all. Even B. Sadeleer is very tired. However he always carried a heavy load till lately, and besides he had hunting in addition to his walking.

Tuesday, August 31, 1880.—Went on about five miles, when we left the hills. We had a little feast on bananas on the road. Then went about two and a half miles along the large plain in which Umzila's kraal is. He lives on the river, Ilongweni (south of it), two days and a half, seventy miles, from Sofala. Arrived there at two. Waited on the river about two hours, but did not see Umzila. Put up at a little hut, the north side of the river. We have walked one hundred and seventy miles since we left the waggon. Thirty-three to the Sabi, thirty-nine to Utyekatjeke, thirty-one to Induna, sixty-seven to Umzila. We changed our Itinerarium to-day for a Te Deum. God has been indeed good to us on the road. On arriving at the hut we found three great

Indunas sitting in a kind of court, and Isiblahla was called to tell our story. They were very kind, and told us how sorry they were. One of them, a fat jovial-looking fellow, Amakitjama by name, was especially amusing, for although he was sincere in his sorrow, good potations of utjwala had made him still more tender.

Wednesday, September 1, 1880.—Umzila sent us about two hundred and fifty pounds of Kafir corn, and later in the day sent us a young ox, which the three aforesaid Indunas brought. I had just been thinking how our commissariat would get on, and had just read through the Roman Catechism on "Panem Nostram," to help me to pray for it. The Roman Catechism, A'Kempis, and Horæ Diurnæ, is my whole library at present. Here I will say a little more of the night of our leaving the waggon, as it may interest some. Before night, bundles had been made up for each one, and all the gunpowder had been poured into a keg (?), so that none might be left in the hands of the Amaholi. We took a good dinner, and then waited till our Amaholi guides were quiet, lying down near the fire. When all was ready, the horse was saddled, for B. Sadeleer wanted me very much to ride, although I foresaw the horse would be more in the way than of any use, considering it was so dark, and the road so difficult. Then we dropped silently away into the bush, by ones and twos, till we all met a little way off the waggon. It was thought better to go by the road we came, as knowing it better, we could get on quicker. We started in single file, for there are plenty of deep holes dug for wild beasts, some of them with spikes at the bottom, and so a leader of sharp eye was wanted in front. We lost one of our oxen by falling into one the evening we lost good F. Wehl. I found travelling on a horse very inconvenient, for what with branches of trees coming in one's face and breast I was nearly knocked off several times. At last in a rocky place the horse fell on his side, further on he fell in a hole, on his back, and we could not get him out, so we left him, and I was not sorry. At intervals we rested, and were glad of it, as the burdens

of all were heavy. The boys, although given new blankets in place of their old things, would insist on carrying their old things too, and so were overburdened, and we had to throw away at a great loss the gunpowder, except what was in two or three flasks. B. Sadeleer carried a prodigious weight, how I can't conceive, and continued to carry it till we met with Ulyeketjeka. We carried the Mass things, my journal, the papers, medicines; we had a few pills, relics, and a few other odds and ends. Our cooking-pot was a grease pot, and we carried two pannikins, some bread and a little coffee, and we trusted to the guns for the rest. I think our bush life of three weeks and a day did us all good, and taught us a good deal. Not that it would be good to continue it, but it accustomed us to get on with a few things, and it especially made us feel, as it were, the touch of the fatherly providence of God. Contrary to what I was led to expect, there are no resident Portuguese or Europeans in the country. The Portuguese just come and go between Sofala and here, which they say is only two days and a half from here. But I have seen no Europeans as yet to talk to. And now we pray God to give us the daily bread of Holy Mass. It is impossible at present, as we have not a hut to ourselves, but the Induna and others live in it as well.

Thursday, September 2, 1880.—We have not seen the king as yet. I am very anxious to see him, as I want to arrange to send off news to F. de Wit, and to Europe. I spend my time in listening to people talking, and talking myself, to learn the language, and in meditating the Roman Catechism.

N.B.—It is evident we must open the communication with Sofala. It is the only place where we can get things, and it is not far. I think of walking there if we see no Portuguese soon.

Friday, September 3, 1880.—Still we do not see the king. I hear he was holding council with the Indunas to-day about the waggon affair. Evidently our good Induna, like all others here, and amongst the Amandabele, are very afraid of the chief, and so he does not like to take us to the chief uninvited. To-day

two Amandabele (one Untapaise), nice fellows, called. They expressed great sorrow at seeing "white men of *theirs*," as they called us, with our waggon gone, and in a little hut lying on the ground. One of them came from Inyatini, near Hope Fountain. He promised when he returned to take letters. He said the marriage party had arrived.

Saturday, September 4, 1880.—Still waiting, but we hear we are to see the chief to-morrow.

Sunday, September 5, 1880.—At 11 A.M. we went to the chief. He is a quiet, sedate-looking man of about fifty or fifty-five years of ago. There seems to be more ceremony in approaching him than Lobengula. It was settled that B. Sadeleer goes with Tom and Cape Corps to the waggon, and that B. Hedley and myself and Lobengula's boys remain here. Umzila wanted us all to go, but we told him Br. Hedley and myself were unfit for the journey (besides shoes). We wanted to send to Gubuluwayo, but Umzila will not let us write till the waggon is here, and the honour of his country vindicated. In the meantime it makes us like prisoners. But I hope to speak to Umzila myself soon. B. Sadeleer and party started at about 3 P.M. Our good Induna who brought us here, also goes with them. We hope to see the waggon here in three weeks. They will take five days walking there. An Impi started yesterday for Amatonga's and Hambehusuku's.

Monday, September 6, 1880.—B. Hedley and myself called on the marriage party which is staying about $1\frac{1}{2}$ —— (?) from here. The Induna was very kind and invited us in his hut to drink utjwala, which we were glad to get. For Kafir corn meal and meat is our only food. He made us a present too of a little meat. However, yesterday we began to make some coffee out of ground nuts. The Induna told us he knew of no letters being sent to us from Gubuluwayo. We heard that poor Philips was dead.

Tuesday, September 7, 1880.—The wife of a man living in a hut close to (us?) kindly brought us a kind of soup made out of Kafir corn (ubudu). She took pity, as she said, on the white

people so in want. And indeed our meat ends to-day, and we are reduced to Kafir corn. We begin a Novena of beads to our Blessed Lady to help us. I went to see the dancing at the kraal. Umzila was there, and seemed to take great interest in it, as he danced himself, but apart from the rest, and supported on each side by an Induna, and once he went to the dancers himself to correct something in the dance. Their singing and dancing here beat that of the Amandebele hollow. In fact the only thing worth hearing amongst the Amandebele is the famous song, "Nansi Indaba." Here they have plenty of spirited songs, and the time they keep in dancing with their feet, and the sticks in their right hands, is admirable. Umzila's cattle are very small and poor compared with those of the Amandabele country, nor does any one possess cattle but the chief. So that the people, you may say, live on amabele (Kafir corn). Yet nearly anything would grow here. They might have any kind of fruit, and all kinds of vegetables. The only kind of fruit we have seen is banana, and that, wonderful to relate, cultivated only by a very few. Either the people are too lazy to cultivate, or they think these things too great luxuries for the warlike Zulus.

Wednesday, September 8, 1880.—The B. Virgin sent us a guinea fowl which Ischlabla (?) shot. I went to see the dancing at the kraal. It is a thing impossible to describe, the beautiful time in which one hundred and fifty men (in a semicircle) keep with their feet, hands, heads, and sticks, the spirit of the melody, the good voices of the men so well together that they sound like one voice, and the delight which they evidently take in it all, the women standing in the centre, facing the men and singing as well, and often keeping up a running clapping of the hands. All of this is unique, and it would move any one who witnessed it. The dancing master, &c.

Thursday, September 9, 1880.—Umzila sent us some Kafir beer. It rained last night and a little during the day.

Friday, September 10, 1880.—Walked over to the kraal and found Amakityana there amongst a group of people who had just

had a lot of Kafir beer. He was very sorry, he said, the Kafir beer was finished. I asked him where I could buy some tobacco. "Buy," he said; "oh no, you shan't buy, I'll give you some," and off the kind-hearted Induna went to his house with me and gave me a lot of tobacco, and told me when I wanted more to come again.

Saturday, September 11, 1880.—The good woman next door (Kuhlisa) Matyaham, husband, is always bringing us something. God reward her kindness.

Sunday, September 12, 1880.—Had the consolation once more of Mass, which we have been a fortnight without.

Monday, September 13, 1880.—The daughter of Kuhlisa asked me some questions when I was at my Breviary, and I was talking to the Chief above. I told her what I was able, and she immediately ran to her mother and told her. The mother came and asked, "Is there really a Lord above?" and then I spoke to her still more. They were much struck at hearing we had no wives, and the reason why—that we might give our whole selves to the Lord above. Called on Amakityana and told him how I should have to go to Sofala to get things. He said Umzila would arrange all when the waggon arrived. He told me Umzila was not approachable as Lobengula. He left much to his Indunas. I told him white men continually went to visit Lobengula, but I don't know the customs here.

Tuesday, September 14, 1880.—Very hot day. Many people have arrived to be present at the marriage, and have put up little huts near us, and the whole day they were crowding round our hut to have (a look?) at the white men, and we felt as the lions must do at the Zoological Gardens.

Wednesday, September 15, 1880.—Just a little rain. More and more arrive every day, and we have a continual crowd at our hut blocking up light and air.

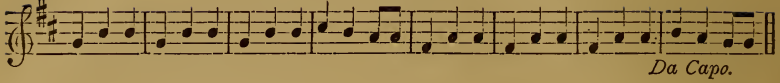
Thursday, September 16, 1880.—Kuhlisa came and asked more questions, and I explained, as well as I could, the judgment, heaven, and hell, immortality of the soul, &c., the crucifix.

Friday, September 17, 1880.—It seems certain there is no fly between this and Sofala. For the kings —— ——? This being the case we shall be able, I hope, to go in the waggon, if the oxen still exist, and get things there before the rain sets in. In any case, we must go to Sofala, for we have not enough in the waggon for barter for the summer, even if all is still in the waggon which was there. Called on Amakityana and gave him a knife which he had asked for. I stayed there whilst he was hearing a case. It put me in mind of a case of conscience at St. Beuno's. First the one and then the other told the case, which was of ox-stealing. Then the head Induna spoke, then two or three other leading men. Then Amakityana spoke, and then he asked if any one else had anything else to say, and then there was some desultory talk. I still find it very hard to catch what is said by others, but here the pronunciation is somewhat different from that of the Amandebeles. They "tefula" here, that is, they change the l's to y's. Thus, instead of Umlilo fire they say Umyiyo, and then some words are different.

Saturday, September 18, 1880.—People still crowd our hut and more and more. They wonder especially at books, and ask me when they see me reading what I see there. I exhibit too sometimes Fr. Bird's burning glass, which fills them with astonishment.

Sunday, September 19, 1880.—Alas, no Mass. God grant it may be the last Sunday without it. A message came from Amakityana to ask for some beads to buy us some amabele. I went over to Amakityana and told him we had none sufficient to buy amabele, but that we would pay for all we got later on. People here, as at Gubuluwayo, cannot understand a person walking up and down. I often see a crowd watching me when I am meditating. Some passed me to-day, and said, "He is divining." I always tell them I am speaking to the Chief above, which satisfies but astonishes them. Thank God we keep our health wonderfully on Kafir corn. The people often ask whether we have wives, and wonder much when we tell them we have none, and why.

Song of Women carrying Utjwala.



Monday, September 20, 1880.—Went over to Amakityana to say our amabele was just out. He said he would speak to Umzila. He gave me some tobacco. Saw the inside of the hut given to Ontahaisi, one of the Amandebele ambassadors. A kind of gallery, covered in, surrounded the wall, and the peak of the hut was pretty high, so that the hut was beautifully cool, but very dark till you got accustomed to it. There was a fire-place in the middle, and on a table large baskets of amabele, and hung up round the hut were all the different cooking utensils. All looked very clean and neat.

Tuesday, September 21, 1880.—Crowds of people arrived—one of the Impis in charge of the king's sons,—and our hut or rather the white occupants of it were being looked at most of the day. At about noon, one of the Amandebele ambassadors came over and called me to go over to his hut to drink utjwala, and I found out that he had asked us over on purpose that the queen might see that we were made much of by Lobengula and by his people, to tell Umzila, so that he might take good care of us. How thoughtful and kind of these two ambassadors! God reward them. After drinking utjwala I went with them to see the Intimba (marriage party) dancing before the king. They sang much better than I have ever heard the Amandebele sing. The king looked very gracious and amiable, and much pleased with everything. I believe the Indunas keep one, if possible, from the king, to keep things in their own hands. Towards the end of the dancing of the Intimba, the new wives danced out in front, and then the head one, the queen, danced right up to Umzila, and then made him a profound bow, which he returned. This was a signal for the Umzila people to begin dancing. Soon

after I returned, and found I had lost one end of my flute which I had had in my pocket.

Wednesday, September 22, 1880.—Poor Isihlahla has been down with fever for about five days, and is still very sick. One of the king's sons, who is lodging for the present in the next hut, invited us to drink utjwala, and we were glad of it, for people are so busy everywhere, that we had to fast, barring the Kafir beer, till 2 P.M., and thus I missed a good deal of the marriage ceremony. Here they call Portuguese, when speaking to them by the complimentary title of Umsunga (worm), and some of them wish to honour us in the same way, but I tell them we are Amangesi (Englishmen). They seem to have a great respect for the English. The Impi encamped round our hut, make a great noise, dancing and singing till midnight. Some of them have very fine head-dresses and other gear, samples of which one will see in the "Illustrated" and "Graphic," during the time of the Zulu war. One of the king's sons entered the hut whilst we were drinking utjwala. He was a perfect mass of feathers and skins, and would be taken for a big bird a little way off.

Thursday, September 23, 1880.—Went to Amakityana again, and told him our Kafir corn was out (we have just got enough for one day). If none comes to-day, I must go to the chief himself to-morrow, for it is our only food. This evening one of the marriage party (Amandabele) sent us a little meat.

Friday, September 24, 1880.—Br. Hedley and myself both down with a little fever, and poor Isihlahla is very bad still. I am not astonished at our being sick, for we have been now three weeks on nothing but amabele. To our great relief the Impi, which was encamped close to us, took their departure yesterday evening, and a delightful quiet reigns.

Saturday, September 25, 1880.—Br. Hedley all right. I still very unwell. I blessed St. Ignatius's water. We have no natural means, and so like Josaphat we must turn our eyes to God.

Sunday, September 26, 1880.—I am a little better. Happiness of saying Mass. It was a struggle. But what a consolation to

get the blessed Sacrament once more. The information we got about this country would seem to be all false. It was said that the Portuguese were here during the good season. And we thoroughly expected to find them here, and to be able to get a few things from them. The truth is that they are not resident anywhere here. They make flying visits, and when their stock is sold they return. *We* have not seen one. It was said (Fairbairn told me), that brandy and wine were to be had for a shilling a bottle. As there are no Portuguese to sell it, I cannot answer that, but I don't believe any is ever brought in except for the king. It was said, (in the letter of the D'Urban priest, on the authority of Bedingfield), that the country was very healthy. To this I will only say that from E. to W. there is a long stretch of low, nearly flat land, with plenty of swamps. The sun is tremendously hot. Only to-day we hear that a lot of the marriage party from Gubuluwayo are down with fever, and these are people who should be more proof against fever than we are. There are hills two miles to the N. of us (the hills through which we passed coming here). It no doubt will be more healthy there. And somewhere in that range we shall have to settle, if we get leave to stay in the country. But I am afraid the country will be at least as unhealthy as the banks of the Zambesi. I cannot make out Umzila. I was led, from reports, to think at first so favourably of him. We expected to find every kindness from him. And indeed he sent amabale (Kafir corn) and a calf at first. But since then he has sent nothing but utjwala twice. He has never sent to inquire how we are getting on. However, he may have given us over to the care of Amakityana, who has neglected us. Of course the marriage and its preparations would have taken up most of their thoughts. And that is a great excuse. I have not been to ask Umzila for more corn. 1. Because I felt so unwell. 2. Because our eating so little prevented the bag from being emptied. The Induna of the marriage party has been kind and sent us some meat, and so we have been able to make a little soup.

Monday, September 27, 1880.—Br. Hedley himself again. I a little better, I am looking so anxiously for the arrival of the waggon.

Tuesday, September 28, 1880.—Drizzle rain, A. M., my fever is gone, but I suffer much from want of food. God's holy will be done! At about two, although very weak, I set out, as a last resource for getting food, to see if I could see Umzila myself. Br. Hedley went with me. Amakityana has evidently been very careless about us, or has been afraid to speak to the king about us, and so I go myself. I went thinking there would be all kinds of difficulties in approaching the great man—that no one would dare to show the way to his hut, &c. For here every one, even Indunas, seems to have such a fear of the chief, although they seem to take great pride in him, and to have far more affection for him than the Amandebele have for Lobengula. *First*, we went to the hut of the two ambassadors. They were not at home. *Second*, we tried to find the hut belonging to the marriage party who were close to the kraal, but failed. *Third*, we went to the large open circle where the dances took place, &c., and waited till we saw some one who could help us, and show us the way to the king's. Soon an Amandebele passed. I asked him to show me the way. He led us to a hut where a lot of singing was going on, and there we came across the Induna of the Itimbi (marriage party). He asked us to drink utjwala. Was it good for us, both weakened by fever, to drink utjwala? Well, we were too hungry and too in need of something to think much of that. So we drank, and glad I was I did. We went out and asked our way to the king's. To my surprise every one readily showed the way, till at last we got to his hut. I asked at the door if the chief was in. I was told to wait, and in two minutes Umzila came out himself, and I was able to tell him that our amabele was out, and that we were much in want of meat, as we had been sick. He was extremely affable, and sent for a shoulder of a young ox just killed, and sent it to our hut. He told us the happy but surprising news that Father Wehl was still alive.

Wednesday, September 29, 1880, *St. Michael's.*—The happiness of holy Mass. I am much better. Deo Gratias. News that Father Wehl was found near the Itimbi Hill (?), (so that he must have been (being?) taken home to Gubuluwayo),—that he was now being taken to the waggon,—that Zambesi, the night he was missed, lit a fire, and so discovered himself to an Impi of Hamb'ehusuku who were going to kill him, but he said, "Why kill me? The white men have gone to Umzila's." They led him to the waggon and they took five blankets and all the bembo (?). —That the people of Hambehusuku were in full pursuit of us.— That had we stayed where we were in the waggon, the waggon would have been attacked there. The two blankets given to Amalonga have been taken from him. It is said it will be some time before the waggon returns. Hambehusuku and his impi have run far away.

Thursday, September 30, 1880.—B. Hedley sick again.

Friday, October 1, 1880.—Went over to kraal and thought it would be good to ask the king again for amabele, for we have only food for two days, and I might be unable to go over later from sickness or from rain. Went to Umzila's hut. When he heard what I wanted to say, he said, "Let him go to Amakityana." Luckily he was near at hand, but I feared a good deal Amakityana might treat my request as he had two or three times before,—make promises but do nothing. So I put it before him that we had nothing left to eat but one or two handfuls of amabele. And that we should die without food. He answered more in earnest than usual, and told me to wait where some utjwala was going on a little way off, and to which I was invited. He went to the king and soon returned with five small bags of amabele, a little more than half a sack. I went home glad and thankful to get this, but sad at heart at being received by the king not so kindly. But he may have been occupied. I feel so sad when I look at B. Hedley. He looks haggard and going down the hill. Dear Lord, look on us!

Saturday, October 2, 1880, *Feast of Guardian Angels.*—How

I entreat our dear Lord that He would send His angels to bring on the waggon quick! I am so afraid for Br. Hedley! If he had any spirits, but he is so down-spirited. And he says he cannot bear amabele, and there is nothing else to eat.

Sunday, October 3, 1880, *Rosary.*—Thank God, Br. Hedley is much better. Happiness of Mass. Both Isihlahla and Amalila are still sick with fever. I wish I had more opportunities of learning the language, but it requires I should cross the river and go over to the kraal, and I am too weak for the exertion often. I went over to the kraal and called on Intabaezi and Amakako, the two ambassadors, who have been so kind.—They gave me a bit of meat.

Monday, October 4, 1880.—Said Mass. They say that Umzila will not let us go to Sofala, perhaps. If so, I see no way of supporting the mission. Oh, what anxieties! And if we cannot go to Sofala, not having anything to buy food, we should have to try and reach Gubuluwayo, taking the waggon as far as the oxen could pull it.

Tuesday, October 5, 1880.—Fever again.

Wednesday, October 6, 1880.—Better, but both Br. Hedley and myself are getting weaker and weaker, and I am afraid if the waggon does not arrive soon, we shall both die. If the king does not allow communication with Sofala, there will be no means of *keeping with this* (?) mission, for I see no other way (but Sofala?) To bring things from Gubuluwayo would be an enormous expense. I think, too, that the fathers who should ever come on this mission should know the language well beforehand. The country seems so unhealthy, that I am afraid many would die before they learnt the language. One of the Amandebele belonging to the marriage party has died of fever. And yet this should be the healthy time of the year.

Thursday, October 7, 1880.—Said Mass and received Holy Communion as though it was Viaticum. Fever. Br. Hedley fairly well.

Friday, October 8, 1880.—Walked over to Amakityana to see

if I could possibly get a little meat. But no. I asked him if the king would object to our going in the waggon to Sofala when the waggon arrived. He said he would let us go. So there is that little hope remaining. The king is very bad with fever.

Saturday, October 9, 1880.—Thunder-storm last night, which has cooled the weather a good deal.

Sunday, October 10, 1880.—Slept beautifully last night—a thing I have not had . . . (?) for a long time. Br. Hedley keeps well. Managed to say Mass. What a consolation! I begged our dear Lord, at receiving Holy Comuunion, that He would absolve me and give me Extreme Unction. Dear Jesus! He will not desert me.

The following letter is copied from the back of one of the bits of paper on which the chart of the route is drawn.

To Father Weld.

October 10.

Dear Fr. Weld,—Pray for me. So many thanks for all your kindness to me. I can't expect to live unless the waggon arrives very soon. The fever has weakened me so much, and there is only Kafir corn to bring my strength back, not even salt to put with it. But all these troubles help my hope that God would not send them unless in His mercy to prepare me for heaven. When you hear of my death, write a good consoling letter to my father. May my poor brother return to the dear faith. I hope you will receive my journal all right.

Monday, October 11, 1880.—Bad all to-day. Delirious in the evening. Br. Hedley so kind. God bless him and take care of him when I die.

Tuesday, October 12, 1880.—Very weak. Jesus, I cannot pray much, but my heart is with Thee, and rests in Thy infinite mercy.

(On this day Fr. Augustus wrote a pencil note to his father, taking leave of him, which is given below.)

Wednesday, October 13, 1880.—Rain last-night and to-day, and water came in the hut. Br. Hedley is keeping fairly well. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus, receive my soul. Love to all the Fathers and Brothers. The two kings' boys leave us, and God is our only protection.

Letter written in Pencil by late Augustus Henry Law, S.J., forwarded to Hon. W. T. Law, on July 15, 1881, *by Rev. Father A. Weld, S.J.*

UMZILA'S, *October* 12.

DEAREST FATHER,—I am not far off my end. I trust in the infinite mercy of God. God bless you—you were the means of giving me the Holy Faith. Tell dear, dear Graves to listen to my last words, and to return to the dear Holy Catholic Faith. Best love to all. I die of fever—but if I could have had proper nourishment I think I could easily have got right. But God's will is sweetest. Jesus! Mary!—Your most affectionate son,

(Signed) A. H. LAW, S.J.

One of the last Letters (if not the last) ever written by Father A. H. Law, S.J.

October 12, 1880.

DEAR F. WEHL AND BR. SADELEER,—I am not far off my end. I beg both your pardons with all my heart for all the scandal and bad temper. I think the best to be done is to go in the waggon to Sofala, and either to stay there till you get an answer from F. Weld, or to go round at once, after selling waggon and oxen, to Port Elizabeth. You cannot stay here. You have not enough to keep you alive, and you would only die. So endeavour to go to Sofala. If you cannot persuade the king to let you go to Sofala—but try hard, even by offering him the waggon and oxen, when you have got to Sofala. But if he will not, then I should try, if I were you, to go towards Gubuluwayo, beyond the fly, and then send on an express messenger for F. de Wit to send a

waggon. He could borrow one. Perhaps you will find dear Br. Hedley dead too. The things will be left in charge of the good woman here. I have written to F. de Wit about the payments.—Yours in Christ, A. Law, S.J.

Br. Hedley begs pardon of all, he wishes me to say.

N.B.—On reverse side of the paper in pencil, scarcely legible, are these words apparently :—

"The good woman will not take share (*or charge?*) of dead men's things, so these will go to those who like;"

but in ink, written, as it is supposed, before the words in pencil were written, are these words—

"I give my blanket to the good woman when I die. And Br. Hedley his when he dies. A. Law."

San Girolamo, Fiesole, *May* 3, 1881.

My dear Mr. Law,—I have a very sad duty to accomplish. It is that of announcing to you that God has accepted the sacrifice which your dear son made of his life, when he offered himself for the Zambesi Mission. Our dear Lord took him to Himself on November 25. Worn out with fever and fatigue, he peacefully gave his soul to God on that day, at the kraal of Umzila, where he had so ardently desired to found a mission, and where I feel that he has really laid the foundation of a future mission, as the character of the people and the kindness of the king give good hopes of future success, when the difficulties of communication can be overcome. He had only a lay-brother with him at his death, so I have as yet no details of his last hour; but I know what they must have been,—so fervent a soul as his, one so simple and ingenuous, who had all through his religious life given himself with such generosity to God, and, in all that regarded this mission, had made such a heroic sacrifice of himself, could not but receive abundant grace at the moment of

need; and I cannot doubt that our Lord will have given a special blessing to him in those moments, and made him ample return for all he had left for His sake. There is something so like St. Francis Xavier in his death, that it is impossible not to dwell upon it with consolation. Alone,—with a faithful Kaffir probably by his side,—in a little hut, at the entrance of the mission for which he had given his life, God was satisfied and took him to his reward.

I knew him so intimately, and esteemed so much his fervent religious devotedness, that he has always been particularly dear to me; but remembering what life is, and what it is for, it is impossible not to look on the close of his as a blessed one for himself, and a triumph of God's grace; the sorrow we feel will pass, but the consolation will last for ever.

I shall not write any more now. Fr. Provincial will, I am sure, communicate to you the letter when it has been translated. It will show you what a Missioner in Africa must be ready for, and what a sacrifice they make to God who give themselves for such work.

I need not say that I shall pray fervently for one whom I have always loved.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Law, with sincere condolence, yours sincerely, (Signed) A. WELD.

Extracts, translated from a French version of a Letter of Brother De Sadeleer, S.J., written in Flemish, and dated, Umgan, sixty leagues north of Umzila's kraal, January 19, 1881.

REVEREND FATHER,—You have no doubt learnt by the letters of the Rev. Fr. Law, and those of the fathers at Gubuluwayo and at Tati, our arrival at Umzila's kraal, and also all the incidents of our journey. At the risk of repeating the same things, I will give you my own account of our expedition. But before I describe this long journey of three months' duration, I hasten to announce the melancholy news of the death of our dear Father Superior,

the Rev. Fr. Law, who died a holy death at Umzila's kraal on the 25th November, 1880. It is but just eight days ago, on the 11th January, when his companion Brother Hedley arrived here, that I myself learnt all the details of this painful event.

After the death of Fr. Law, Brother Hedley begged of the king Umzila that he might be conducted to join me at the waggon, which we had to abandon on the 9th of August, 1880. The king not only granted his request, but showed him great kindness. Brother Hedley was himself so ill and so utterly weakened that he could not walk a single step, nor even move himself upon his wretched pallet. Umzila had him carried on a sort of hand-barrow, made of bamboo sticks, by sixteen of his Kafirs, relays of whom relieved each other, and sang the whole of the way. This painfully tiring journey lasted more than three weeks. Brother Hedley left the king's kraal, on the 17th of December, 1880, and reached this on the 11th of January. The poor brother was in a most miserable state, and was a most pitiable sight.

Father Wehl (since dead—Ed.), informed by the blacks of his approach, went forward six days' journey on foot to meet him, whilst I remained to guard our restored waggon. When I first beheld him, I burst into tears—so dreadful was his appearance—in my whole life, I never saw any sick person in so wretched a condition; his whole body was covered with tumours and ulcers, and the wounds filled with vermin. . . . He appeared stupefied by the excess of his sufferings both physical and mental.

During the three months of September, October, and November, that he had passed at the kraal with Fr. Law, he constantly was laid up with fever; he could scarcely take any food, and the box that had contained medicines was exhausted. It is truly wonderful that he did not succumb as Fr. Law did. He must have an iron constitution.

For five months he had not changed his clothes, which were all in shreds and tatters. The moment he reached our waggon, I set about doing all I could to alleviate his state. I laid him out on our coverlids,—I washed him from head to foot. I dressed

his sores with oil and balsam, and dressed him in clean linen and new clothes. The good brother appeared to gain strength, and at the end of a few days became much better, and now he is in a fair way of perfect recovery.

As soon as his strength enabled him to answer our questions, we made the minutest inquiries respecting the last moments of F. Law, and I now send you the particulars of his statements.

Almost immediately upon our arrival at Umzila's kraal, after our terrible journey on foot of twenty-one days, both Father Law and Brother Hedley became very seriously ill, which was the reason why they could not accompany me on the 5th of September, in search of the lost waggon, with the armed escort, which (the king) Umzila had given us for that object. They continued, therefore, to live in the hut which Umzila had given to them near his kraal. But this Kafir hut was very small, ill constructed, exposed to the burning rays of the tropical sun, and admitting in many places the torrents of rain which fell at this season. To complete their great discomfort, the two Matabeles (guides), whom Lobengula had given to attend them, lived in the same hut, so that altogether they were four in number, suffocating in an infected and burning atmosphere, and constantly subject to the visits of the friends of the two Matabeles. At the same time the position of our missionaries got worse and worse. Their only food was Kafir corn diluted with dirty water. The meat which Umzila had in the first instance given them was cooked without any salt, and after a very short time they had no meat at all to eat. Add to this, that the country was marshy and unhealthy. The greater number of the Matabeles sent to Umzila with Lobengula's two ambassadors, Outaba-eze and Amakoko, were prostrated by fever, and one of the Matabeles died.

Till the middle of October, Father Law was able to say Mass, but from the 20th of that month his strength utterly failed him, and for several weeks he was between life and death. Dysentery took a most dangerous form, and his fever, which had been *intermittent*, now never left him. Then at last there were clear symp-

toms of yellow fever, and after that, there existed no hope of his recovery. During the last six days Father Law was almost always delirious, with very few moments of consciousness. Brother Hedley rendered him all the services in his power, but he was himself laid low by fever, and in the weakest state possible. What a dreadful state was that in which our two poor missionaries found themselves! surrounded by savages,—destitute of all help from Europeans, the one dying, the other most dangerously ill! Ah! what rewards should they reap both for themselves and for our dear mission! At last Father Law breathed his last on the evening of the 25th of November, after a long and painful agony of several days' duration!

At the commencement of October, Father Law had frequently offered up the Holy Sacrifice, and received Holy Communion in the form of Viaticum. Our Lord gave him the strength to suffer with resignation and courage, to his last moment. This dreadful blow quite prostrated Brother Hedley, who was now left alone, and himself in a pitiable state from illness. He was so completely without physical power that after the death of his dear Superior, his limbs were useless to him, and he was unhappily forced to confide to Kaffirs the burial of Father Law.

(The readers of these pages will, the Editor feels sure, pardon him for hesitating to put into *plain English*, the following few lines of Brother de Sadeleer's letter. He cannot refrain from the expression of his thankfulness that he is copying them on the festival of the Resurrection —Easter Sunday, 1883.)

Peu d'heures apres la mort du Père Law le Frère Hedley, aperçut de son grabat les rats qui commençaient à ronger le cadavre du père, malgré les efforts d'un Cafre qui les ècartait et les chassait avec un grand baton. Le Frère donna ordre aux Cafres d'ensevelir son superieur. Ceuxci enleverent le cadavre au moyen d'une corde qu'ils passerent autour du corps, car les

Cafres croient ne pas pouvoir toucher un mort. Ils l'inhumèrent non loin de la hutte. Mais le Frère Hedley ne put savoir dans la suite, l'endroit ou le Perè Law avait ete enterré.

Such were the dreadful sufferings that these two dear missionaries underwent. Father Law during the three months of September, October, and November, and Brother Hedley till the 11th of January, the day on which we had the happiness to receive him again into our waggon. The death of Father Law is a great loss to our mission. Of all the fathers, he was the one who spoke the Kaffir language best, and who understood best the habits of these people. He has no doubt already received the reward of his heroic labours, and he will obtain for us the grace and strength to carry on the work upon which he entered with such courage and devotion.

Extracts from Letter of the Rev. Mother of Convent, Grahamstown, South Africa, to Hon. W. T. Law, received at Hampton Court, Oct. 13, 1881.

My dear Sir,—Very many thanks for your kind letter of the 7th of July, the photograph, and mortuary card enclosed in it. We regard the photograph of your dear heroic son as a real treasure, and shall have copies taken for his many friends here. How very appropriate the quotations on the mortuary card from St. Augustine and St. F. de Sales. I enclose a few notes hurriedly dotted down. . . . I shall be so thankful for a copy of your son's last letters. Should you have any to spare, there are several families here very much attached to him on account of the spiritual services he rendered them, who would have them framed, and put up where every one would be reminded to offer up a prayer for his much loved and erring brother. I merely suggest this as a step, equally pleasing to him, and comforting to your paternal heart. As to Father Law himself, we regard him in the light as a *Martyr of Charity*, though we can never forget him in our poor prayers. I wish you every success in your

undertaking to accumulate matter for a life of him. We all think the photograph an exceedingly truthful one. Congratulating you on such a noble-hearted son, and asking the good God to pour down on you and your family every blessing, I am, my dear sir, SŒUR GERTRUDE DU, &c.

P.S.—We may truly say in his regard—"Sa recompense sera grande, parce que Dieu l'a éprovvé par la souffrance, et l'a trouvé digne de lui." (Sag. 3. v).

Notes above alluded to as enclosed.

1. A poor woman here, of the name of Fairecloth, says one day her husband, very ill and tired, met Father Law on horseback. As soon as your son perceived the man's appearance, he dismounted and forced him to ride home on his horse. This woman has since been received into the church.

2. The father of one of our sisters, a Major S——, had not approached the Sacraments for many years, having joined the Free Masons in his youth. Father Law was indefatigable in his ——? and ended by getting him to go to his duties, and the old man died some time after with all the help of Holy Church.

3. On one occasion he was trying to get a certain man—addicted to habits of intemperence—to give up drink; after many fruitless attempts, he made a promise to abstain himself from all fermented drinks for a certain time, to encourage the man to give it up.

4. The children of our free school had got up an entertainment and invited him to it; but when the hour appointed came, no Father Law was there. During the performance he came in unusually pale and agitated, but looked on in his ordinary kind and approving way. After some minutes he whispered to me, "One of the college boys is drowned, and we cannot recover his body." He would not let me say a word about it till the performance was over, for fear of spoiling the children's pleasure, and then quietly disappeared. We afterwards heard he had jumped into the water as soon as he had heard of the accident,

and had done his utmost to recover the body in hopes of restoring animation. Such acts of thoughtful kindness to our poor children speak for themselves. The one above mentioned especially struck me, but it is only one out of very many such.

5. He never tired in his endeavours to bring souls into the church, and he was ever ready to preach, administer Sacraments, and conduct retreats. He was nearly two years our confessor. His devotedness and acts of kindness to each and all of us, will ever live in our hearts. He wrote out a scheme for reciting the Divine Office, fixed a sun-dial given us by the bishop, made us out an astronomical time-table, wrote verses, addresses, &c. . . . On one occasion, the sisters who teach sacred and ancient history, observed they wished they had a map of Palestine and of the ancient world, with the places marked out (*prominently*), mentioned in those histories, and large enough to serve the whole class. He at once offered to make them what they required, and we have both maps still in use; the size, three feet by two. He used to edify us much by his spirit of poverty and self-sacrifice. He always seemed so regardless of his own convenience and comforts.

When appointed minister to the Zambesi Expedition, his skill and thoughtfulness in provisioning the waggons and attending to the wants of those he had to provide for quite surprised us. His earnestness of purpose, his simplicity and devotedness will ever live in our memory, and in that of all who knew him here. His brother's defection was a source of much grief to him, and he solicited prayers for him from us all, and in all his letters reminded us to do so.

6. He was very zealous for relieving the poor souls, and whenever he heard of any of his friends' death, always recommended them to our prayers. That of Lady Lothian seemed to affect him much, and he told us, how after his first communion (I think)* he breakfasted with her. The notice he gave us to put up is still on our chapel-door.

* Mistake—Augustus received his first holy communion on May 23, 1852, at Oscott. See his Diary in Part ii.

Dieu Seul.

✠

Extracts.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF GOOD HOPE,
GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, *Jan.* 30, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. LAW,—Accept my most grateful thanks for the second part of the life of your heroic and saintly son. I read it with intense interest, and am charmed with his simplicity and earnestness of purpose during his naval career. His missionary life here was marked with similar simplicity and earnestness of purpose. His zeal for the salvation of souls was untiring, and stopped before no personal sacrifice. Those last words of his, addressed to you from Umzila's kraal, are touchingly sublime when you consider the circumstances under which they were written. I enclose two letters from personal friends of his in Grahamstown, written after the perusal of the second part of his life. Father Depelchin and Brother De Sadeleer have just arrived here from the Zambesi, and their accounts of the prospects of that mission are truly cheering. The king of the B——, a paramount chief on the Zambesi, has asked for Fathers and Brothers of the Society. The noble band of missioners who have fallen in the onset of the fight are no doubt pleading the cause of those poor savages before the throne of God; and whose pleadings more powerful than those of your martyr son, who suffered so much, and I may say, laid down his life for their conversion? I have just seen Father Depelchin, and he says your son's death was a greater loss to him and to the mission, than all the other seven who have succumbed since the starting of it. Brother De Sadeleer was with him on his way to Umzila's kraal. He tells me his zeal and courage were far beyond his physical strength. Among other things, he said, on the Feast of our Lady's Assumption, when celebrating Mass in the bed of a river, and flying

from Caffres—they were very hungry and there was no prospect of procuring food—your son cheerfully assured them our Lady would not leave them without a dinner, on such a festival of hers. About mid-day a flock of red deer passed close to them and they shot two.

Your two sons specially recommended by good Father Law to our prayers, are never forgotten by me. Wishing you and your family a holy and happy New Year, and all the blessings of this holy season,—I am, my dear Mr. Law, your devoted in Jesus Christ, SISTER M. GERTRUDE.

GRAHAMSTOWN, *January* 25, 1883.

MY DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,—I return, with very many thanks, the second part of the beautiful Memoir of dear good Father Law. I do not know when I felt so deeply interested and edified, though somewhat sad, as it recalled the time when our dear friend and zealous priest was amongst us.

What a life of holiness from the cradle to the grave! I always saw something in him which seemed not of this world.

Ah! how insignificant our poor efforts, to lead a Christian life, seem in comparison to him who gave up all so freely for our dear Lord's sake. I can never forget the *great blessing* dear Father Law afforded our family in his unwearied efforts and ultimate success in bringing our poor late parent to the sacraments after so many, many years of absence. Truly his must be a glorious crown! Believe me, dear reverend mother, ever yours very sincerely, HARRIET PHILLIPS.

Extracts.

Sister Mary Walburga to her Father, Hon. W. T. Law.

"CONVENT OF MERCY, BERMONDSEY, *August* 21, 1882.

"The good Father who gave us our Retreat was a fellow-novice with Augustus. He said he was never tired of reading the lives of the Saints of the Society who had died for the faith, and had

noticed that they all had aimed at this." . . . One day when he was walking with him after he had been made a priest, he told this good Father that, "every day when he was raising the Chalice at Mass, he asked for the grace of martyrdom."

The readers of this Memoir, in South Africa, will be pleased to see the following simple hymn, so well known to them, reproduced in these pages. It was written by Father Law, S.J., when he was priest of the mission at Demerara.

The Church is One.

The Church is One; Her Faith is One,
For Truth is One alone;
She has one Head in Peter's chair,
Placed there by God the Son.

I know the marks, I see the signs
Of Christ's own Church so fair;
Oh, may Her beauty and her Truth
Spread widely everywhere.

She brings forth saints of wondrous life,
'Tis done by Her alone;
And Christ works wonders through their hands,
Thus stamping them His own;
I know, &c.

From pole to pole, from east to west
The Holy Church is spread;
The rich, the poor, all nations, tribes
Into Her fold are led;
I know, &c.

In one long line, from Peter down,
Her ministers descend;
They teach till now, what Peter taught,
And will unto the end;
I know, &c.

The letter now following, than which no more pleasant and suitable one could conclude this Memoir, must be published anonymously, for it was received only last month, from so distant a part of the world, that there has been no time for communicating with the writer for the purpose of obtaining his sanction for the publication of his name. For the same reason the writer's address is also not stated.

The Hon. William T. Law, Care of Rev. J. Jones, St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, North Wales, England.

My dear Sir,—I hope you will forgive what may seem to you an intrusion, but I feel so grateful to you for the publication of the edifying memoirs of one whom I learnt to love and reverence many years ago, that I cannot resist the desire of returning you my most heartfelt thanks. It is now twenty-three years since I had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with your saintly son. I was then a mere child in his school in the Jesuit College of Glasgow, during his first years of teaching, but the impression he then made upon me by his pure self-denying life, has never been effaced. There was no one who did not love Mr. Law, as we called him; but on account of his special kindness to me, I am sure no one loved him more dearly than I did. He it was that prepared me for my first communion, and I still preserve in my breviary the little picture he gave me on that occasion. It, together with some of his letters, written to me in after years, are my most precious treasures. To the deep impression he made upon me by his genuine piety, and to the great interest he took in me, I owe, under God, my call to the society of which he was so exemplary a member. It is no slight favour to be admitted to life-long intimacy with so choice a soul, and for your labour of

love I at least feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude. His life was just such a one as might be expected—marvellous in the working of grace from his earliest years, and under all circumstances. I gave your book to one of our fathers to read, and he returned it to me with the remark, "That is certainly the life of one of God's predestined."

His noble death was a fitting crown to his noble life. Zeal and self-sacrifice merited for him a death of neglect and abandonment, far away from those he loved, and with no friendly hand to minister to his extreme needs—a death terrible in the world's eyes, but glorious to those who view things in the light of faith. It is with reluctance that I remember him daily when I offer up the holy sacrifice; for did he not lay down his life for the Infallible Master who has promised the eternal crown as the reward of such generosity? I feel more like praying to him than for him; and I feel happy in being able to revere as a saint, him whom I first learnt to love as a friend. The highest ambition of my religious life has ever been to be like him, and the two volumes of the Memoirs have only served to heighten this desire. I have only one request to make of you. I would like very much, if possible, to have his photograph, and would not have troubled you for this if I had known how to procure one otherwise; but as no other plan suggested itself, I determined to throw myself upon your generosity, even at the risk of seeming impertinent. If you consider my petition ill-timed, I hope you will take no notice of it. Allow me once more, dear sir, to express to you my thankfulness for your beautiful Memoir of a soul far nobler by grace than by birth, and begging your prayers, I have the honour to subscribe myself your obedient servant, —— ——.

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